THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded D. 1728 by Franklin

SEPT. 10, '10 5c. THE COPY

Leyendecker

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

THE FELLOWS WHO ARE TO the fore in style and go-ahead spirit wear Kuppenheimer Clothes—as a natural thing.

There is snap to the design, an exclusiveness to the fabric, a perfection to the tailoring that make a man glad he is wearing them.

Twenty years old or sixty years young—if you would solve the problem of being well-dressed at reasonable cost, avail yourself of the very next opportunity to secure the lasting satisfaction of a Kuppenheimer garment.

The new fall and winter styles are now ready for your most critical inspection at the better clothiers. Send for our new book, Styles for Men.

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The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston

Chicago, September 10, 1910

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men

and Men Who Stay Young

SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES are literally the highest type of ready-to-wear clothes made. They are abreast of the newest and most tasteful features of style and are constructed differently every season to conform with them.

If you care for appearance—if you want to be in style—if you want to be well-dressed—if you want your clothes to reflect your good taste—ask your clothier for the new Fall models of Society Brand.

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

FALL FASHION PANELS TEN CENTS IN STAMPS

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Our Excellent Cooks at Your Service

We have an army of cooks here—excellent cooks—baking the best beans the world ever knew. See what it means to let them bake for you.

Suppose you could bake beans as well as do they—do you think the dish pays for the trouble?

It takes sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking. It requires a hot fire for four hours and a half. It means planning today for the meals of tomorrow.

Compare that with our way—where this army of cooks bakes for a million homes. Their service costs but a trifle because they work for so many.

Their beans come to you—ready to serve in a minute—as fresh as though baked that day. You can keep a dozen cans on the pantry shelf—a dozen meals always waiting.

Then you have a hearty, delicious meal—a meal that everyone likes—ready for any emergency.

Would it not pay to let our cooks do the baking, even though you could bake beans just as well?

But you cannot bake beans as they do. It is utterly impossible in any home oven. Your beans are crisped on the top and half-baked in the middle. They become mushy and broken before they are half-way done.

They are not digestible. They ferment and form gas. They are heavy food for the strongest stomach—simply because you can't apply enough heat.

Our cooks have steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through.

The bean particles are separated—by the hours of fierce heat—so the digestive juices act instantly.

Yet no beans are crisped and no skins are broken, for the baking is done by live steam. The beans come from the ovens—as all people like them—nut-like, mealy and whole.

And the rich tomato sauce is baked with the beans—forming, with the pork, a delicious blend.

You even lose money by baking at home. The beans are so hard to prepare, so hard to digest, that you don't serve them often.

Van Camp's can be served, in one way or another, almost every day. Bean croquettes for breakfast—bean salad for dinner—pork and beans, hot or cold, for lunch. People never tire of Van Camp's.

And beans are 84 per cent nutriment—richer than sirloin beef. Yet they cost not a third as much.

You will not spend nearly so much for meat when you serve Van Camp's.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

This dish is our pride—our one claim to supremacy. We have spent 49 years in learning how to prepare it.

We use only Michigan beans, then we pick out by hand just the whitest and plumpest—beans all of one size.

Our sauce is made from whole, solid tomatoes, ripened on the vines. We could buy tomato sauce, ready-made, for one-fifth what it costs to make ours.

Van Camp's now outsell all other brands combined because people have found them best. Let no one convince you that some other brand is anything like Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

(88)

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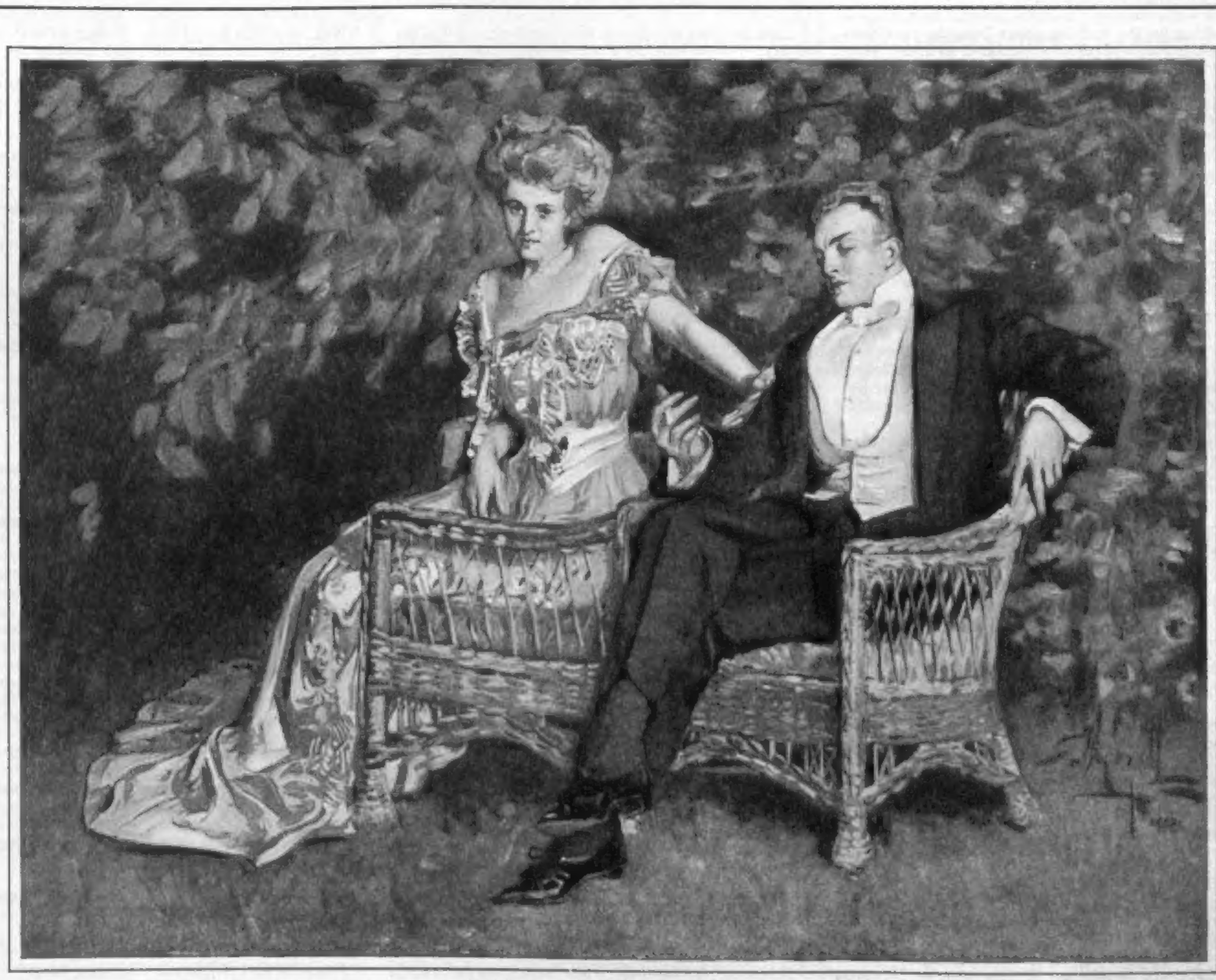
THE PEER'S PROGRESS

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

ACCORDING to the hand books, the principal ornaments of Magdalen College, Oxford, are the tower, the cloisters, the deer-park and the president; but it was generally conceded by the initiated that during the space of three felicitous years all these were eclipsed by the career of Lord Fotheringay. His college and his university alike shone with a reflected glow resembling the borrowed refulgence of the moon so long as this sun cast on them the rays of his glory. He was not at that time considered clever, and though it is probable that so celebrated a sportsman could have obtained several blues if he had chosen, he did not in point of fact attain to this any more than to any academic distinction. But his sayings had to perfection that quality of irresponsible audacity which distinguishes university from all other forms of wit; he was accounted one of the three best horsemen in residence and quite the most reckless; he founded a pigeon-shooting club, and was easily the most destructive member of that institution; he kept a roulette board and lost more handsomely than any man within memory; he was remarkably good-looking; dressed as near perfection as has ever been attained; was sent down four times for rioting on the Homeric scale; drove a motor car faster than any train on the Great Western; and finally and chiefly he had been endowed by Nature with such a singularly engaging manner that his critics were strictly confined to those who did not enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance. Totally unaffected as he was at this time, he would have been more than human had he not left Oxford with a distinct sense that his destiny was not as other men's. Wherein precisely it differed, this agreeable young man was not yet prepared to say; he had not, in fact, devoted more time to the problem than he could possibly help; this commodity being, he considered, more usefully employed in many other ways than in abstract speculation. Still, the opinion was so prevalent that he had, in a general way, the ball at his feet, that he never dreamed of questioning this verdict. He merely waited gayly for the ball to move. Then, b'gad, they would see him chasing it! He began his career in the outer world by a pleasant and profitable winter spent between a charming little flat in St. James, the more eligible cities of the Continent, and a dozen or so country houses situated in the best sporting districts of his native land. With the advent of spring he recognized the increasing amenities of London by devoting



"Doesn't One Have to be Born Brilliant?"

more and more of his time to the service of the state in that metropolis. It is true that he was still without any official connection with the public life of his country, but how can a gentleman better serve its higher interests than by encouraging the manufacture of linen, shoe leather, hair brushes, spring and summer suitings, saddlery and opera hats? This useful function Lord Fotheringay was fulfilling with remarkable zeal and success when his destiny first tapped him on the shoulder.

Upon a fine morning in June a cab stopped beneath his windows and discharged a stout, elderly gentleman of a formidably prosperous aspect. This personage ascended by the lift to the first floor and pressed the bell of his flat. A man-servant appeared and in a negligently superior voice informed him that his lordship had not yet completed his toilet. The elderly gentleman eyed him with disapproval.

"Tell him," he replied, "that Sir Waterbury Twentyman is waiting to see him."

He handed his hat to the man and entered Lord Fotheringay's morning-room like one who was perfectly familiar with the establishment.

"That whippersnapper must be sacked," he muttered; and, picking up the morning paper from the breakfast-table, frowned at its pages for a quarter of an hour. Then the door opened and his frown gave place to an expression wherein affection and rebuke were blended.

"Good morning, Herbert," he said. "You are dressed at last, I am glad to see."

Lord Fotheringay smiled with friendly patronage.

"Morning, Uncle," he replied. "You pretty fit? Come to join me in a bit of breakfast, what?"

His uncle's frown returned.

"I shall be thinking of having my lunch in an hour or so."

"Well, then, make it lunch now. I'll open a bottle of fizz for you."

"I have come to talk to you," said Sir Waterbury.

"Fire away," said his nephew cheerfully. "You don't mind my breakfastin' through it, do you?"

"So long as you attend to me."

"Can't help attending to you," the young man smiled, "you're so deuced impressive. You remind me of a bobby at a crossin'. Up goes his great hand and, by gad, one has simply got to sit there and look at the fellow—no gettin' past him, don't you know?"

Sir Waterbury seemed less flattered by the simile than one might expect. He addressed his nephew with the extremest gravity.

"Herbert," said he, "it is time you began to turn serious."

"Began, by Jove!" exclaimed Herbert. "My dear Uncle, I started the game when I was born, and I've been doin' a bit ever since, I assure you."

"Do you call your present existence an example of a serious life?"

"Ah, what you mean is I ought to finish turning serious. Now, there I don't agree with you. I believe in keepin' something up one's sleeve."

Sir Waterbury eyed him in severe silence. There was probably no uncle in Europe prouder of his nephew. A quarter of a century previously his sister Margaret, daughter of the first Twentyman of whom anybody had ever heard, had covered her relatives with reflected glory by marrying the twenty-second Lord Fotheringay. This engaging lad was the only child of this alliance, and Sir Waterbury a bachelor and exceedingly rich. Four pages of explanation are avoided by this brief statement of the salient facts.

"That's what you believe, is it?" said Sir Waterbury, and continued his silent scrutiny.

Whatever his reason may have said, his eyes could not but approve. Bertie Fotheringay had the clear skin, the frank eyes, the fine features, the smooth, fair hair, the well-shaped figure, slim but muscular, which exactly accorded with his conception of what a young aristocrat should be. And all this was his own nephew! It gave him the keenest sense of pleasure to watch this paragon sipping his coffee and demolishing a dish of bacon, even though his breakfast hour was hard on noon. But the old gentleman hardened his heart. He had not come this morning to admire.

"Herbert," he said gravely, "it is time you began to think about your obligations."

"Why not wait till Xmas?" suggested his nephew. "Then one gets 'em all in at once."

"I mean, my boy, your obligations to society, to—er—your rank, to—to your country, and so on, Herbert."

Lord Fotheringay turned and addressed his relative with the kindly intention of making the case clear.

"Look here, my dear Uncle, that notion occurred to me one day. I must have been reading something or other; anyhow, it did occur, so I can't be accused of not thinkin' the thing over. What I mean is this: I put it to myself, 'Why aren't you playing a leadin' part, and so forth, and so on?' And the answer my common-sense instantly made was, 'Because lots of fellows like playing leadin' parts and, well, there—let 'em. I like bein' what I am and, well, then—why not be?' That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"You say it was your common-sense that made that ridiculous answer? I say it was your laziness—your infernal laziness; that's what it was."

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" said Bertie. "This is deuced strong language. Anything goin' wrong in the city?"

"Nothing has gone wrong in the city; but something is very much wrong in St. James."

"They'll finish layin' that pipe tomorrow," said Bertie soothingly. "And, by Jove, you're an alderman; why don't you tell 'em to lay their pipes in Hammersmith or somewhere where no one ever goes?"

"I do not allude to a pipe. I allude to a young man of rank and intelligence, and—er—probably of fortune if he behaves himself—who spends his whole time in hunting and shooting and dancing and dressing. What would become of your country if all your fellow-peers took as little interest in public affairs as you do?"

"It would go to the dogs, I quite admit," said Lord Fotheringay candidly. "But as for giving up hunting and shooting and—and ——"

"I do not ask you to give them up; I only ask you to combine them with your duty."

"H'm," mused Lord Fotheringay, "one must be careful how one mixes one's liquors, don't you know?"

"To begin with, I should be contented with an hour or two a day devoted to some serious pursuit. After that—well, we can see what progress you make."

"I don't like the word 'progress,'" said the peer. "It somehow suggests that the habit will grow. Just look at Sempletown. He was quite a reasonably well-dressed fellow when he was at the Varsity, and, by gad, I met him a couple of days ago in a pair of trousers that hadn't been pressed for a week! And all that's the result of his turnin' secretary to his fossilized father."

"Ah, but, my dear boy," said his uncle, "I don't propose that you should imitate such a very ordinary young man as Lord Sempletown. You have gifts, Herbert—gifts. Everybody at Oxford said you had gifts. Your career will be brilliant—striking—like—er—like Lord Beaconsfield."

"That oughtn't to be so very difficult," said Lord Fotheringay modestly. "I don't mean as to brains and that sort of thing; but as for brilliancy, hang it, he hadn't the start I've had. His father was only a bishop, wasn't he?"

"A bishop," hesitated Sir Waterbury, "was he? Well, anyhow, he wasn't the twenty-second Lord Fotheringay."

"On the other hand, I've had dim suspicions lately that something in the nature of a hunting, scientific-farming, High-Sheriffing sort of man is distinctly more accordin' to my natural bent. No fellow gets better value out of town than I, but nothing makes me so positively chuck-my-hat-in-the-air happy as livin' in the country. Whether it's waiting for pheasants to come out or seeds to sprout up, I assure you I have the feeling I'm doin' what Nature intended. What about my stopping at Rising Castle for a bit, just to try the experiment? The tenants are keen as anything I should come, and it wouldn't take such a heap of money to keep the place goin'."

His uncle bent on him a resolute gaze.

"It would take more money than you are going to get for wasting on any such 'experiment.' Do you think I'm going to let you settle down into a common or garden country squire? You've got to do me more credit than that, Herbert! Afterward you can reopen Rising Castle in style if you like. Now, my boy, are you going to start turning serious or not? I don't want to use any undue pressure, Herbert, but I may tell you at once that it will be decidedly to your advantage if you do what I ask you."

Bertie considered the question for at least as long as he had ever pondered any step in his career. At last he said:

"Well, now, look here, Uncle. Under ordinary circumstances I'd toss for it like a shot and stand by the flutter. That's the fairest and most satisfactory way of doin' things, I always think. But I've rather particular reasons for wanting to think this business over. I'll let you know tomorrow what I've decided."

His uncle still looked grave.

"Let me very strongly advise you, Herbert, to come to the decision I enjoin. That is my last word on the subject today. Remember—I strongly advise."

He rose, grasped his nephew's hand and then added:

"By the way, if you are sensible and do what is best in your own interests the first step I shall take is to provide you with a suitable valet."

The young man stared.

"What's the matter with Jenkins—barring never doin' a hand's turn of work when he can help it and sneakin' my wine? I call him rather a good chap, otherwise."

"Ah!" said Sir Waterbury; "so he is lazy and dishonest, eh?"

"Only average, don't you know?"

"Well, I can tell you he is also disrespectful and impertinent, and I have got another man for you."

"What, got one already, do you mean?"

"A treasure, Herbert."

Lord Fotheringay looked more surprised than ever. There was a ring of enthusiasm in his uncle's voice.

"Deuced kind of you," he murmured.

"Goodby," said Sir Waterbury with impressive solemnity.

. . . . . .

About the hour of midnight Lady Pundit stood near the door of her ballroom watching the dancers with a shrewd and tolerant eye. She was a lady of considerable personality, attired in the fashion that she considered would best combine comfort with a decent dash of splendor. She was respected at least as much as she was liked. An elderly gentleman joined her, and together they watched the whirlpool of bright faces and coiled hair, of white linen and laughter, of swaying frocks and flying coat-tails, swirl tumultuously by.

"They don't dance well nowadays," remarked the old gentleman.

"Most of them don't; some of them do," said Lady Pundit with decision. "Look at that couple; they dance very nicely."

"Yes," he admitted; "they do know something about it. Who's the young fellow?"

"Lord Fotheringay."

"Fotheringay? He's a relative of yours, isn't he?"

"His father was my first cousin."

"Ah! Old Fotheringay married a ——"

"Twentyman. Detestable people."

"And what sort of fellow is this young man?"

"Deliciously entertaining."

He looked at the couple critically.

"He seems in high spirits and—good-looking fellow—but—how does he entertain you?"

"He is so incredibly irresponsible. In a previous existence he must have danced round a fountain to his flute, and he hasn't changed a bit."

The old gentleman laughed politely and hoped this was what she expected.

"And who's the girl?" he asked.

"My niece, Nancy Wimberley. She is spending a week with me—her first taste of London dissipation."

"One of the Shropshire Wimberleys?"

"Yes. Do you admire her?"

There was a note in Lady Pundit's voice which told him that she herself regarded this young lady with a very affectionate admiration. This time he found no difficulty in agreeing with her.

"Exceedingly graceful—and pretty—nice-looking—nice eyes ——"

"Honest eyes," said Lady Pundit.

"What a charming smile she has."

"It is genuine, also," she said.

The old gentleman sighed as he watched her swing past.

"If I were only not quite so rheumatic!" he exclaimed.

The waltz stopped abruptly on a crashing bar, and the crowd surged out, breathing quickly, at least one laugh to every couple.

"Let's come into the garden," said Lord Fotheringay.

Out of her steady eyes his cousin smiled her answer, and they pushed slowly downstairs, strode faster through a dim-lit room with an open French window at the end, and stepped out under the gently sighing trees. It was a large garden for a London house and very leafy in this month of June. They strolled down a path and stopped at last in a quiet corner where the shadows were profound; and there they found two garden chairs. Lord Fotheringay stretched out his legs and gazed for a moment at the gleam of his shoes; then he looked at Nancy and they both smiled—such unconscious smiles as prove the youth of hearts.

"I say, Nancy," said he, "I've something important to ask you."

"What is it?"

"My Uncle Waterbury has been at me again—seriously this time. He wants me to reform."

"A capital thing for you!" she laughed.

"Yes; but this is a biggish order. Am I to go in for bein' a brilliant person—public man and all the rest of it—do my duty by my country and my rank, and that sort of thing? To be or not to be—that is the question."

"Doesn't one have to be born brilliant?" she asked demurely.

"Not in the very least, I assure you. I've known the most shockin' asses do all sorts of brilliant things—write books, even."

"I didn't know it was so easy to be clever."

"Easy? Well, I don't know about that. It takes a lot of deuced hard work. I'll have to begin bein' serious an hour or two a day hard at it, and all that kind of thing."

She turned and looked straight at him.

"Bertie!" she exclaimed, "you've begun already. I never saw you so solemn in all your life!"

"Well, but it is a sobering kind of thing. If you'd only seen my old uncle frowning at me!"

She made a little grimace.

"Are you quite sure Sir Waterbury is the best adviser possible?"

"People say he has one of the best heads in the city; and he's really awful good to me."

"Then you do owe him something," she admitted frankly.

"You think so? Well, that's one point settled."

She gave a little exclamation of alarm.

"Oh, Bertie, I hope you're not going to decide everything offhand, just because the first person you ask expresses an opinion!"

He looked at her with a kind of self-conscious tenderness.

"You're not the first person, Nancy—that's to say, you are the first person, but it's because I wanted you to be."

Her eyes drooped.

"I wish I could really be of some use. I'm far too inexperienced to help you."

"You've helped me a hundred times, Nancy. You've always been a—an influence, and that kind of thing."

Again he looked Britishly embarrassed.

"I always thought a country life was what you loved best," she said.

He leaned back and stared up at the rustling leaves high overhead. They made a dark pattern, softly swaying against a bank of delicate white clouds illumined by the young moon. The sighing of the trees obscured the hum of the London streets; their foliage hid all sign of lamps and houses and human myriads. Looking up at that glimpse of lightly clouded sky and silver crescent half revealed, framed by the swaying boughs, he felt again the spell of country lanes and ancient manor-gardens. Then he looked down at Nancy and, somehow or other, she seemed indissolubly bound up with berry-laden hedgerows and running hounds and timbered parks on dewy mornings.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE BELGRADE BULL

What He Did to Curly and Others—By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"YOU don't need to live here," said the agent of the Sweet Grass Orchard Development Land and Water Company. "You can live anywhere you please—in New York, Paris, London—and only come back here a little while in the fall to get a new satchelful of money when the apples are ripe. All you have to do is to buy five acres of this peerlessly, phenomenally, boundlessly rich soil, paying only forty per cent down, and your notes for the balance in one, two, three and four years—we do all the rest. All you have to do is to spend the money. We make it for you. What difference does it make to you how much the initial cost is if you are making two thousand per cent on your money every year? Tell me that!"

Seized with a sudden vertigo, I caught at the frame of the automobile with the intention of steadying myself while I told him that. The spring on the door yielded to the involuntary touch. I felt a sudden thrust behind me, and an instant later we were both on the inside of the automobile tonneau and whirling off up the valley with the immediate purpose, as I divined, of selecting the five, ten or twenty acres which were going to leave me free to spend the rest of my life in Europe or in fishing, as I pleased.

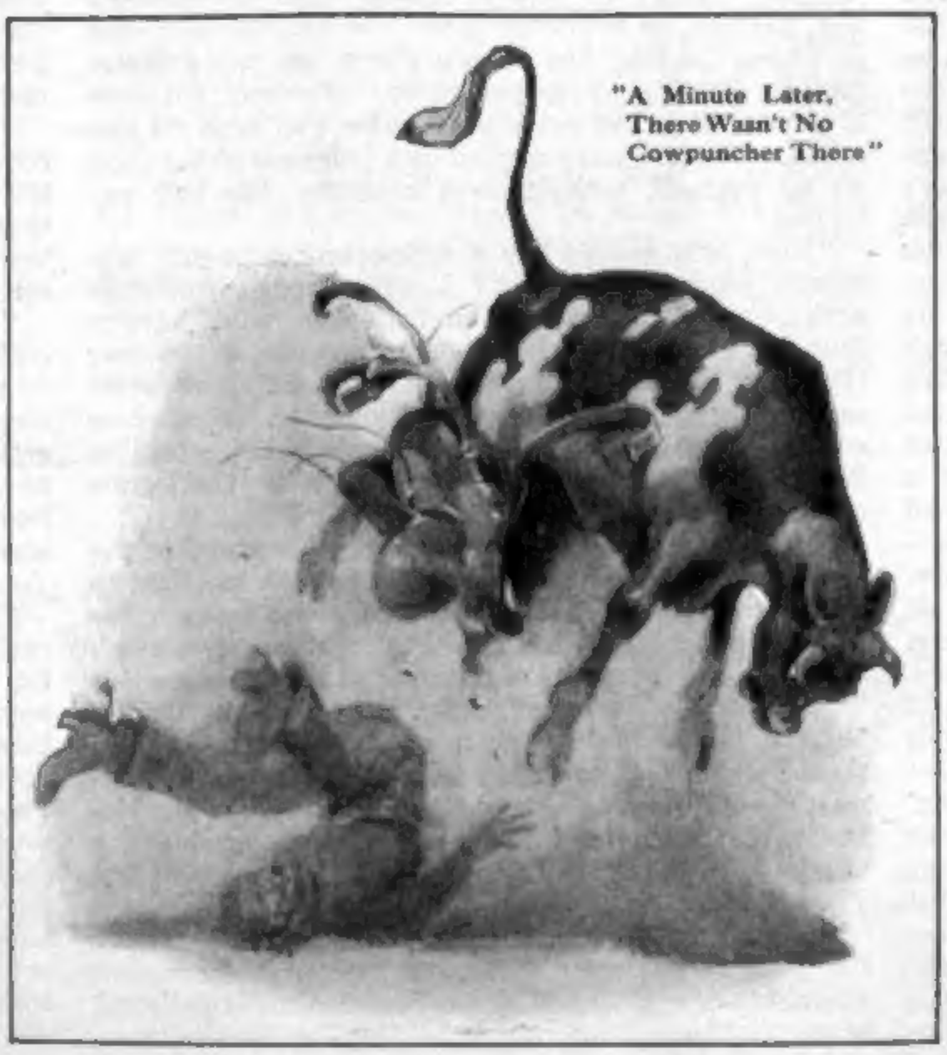
In the midst of a vague haze of conversation we passed rapidly up the Sweet Grass Valley for some miles. At length there appeared before us a ranch boasting a building or so, in front of which, in the middle of our right-of-way, stood three gangling chickens of the variety commonly known as Plymouth Rock. We landed on them. As the smoke cleared away, only one of the three could be discovered beating its agitated retreat.

"That's all of 'em, ain't it, Curly?" called out the land agent, banging on his hat. He spoke to the chauffeur, whom hitherto I had not noticed until he had gripped his wheel, turned on the last inch of speed of which the six-cylinder was capable, and plainly headed for the three fowls aforesaid with malice aforethought.

"Only one left," answered the chauffeur, grinning as he half turned his face for an instant. "Bob'll git that one when he comes through with the other car."

"It was a flock of twelve to start with," said the agent proudly. "We've got 'em all but one. Now, what does any man want, monkeying around with chickens in a valley like this, where on five acres of this peerless, phenomenal, boundless soil he can raise apples that, every year of his life, will pay him"—etc., etc.

His voice passed away, as though into the distance. I was looking at the back of the chauffeur, at his tight-curling auburn hair, his high-heeled boots, his fringed gloves and his white hat—all making a uniform not usual in the boulevards of the East. "What are you doing up here, Curly?" I asked of him at length.



"A Minute Later, There Wasn't No Cowpuncher There"

"Whoa, Bronc'!" was his sudden response. He cut off the power and threw on the brakes with such promptness that the land agent went on over the dashboard still continuing his speech of apples and dividends, *en passant*, as we say in Chicago.

"The same to you," said Curly, turning about and grinning; for, as the novelist says, it was he. We climbed out of the car and sat down by the roadside, and the seller of lands appeared to interest neither of us further. The taciturnity of earlier days replaced the loquacity of the present. At last Curly picked up a stone from beneath his feet and hurled it vengefully deep into the red varnish of his shining car.

"Oh, I know it—I know it!" said he bitterly. "I ain't got a word to say. Hens! Apples! Sheep! Drivin' a auto car! There ain't been nothin' too low down for me. An' I was a cowpuncher once!"

"Sheep, did you say, Curly?" I ventured after a while, and edged away from him. "Did it come to that?"

"Yes," said Curly, flushing angrily. "I graduated from bein' a sheepman down into this. It all comes of gittin' married. No cowpuncher has no business of gittin' married. If he gits as bad gone on his wife as I was gone on the Littlest Girl, and he gits eleven or nine white-headed kids runnin' around under his feet—why, what chance has he got? Not cowpunchin' with him no more. He just has to grab a chance-holt with life and go to the mat; that's all. But a shofare! I didn't think it of me!

"Listen," said he, turning presently, with his old whimsical smile. "Listen, an' I will tell you the story of me life."

And so he did proceed to tell one of the many stories of shifting men and changing times: a story which compared the land south of the Spanish peaks with this which lay about us now, and which matched a day gone by with this one, different.

"Seems like the pines ain't quite as green up here as they are in the mountains south," said he, "and I don't think the water's quite as sweet. When the railroad come in down below I headed north, up the trail. What was the use? It's just the same everywhere. They discovered me of late years livin' over on the Bellefoush, aherdin' of peaceful bah-bahs, like any dash-blamed Greaser.

"Couldn't you have robbed trains, or something, Curly?" I suggested vaguely.

"I would of," answered he, "exceptin' there was the Littlest Girl, an' she's so all-fired partic'lar about what a fellow does. They say love is blind. My experience is it's got about four pair o' eyes. But I'll say this much: I never would of took to sheep, and got where I am now, if it hadn't been demonstrated to me that I wasn't no cowpuncher. So here I am now.

"I don't like sheep meat an' I don't like apples. I hate 'em both. What I want is a beefsteak cooked down in a hole in the ground between two other beefsteaks, and some coffee in a tin cup, and the wagon standing there with the tail gate down, an' the boys settin' around. You know. Yes, sir; the cow, he is the best critter in the whole wide world for real folks.

"An' yet," he added after a time, "cows is only all right in their places, just as cowpunchers is. They is some ranks of life where no cow don't belong an' no cowpuncher. My real troubles of life come out of that there state of

affairs. A cowcritter is made to be driv' by a cowpuncher, and not to be rid by no cowpuncher. It was a cowcritter that done laid my proud heart low." Curly threw another rock at the red automobile.

"Well, sir, you know mighty well that down on the old Circle Arrow, in the old days, there wasn't a puncher on the ranch that wouldn't boast he could ride anything that wore hair. We played the bet wide open at both ends, and all we stiperlated was that the critter should have real hair on to it. In which case, all us pore, weak-minded fools allowed that, no matter what his age, color, sex or previous condition, it could be rid by any man who was a real rider, and that without pullin' leather, neither. I was in them days, as you may remember, a straight-up rider. I come north up the trail with that same feelin' of perfessional pride, just natchally honin' and huntin' for something that had hair on it that I couldn't ride. I was right proud and haughty. That was before I become a sheepman or a shofare.

"You've heard of the Belgrade bull, haven't you?" asked Curly suddenly. I nodded. What Western man has not heard of that historic brute, whose history was one long record of dismantled cowpunchers who thought they could ride anything with hair? I began to see something of Curly's story.

"So you were among those present?"

Curly nodded again. "Yep. The trouble with me always was that I was like Macbeth—or was it Oliver Cromwell?—and couldn't fling away ambition. I was out to be crowned the one fair king of the range. Pshaw! they ain't no cowpuncher got anything fit to be called brains in his system. Did I ride the Belgrade bull? Nay, nay; say not so.

"There was maybe one or two fakes of that same name," added Curly reminiscently; "and along about ten or fifteen years ago there was a outfit that used to blow into a good many of the camps with a Durham cowcritter that they allowed could not be rid. Now, Nosey, one of the Montana punchers, I seen him ride that brute, though he had to pull leather hard and hung his legs around the saddle-horn, at that. But the real old Simon-pure, North American, eighteen-carat, gold-filled Belgrade bull was owned by a saloon man named Kid Johnson. He didn't have to own no mine nor ranch, nor nothin'. That one little, ornery, undersized, black-and-white bull—a cross between a Jersey and a Galloway he was—furnished him all the income he needed and all the sport besides. He just run the saloon and gamblin' place as a sort of a incidental amusement. His real means of livelihood was this same critter that he kept out in the corral. The duty of the saloon porter was to git up every mornin' about four or five o'clock and chase that bull around the corral a couple of hours or so. That way he was hard as nails all the time, playful as a kitten—though he didn't look it—and able to jump a ten-foot fence any time he wanted to. Buck? Pitch? No, he didn't buck. He wouldn't do anything as low down and commonplace as that there. They ain't no real name for what he done.

"This here Kid Johnson goes into this little town of Belgrade, up here in Montana, north of here, aleadin' this cowcritter on a string. After he gets his red-eye joint started up and his corral fixed, he hangs out a notice sayin' that cowpunchers and others is plumb welcome, an' can git any kind of game they like. When the word got out that there was a new game, and that this here speckled bull was the king card in Kid Johnson's layout, the cowpunchers from both sides of the place and five hundred miles up and down the range—why, they broke their necks to git in first, to take money away from Kid Johnson. Now it wasn't so much the money they was after, though the Kid didn't turn down any sized bets that come, as it was a matter of perfessional pride; because, right soon, the news got out on the range that this here Belgrade bull had throwed on a average of two to ten cowpunchers every day of the week, not barrin' Sundays, and some of them was the best riders that ever throwed a rope. Business all over the upper-range country just come to a stop. There wasn't no self-respectin' cowcamp that wouldn't head right for Belgrade as soon as they got their beef cuts done. Ranchowners, foremen, punchers, everybody—they come, I say, five or six hundred miles to go against this game just for the sake of the cause. It slowed up the cattle business some bad, but it was fine for Belgrade while it lasted. Every day in Belgrade was circus-day. Say, I don't like to think of the money Kid Johnson's bar taken down every day when the ridin' was good.

"Kid Johnson, he was plumb ca'm all the time. He'd chaw a straw, pleasant as a May mornin', and just open up the game, takin' any and all bets that come along. He had a First National Bank of his own acrost the street, where he put his money. The place of meetin' was the same for all comers—over there in the corral, back of the bank. There never was no referee. Just to show you how deep that Kid Johnson was, he always says to every puncher that comes along: 'Fly to it, my son, an' help yourself. I don't bar no kind of holts whatever—strangle holt, toe holt, or any other sort. You can ride him with or without saddle, just as you please, an' use a center fire or a double cinch, as you prefer. Moreover, I'll leave it to you, when you come to, whether you have rid him or not. You can make up your own judgment about that, all by yourself, without even consultin' the bull any further.'

"At the End of Twelve Minutes and a Half He Inquires Casual for a Cigareeto"

"Now, this sounds like a wide-open, clean-cut, fair-sportin' proposition, don't it? Looks like any cowpuncher with any sportin' blood at all in his system would have to drop work for a few brief moments, anyhow, an' go over there and ride that Belgrade bull, don't it? Now, most any cowpuncher has got some sportin' blood. That's how come it that this here Kid Johnson's ridin' school in Belgrade took most of the money of the short-grass country out of circulation.

"Now, this here bull would stand over there in the corral, seemin' like he was half asleep—just too tired to finish chawin' the straw which hung down outen the corner of his mouth. His eyes was right watery-lookin', and had a sort of meek and reproachful sort of look about 'em, as who should say, 'Oh, mister, please don't!' Didn't look like he had no more ambition than one of them wooden cows that they sell full of candy at Christmastime in the stores. He was so sad and sort of pensive-lookin' that the first feelin' you had when you saw him was to try to coax him out of feelin' so sorry he was ever born. The low-down, deceitful, dashed-blamed cuss!

"But he had hair on him," Curly went on. "That's the p'int of the matter I am arrivin' at. Some new talent, out of the Wild-West show or offen the range north or south—Texas, California, Wyoming—'ud blow in there, and lean careless agin Kid Johnson's bar, an' wait till the conversation drifted around to ridin'.

"'Stranger,' says the Kid to him casual, after a while, 'folks tell me that you allow that you kin ride airy critter that has hair on to it.'

"'I shore can,' says Mr. Puncher. Maybe up to then he shore has, although the man who says he never was throwed by any horse is a liar.

"Kid Johnson sighs right sad about then, an' says he: 'I've got a plumb ornery little bull over there in the corral that's all covered over with fine, spotted hair, an' if you kin ride him I'll make you a present of airy sum from one to one thousand, coverin' a equal deposit on your part as a guarantee of good faith. All I ask of you is, besides the deposit, that you leave the address where you want the remains shipped to.'

"Now, cowpunchers is all alike. They ain't got no brains. At about this stage of the proceedings all the feller could say was, 'Lead me to it.' On which Kid puts his hand over his mouth to stifle a yawn of ongwee, and he says, 'Jake, go git the key to the corral. Here's another.' Then they adjourns acrost the street back of the bank, where that sad-eyed bull is astandin' with a straw hangin' outen the corner of his mouth, an' his eyes almost filled with tears, just natchally oozing Weltschmertz at every pore, as they say in Santone at a Scheutzenfest. After that there ain't much difference, countin' one cowpuncher with another. I expect maybe that bull has throwed in his time five or six hundred punchers, the best that ever rid the range. In this way the ranks of sheepherders was always kep' full, recruited from fellers who thought, foolish-like, they could ride anything that had hair.

"I had a sort of stiff knee, from a bronc' fallin' on me a little, time I dawned into Belgrade; so I stood around a few days before makin' any break, although I was there for the open and obvious purpose, which I wasn't goin' to disguise, of ridin' that critter, an' after that retirin' from business an' livin' on the competency which was shore hung on to such. I had raised every dollar I could git my hands on, an' borrowed all I could on my cow-horse and outfit. I had a right new Visalia saddle, with about nineteen pounds of silver on to it, an' a seventeen-dollar Spanish bit an' a twenty-eight-dollar bridle. All them, too, I was able, by great skill and perseverance, to put up in the game. I reckon they're in the First National Bank in Belgrade now. While I'm waitin' for my knee to git in shape I takes observations of the punchers who was goin' against this game from time to time. It didn't usually take very long to settle the matter. The victim comes into the corral, full o' youth and hope. Alongside of him comes Kid Johnson, an' he makes a few brief remarks to this here bull that stands there waitin', straw hangin' outen his mouth. 'Tommy,' says Kid to the bull—Tommy was his name, you know—'I believe I'll have to trouble you just oncet more.' Then he turns to the puncher. 'Does you-all ride with or without?' says he.

"Some rid with a saddle an' some without. Take a couple of cowpunchers, an' they can put on a saddle so it's like it was nailed on. Some didn't even scorn to tie their stirrups fast, which ain't perfessional. Most all of 'em stuck to their spurs, of course, an' most all of 'em, too, forgot all about not pullin' leather.

"Now, you'd think that a cowpuncher with spurs on could take some kind of a hook into the cinch an' manage to ride him on top, or sideways, or someway. But it always come out the same way. Tommy would stand an' groan an' shed tears of anguish while they was cinchin' him up. Then Mr. Puncher climbs on top an' turns loose—partways anyhow—his little old yell of joy. Then says Kid Johnson, casual and languid-like, 'Go to it, Tommy.'

"I never did see that bull jump more than eleven or twelve feet high. He only bucked as much as was needful. He could sunfish, rail-fence, change ends, or execute any other style of gilt-edged pitchin', an' sometimes he'd hide his face clean acrost the corral, with his back humped up in a knot, conversin' with Kid Johnson in the meantime in a language they both seemed to understand. But usual the whole operation didn't last more'n about thirty seconds. The bull'd stand there meek an' patient until the cowpuncher clim' into the saddle. Then, a minute later, there wasn't no cowpuncher there.

"Right often the saddle'd be plumb down underneath that bull instead of on top of him, where the fellers left it when they cinched him up. Me studyin' them things, I come to notice that right on top of that bull's back, when he was normal, there was a white spot about as big as two dollars and a half. Now sometimes, when he got done throwin' the last victim of this here Kid Johnson, I'd look up an' there'd be that spot maybe plumb south of where it ought to be, or maybe east or west.

"The truth about it was that that bull wasn't meant to be rid nohow. He was just like a otter, and he could slip around in his skin or twist his skin either way, plumb around, world without end. As that, of course, took the saddle and the cowpuncher along with it, what chancet had a feller of ridin' it? What Kid Johnson really was playin' was a absolute, air-tight cinch. I knowed in less'n three days, from watchin' that white spot change its latertude and longertude, that the only real way to ride that critter was to spike his hide fast to his ribs or his backbone. I suggested that to Kid Johnson, but he says, 'No, I don't want to be cruel to the bull. You can have all the tools of your perfession—boots, chaps, spurs, quirt and rope—but I bars hammer and nails as not belongin' to a fair

punchin' outfit. They might do better fer a fence-builder,' says he, sarcastic.

"Of course, I ought to had more sense, but I'm just like any other puncher, an' the trouble with me is I ain't got any sense. The Kid offers me two drinks or so, an' I get ambitious; an' I allow I can ride that bull anyhow, without no saddle an' without nailin' his hide fast to his frame. I so announces this to Kid Johnson, me bein' all swelled up with the new idee. 'The trouble with you-all,' says I, 'is that you haven't run against real science. Look at me. I'm goin' to ride that bull in the light of pure reason. I'm shore scientific,' says I. 'I've got this here all figured out.'

"Kid he leans against the bar and stifles his languid yawn once more; an' says he, 'My scientific friend, fly to it an' help yourself.' Them words he said to me.

"'Fer how much?' says I.

"'All you like,' says he.

"'All I got?' says I.

"'That suits me,' says he. And then, as I may pause to remark, was when I banked my Visalia.

"'Now,' says the Kid, smilin' to me beneficent, 'my sunny-haired friend, with the kind consents of this here bull of mine, you'll soon be among the malefactors of great wealth.'

"'Since you mention it,' says I, an' I takes up a cinch or so in my belt. 'But I make bold to say to you deliberate, Kid Johnson, that I ain't one of them pore, deluded bein's as sees fit to chase that white spot on that bull's back round an' round his solar system. I'm scientific, I am. I done studied that bull, an' I noticed one thing: while his hide is loose in the middle, it's bound for to be fast at both ends; else, if it wasn't, that bull'd be all tangled up in his computations. Now, I ain't tangled none, an' I announce to you cold that I rides him different from the way these other fellers has.'

"'How is those?' said the Kid, plumb affable yet, but lookin' a little pained.

"'I don't want no saddle,' says I, 'nor even no surcingle. When I was a kid, workin' for old man Wright, I got throwed off of my horse by accident one time and landed on top of a yearlin'. I lit face down, with my heels under his fore legs, an' it didn't take me long to connect up one hand on each side, grippin' his flanks. In this way,' says I, 'I discovered by accident, which is the way most science is discovered, that the way to ride one of these here reversible hides is to connect up fore and aft with a fixed point, where the critter can't turn his hide around. The only reason I don't double the bet with you, Mr. Johnson,' says I, 'is, I ain't got no other stuff to bet.'

"'There's a heap o' ways o' ridin' a bull,' says Kid Johnson then, thoughtful. 'There ain't nobody never tried this. Maybe Tommy an' me have got to meet our downfall at the hands of science. Still,' says he, 'the only reason I don't double the bet is that you ain't got nothin' to double it with. Help yourself,' says he.

"Say, his confidence in Tommy was somethin' scary. It was enough to loco the average feller before he started; but not your fair-haired friend.

"'Put the "tap" over his eyes till I get set,' says I. 'I don't want no odds of nobody, but let's try out this here scientific experiment fair and square.'

"The Kid was game; so they blinds the bull while I'm gettin' fixed. I sets facin' backwards, with my spurs just inside this here critter's elbows in front. Then at last I remarked, 'Yee-yip!' and a few other things. 'Turn him loose,' says I, an' when they jump back I drops forward on my face an' grabs aholt of his flanks on each side.

"Now Tommy he ain't been used to no such thing like this, an' says he, sort of heartbroken, 'Oh wow, worrggh!' An', man! thereupon he falls to pitchin' as sincere an' industrious as airy bull I ever did see—or any horse, either.

"Say, it's a awful thing to be in a situation where you feel there ain't nothin' permanent ner stable in this human life of ours. Nine times I felt that reversible white spot on Tommy's back singe my vest buttons as it passed around. 'He ain't got no chanct against science,' sings I; an' I remarks, casual-like, a few more exultant notes such as is customary. 'He likes spurs, does he?' says I sarcastic, as I passes by Kid Johnson for the seventh time, with my face to one side of the bull's back an' my nose bloody by this time. 'I'm ridin' him fair, ain't I?' says I when we come around the next time. 'You don't see no cinches here, does you, my friend?' says I at the next revolution; 'ner no leather-pullin'?' 'What I remarks earlier,' says I to the folks at the next oppertunity, 'is, I can ride anything that has hair.'

"I could hear them making bets on me by this time. The corral got plumb full of people an' I could hear yells out on the street where the crowd was runnin' to see the sport. By this time that buckin', bawlin' bull had pretty near jolted the everlastin' soul out of my system. I was just slingin' electricity outen my golden locks every time he lit, an' I didn't know how much longer I was goin' to last. My spurs was holdin' all right forward, but the trouble was with my hands. Seemed like he was lined with eels outside. But nothin' would do me but I must show off, like any fool cowpuncher. Old Tommy he comes down from outen the air somewhere an' lands in front of Kid Johnson an' the rest. 'Has any gent got a cigareeto he can lend me to pass the time with?' says I, in short gasps like. 'I'm weary with this here monotony.'

"'You bet your life, Curly,' says Slim, my partner from the 101 Outfit. 'Ketch it when you come by.' He also emits some cowboy notes for the benefit of Kid Johnson. 'Hold him for me next,' says he. 'Any real puncher can ride that critter just the way he come on the range, without no saddle ner nothin'.'

"Now I had to make good my bluff about the cigareeto; so when we come around next time I reaches out my hand to git the cigareeto from Slim. Ah, well; what is one man's loss is another's opportunity. The bull seen his'n all right. He gives one twist, and the next I knowed they was fannin' me.

"'Did he do it fair?' asks the Kid when I had got conscious enough to hear conversation. I gits up and dusts off my chaps where there ain't any, an' I nods to Jim. 'Take the money, old man,' says I. 'You done it fair. The trouble with me is, I didn't play that scientific string clean through.'

"'There's always some reason why they don't,' says Kid, sighin'.

"Wherefore, my kind friend, at about sunset of a lovely autumn day there might have been seen a solitary horseman, which was me, awendin' his way on foot toward the Bellefoush country, which was shore a long distance off from Belgrade.

"After that," said Curly, chucking another stone into the varnish of the car, "I give up all hopes. There's always some time in any rider's life when he loses nerve. It may be his first fall or his fiftieth. It is more apt to come when a man ain't as young as he was, an' when he's got seventeen or thirteen kids runnin' around. So, the late Curly, why, he joins the caravan of ex-cowpunchers that has not rid the Belgrade bull, an' he starts off fer the simple an' pastoral life of the dip bucket an' the wire pliers, at thirty per each month. What could I do? I didn't have no horse, I didn't have no saddle, nor bridle, nor nothin'. What was worse, I didn't have no reputation. What was worse yet, I had lost my nerve. Kind sir, I had fell.

"It is of such as me that the sheepherders of this world is made out of. An' that all along of a reversible bull. It had been sprung on us as a new game, that's true enough; but we had all said we could ride anything that had hair. Many as the punchers I knowed this bull had throwed, I never knowed one of 'em that squealed or said he didn't do it fair; although in my own case I couldn't help wishin' I hadn't mixed science and cigareetos at just the wrong time. As it was, they told me I'd stayed on him longer than anybody else ever done. An' then, to think that a lowdown Greaser ——"

"Then they did ride him, after all?" I broke in.

Curly nodded. "Of course. They ain't no game that can't be beat, an' it stands to reason that this'n was, some time. Old man Wright told me about it. He owned the sheep-range where I went to work after that—at least, he always said he owned the range, an' was willin' to throw lead to back it. It's him that owns this valley, too, an' he's cuttin' it up into apple lots, now that sheep is no good any more. Oh, dash-blame everything a foot high, anyhow!"

"But about the Greaser?" I interrupted once more.

"Well, now, a Greaser ain't no more fit to be called folks than a bull is fit to be called a ridin' animal," said Curly at length. "It was fit an' proper that this here lowdown, loose, immoral cowcritter should come to grief at last at the hands an' feet of a artless son of Spain that was borned on the Rio Grande. Yep; you go back to Belgrade now, an' you won't find Kid Johnson puttin' money in his First National Bank quite so fast. Even him has to sigh at life, an' say, 'The time has came.'

"This Greaser, name of Juan Jesus Maria Pedro Something-or-other, he drifts in here to Belgrade one day, along of being stranded an' lost from his outfit somewhere up north. He looks most like any other Greaser—sort of brown in color, some bowlegged, an' full of cigareetos as long as he can get 'em. He strolls into Belgrade an' announces that he would like to get back home to the Rio Grande. Nobody pays no attention to him. At last Kid Johnson says to him, scornful: 'Well, dash-blame your hide, just to keep you quiet, if you ride that bull here for ten minutes I'll give you a ticket home an' eatin' money besides. You ain't got nothin' to bet, so what's the use?'

"You see, by this time, ridin' material was gettin' scarce in Belgrade an' the Kid was pinin' for a little excitement.

"'Aw right,' says Juan Jesus Maria Pedro. 'I rida heem. You giva me the teeket; I rida heem, aw right.'

"So they wanders over to the corral where Tommy is standin', sad an' disconsolate, like he is usual. Jesus Maria Juan Pedro stands in front of Tommy for a few moments an' he looks him steady in the face. He shakes his head an' says he, '*Muy malo loro—muy malo.*'

"'What's that he says?' asks the Kid, who owns Tommy.

"The Greaser says that's a 'mighty bad bull,' some one translates. You see, any Greaser savvies bulls aplenty. There ain't no bull-fighter will fight a Jersey bull. The average bull, he fights with his eyes shut when he charges, but a Jersey, he keeps his eyes wide open, an' he'll foller a man all around. I don't know as it makes a lot of difference to a feller who's ridin' a bull whether the bull's got his eyes wide open or shut, but this here Greaser, when he looks at Tommy, allows he's bad medicine. He's game hisself, though.

"'*Buenol* Aw right. I rida heem anyhow. You giva me feefty dollar an' teeket; I rida heem.'

"'You're on!' says Kid Johnson, languid. An' about the next minute the Greaser was on too.

(Concluded on Page 58)

"He Gives One Twist, and the Next I Knowed They Was Fannin' Me"

All-Season Peach Growing

Meeting the Market at Both Ends—By Forrest Crissey

THE latest fashion in fruit farming is to drive the enterprise in double harness—one of the industrial span dodging stones on New England hillsides, the other treading the red soil of outworn cotton fields "'way down in Dixie."

The purpose of this new horticultural kink is plain to the practical man, to the experienced trader, who knows that the big end of the business game is to get into the market at the right time. "Come first or come last—and avoid the crowds!" was once the fruit grower's idea of the right time to arrive on the market. But the modern, progressive grower of perishable fruits has let out the belt of his ambitions and revised the market maxim to read: "Come first and come last; every season has two ends at which the prizes of top prices are distributed to those who set the alarm clock of climate and soil to strike at the winning hour."

This opportunity to hit the high-water mark of the market twice instead of once offers itself peculiarly to the grower of peaches, which have a wide climatic range. Consequently it was natural that the double-harness idea in fruit farms should have been pioneered by a peach grower—Mr. J. H. Hale, of South Glastonbury, Connecticut. After he had subjugated some of the rockiest hillsides in all New England and made the stony and despised hill-pasture yield him as high as one thousand dollars an acre in a single season, from late peaches, the possibilities of the other end of the market opened upon him. "Why not be first as well as last?" he asked himself—"especially when the front end of the market is often the fattest?"

Experience is the most expensive asset in the fruit grower's inventory. Mr. Hale had paid for his experience up in New England and he decided that he could spread it across Mason and Dixon's Line without any great additional cost. As the harvest season of the far South would be over before the first of his peaches on the Connecticut hillsides began to blush and mellow, what was to hinder? Therefore Mr. Hale hitched up in double harness, and today operates a two-thousand-acre peach plantation in central Georgia in addition to nine hundred acres in New England. And he finds the front shoulder of the market quite as fat and juicy as the hind quarter.

His ascent as a fruit farmer has been from the hand pushcart to the peach trolley car, and finally to the refrigerator fruit train loaded and precooled under his own packing sheds on a special track traversing his plantation. But the pushcart and the trolley-car years of his enterprise were those that made horticultural history, and are the ripest in lessons for prospective and practical orchardists.

Every inch of the way has been a hand-to-hand battle against prejudice, superstition and tradition. When only fourteen years old and working for a neighbor at a monthly hire of twelve dollars and fifty cents, Mr. Hale stumbled upon the inspiration that has made him the foremost peach grower of the whole Atlantic coast, if not of the entire country. It was in the form of an old native seedling peach tree, loaded with sweet wild fruit that melted in his mouth. As he ate he asked himself perhaps the most important question of his life:

"If this stony old hillside will grow such peaches as these, wild and without cultivation, what is to hinder its producing a splendid crop of choice, cultivated peaches?"

Getting a Start

THAT question stuck in his crop and he ground it over and over until he got his own answer—"Nothing!" Then he found out that peaches paid well where they were grown commercially. That settled it. Being "Widow Hale's Youngest," he had to help with the family burden; but he contrived to save enough from his yearly wage of one hundred dollars to buy a hundred of the best young peach trees he could find, and his mother gave him the use of part of a wornout pasture, back from the Connecticut River bottom lands, in which to plant his orchard. The ground was so rough and stony that the neighbors laughed at him. It was a piece of boy foolishness and the widow ought to stop it. But the boy kept on working and saving, and the next year bought a thousand trees, and a year or two later two thousand more.

Picking Peaches

From his work for the neighbor he learned another big lesson. He milked about fourteen cows, night and morning, and peddled the milk in town. A big home garden supplied more truck than the family needed, and the boy sold it quickly by "dressing it up right."

This taught him two things: that there was money in raising garden truck and small fruits, and that the secret of selling these products of the soil was to "have them right, first, and then to show them up right." These two lessons, learned on the milk route, have been worth many thousands of dollars to this successful fruit grower.

If he could sell small fruits and vegetables for his neighbor he could sell them for himself and have all the profits! So he went into the small fruit and garden business. His whole equipment was a shovel, a hoe, a spade and a rickety old pushcart.

However, the little fruit and vegetable garden gave him a foothold of income from which to fight for the big thing of the future—the growing peach orchard on the pasture lot. More than this, it taught him the secret of intensive cultivation, how to fight weeds and pests and plagues and get crops when others failed. There is nothing like an early education at the end of a hoe handle to make a captain of the fruit-growing industry.

When he set out his raspberry plants neighbors hung grinningly over the fence, and then passed on to the corners to discuss the folly of Widow Hale's Youngest in working a briar patch when he might be cultivating tobacco on the bottom lands as his father and grandfather had done before him. But though he managed to make things grow in the garden, he succeeded in making the mortgage on the farm grow like a weed. And that mortgage was held by the Church Society. He had made some costly mistakes and he had been constantly enlarging his plant. Both mistakes and expansion ate up money—and he had been as full of troubles as a Triumph peach is full of juice. One year after another his peach trees failed to reward his faith with a crop—in spite of the fact that, from the time he had bought his first trees, he had put all his spending money into traveling to the homes of the leading horticulturists to pick up crumbs of personal instruction.

The seventh year after his first planting the prospects of his orchard were brilliant—when suddenly an untimely frost descended and wiped his crop out in a night. But the frost struck deeper than the peach pits; it reached into the councils of the church which held the mortgage. A meeting was called the next summer at which the hard-headed deacons decided that although the interest had always been promptly paid, the "tomfoolery" of the Widow's Youngest endangered the security of the loan, and that unless additional security could be given the loan must be called in.

How Mr. Hale Shocked His Neighbors

"I CAN'T give you more security," said the young peach grower. "Your mortgage covers everything we've got in the world." That was all the comfort he would give them. But he knew that he had until the following October to make the turn. And he also knew that a big crop of peaches had set on his trees which promised to fulfill all his persistent faith. Somehow he couldn't bring himself to believe that failure would be his fate this time.

He had one more fight, however—and a hard one—with the Powers of Tradition before the final showdown. After the summer drop of imperfect fruit he went through his orchard and saw that his trees were still loaded, the peaches crowding each other upon the branches. Then and there he decided upon the bold stroke of thinning out the crop. He had never heard of any grower who practiced thinning, but he believed that it would give him more fine, big peaches and fewer small ones—and therefore more money for the crop—than if he were to let all the fruit come to maturity on the crowded branches.

He took the hired boy into the orchard and showed him how to do the thinning. The boy rebelled but had to obey. Soon a neighbor, who had been especially kind to the widow and her children, appeared in great excitement.

"That boy is pulling off peaches by the bushel, by the hundreds!" he cried; "and he says that you are making him do it."

"I am," was the reply. "The trees have just so much stuff to put into peaches, and no more. If they have fewer peaches to put it into the fruit will be bigger and better and bring a lot more money."

"Stop him!" groaned the neighbor. "Now that the good Lord has

One of Mr. Hale's Orchards at Fort Valley, Ga.

given you a crop after all these years, take what He gives you. Son, it's a wicked sin and a shame to do this thing!"

But the boy stood firm. Finally they went into the orchard and its young owner said:

"Uncle Kinney, you've been good to us and I'm going to give you all the fruit on this row for your own. Not a peach shall be touched. But we're going to thin the rest of the orchard."

The neighbor at last consented to accept one tree, which was left with its original load of fruit. When harvest came, in the happiest September of Mr. Hale's life, he took his neighbor into the orchard again and showed him the results of the "sinful waste" of thinning. The peaches upon the one tree that had been left untouched were about an inch and a half in diameter, while most of the fruit on the other trees was about three times as large.

And what about the mortgage? Before the harvest had progressed far the young orchardist looked at his bank account and then wrote a check for twenty-one hundred dollars in favor of the church. And when, in return, he received the mortgage, he experienced the one big thrill of his life. That year his crop brought him more than nine thousand dollars from ten acres, and after he had paid all his debts he still had a good sum with which to branch out.

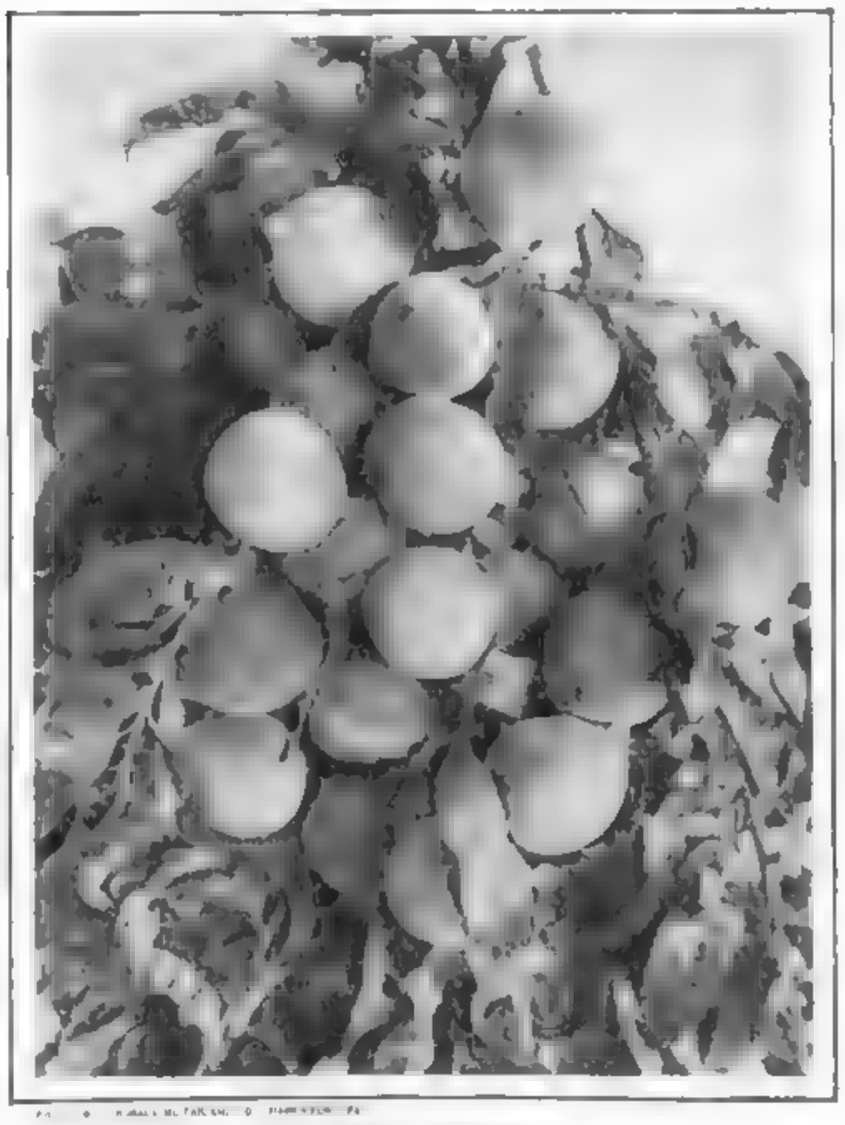
But his first triumph involved departures in the marketing end of his business too significant to be passed over without mention. He found that the peaches then coming from Maryland, Delaware and other places were packed with the finest fruit at the top of the basket and inferior fruit below. This was the shifty and accepted fashion of the day. Young Hale reasoned that this was not good business; that buyers liked to get what they paid for; that there were plenty of people who were willing to pay a fancy price for fancy peaches "from top to bottom," instead of being obliged to pay a compromise price in order to get a top layer of fancy fruit. Also that there were others who would prefer second-grade peaches at a moderate price, without being obliged to pay a fine price for the fancy layer at the top; and that there were still others who would take third-grade peaches at a third-grade price. So he decided to sell his peaches in separate grades instead of all grades mixed in the same packages.

An Experiment in Grading Peaches

TO GET the full benefit of this innovation he put a red label on the packages containing his finest selected fruit, a white label on those filled with second-grade peaches and a blue label on the "thirds." Each label told in plain words the grade of fruit in the box and informed the buyer: "You see Top, you see all." Then, to clinch the departure, he packed the fruit with his name and guaranty. This has given him the name of Red-Label Hale.

This was a new thing in peach packing, and he decided that the way to introduce it was to get in personal touch with the retailers and tell them all about it. He rented an old store in Hartford and hung out a sign reading: "Headquarters for Hale's Peaches. Peaches Ripened on the Trees." Having established himself as his own commission man he was then ready to visit the trade in all of the principal cities and towns within one hundred miles of South Glastonbury. He called upon all the leading grocers and fruit dealers and said to each:

"You may have the exclusive agency for my peaches in your place." But when he told them how the fruit would



A Cluster of Big Ones

be graded and packed most of them smiled and shook their heads. It had never been done before and they would have to see before believing. When his proposition was declined he went to another merchant, of lesser reputation, and made a deal. Then he went home with his little bunch of small initial orders and began to fill them. Within twenty-four hours from the arrival of his first shipments his telephone was the busiest in the exchange and the burden of his messages was "Double my order for tomorrow." This was the song of the wire day after day. Then followed letters from the leading retail dealers. They had seen the peaches, the new grading and packing was all right and they wanted fruit.

"You declined my proposition," was the answer they received. "Your competitor accepted; I am going to stick by him."

This was the method by which a green hand sold a first crop of peaches from ten acres for nine thousand dollars—straight from the shoulder, from grower to retailer. It built up a trade that stuck and that sold other and larger crops without half the effort involved in the first venture. And it was followed until the young orchardist became so large a grower that he was forced into wholesale channels. When he was obliged to let his output pass through the hands of commission men he picked his men with as much care as he would a new variety of peach. And he did it by personal contact. He picked men who "sized up" as straight and honest. Being a shrewd judge of human nature, he declares that he has found but one crooked stick in all the men he has trusted to handle his output.

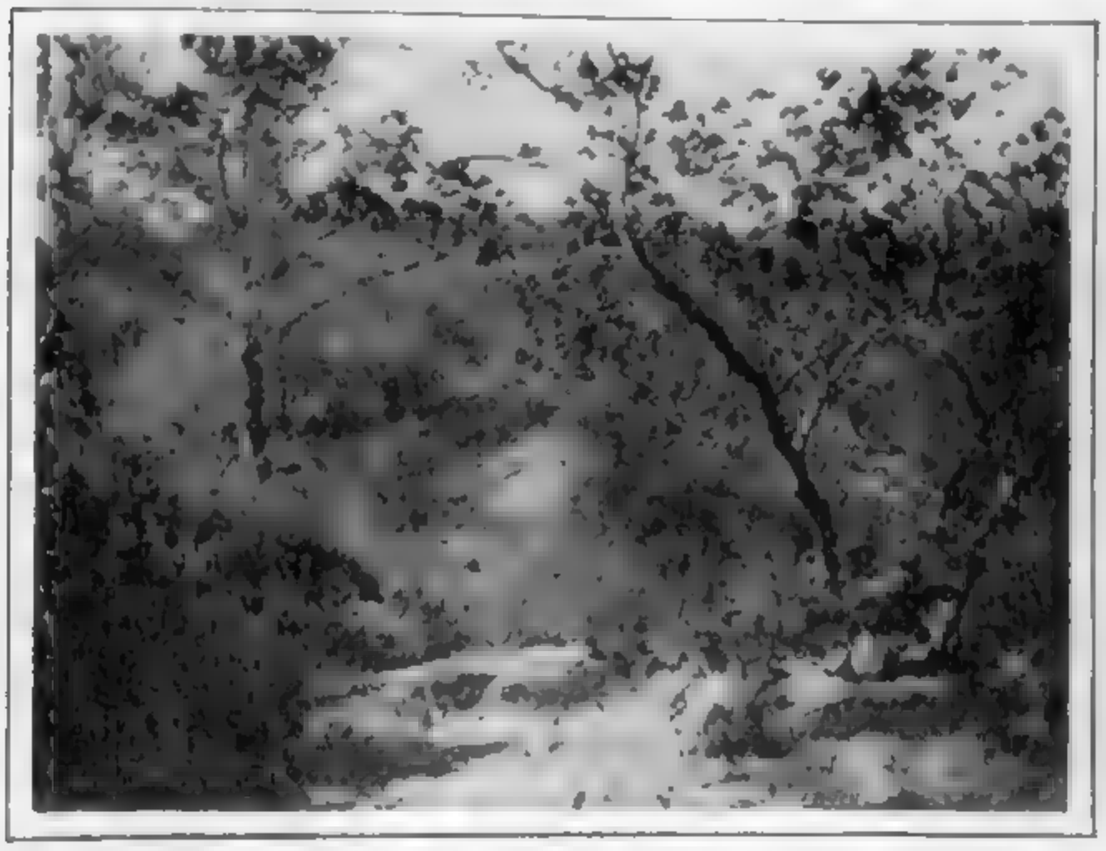
If he fancied that he fully passed through the fires of probation with the triumphal marketing of the first big crop of peaches he was soon disillusioned on that score. "The peach business," Mr. Hale declares, "is mostly probation, and the grower's complete salvation is never sure until he is retired from the business at the end of a bumper crop sold at high prices. Always the grower must be on the alert for new emergencies, ready to throw tradition to the winds and apply new remedies with promptness and 'peach sense'—and if he has not a reasonable equipment of the latter he would better stay out of the business." Set rules and rutted system in peach culture are first aids to failure. An open mind and the capacity to make quick judgments and carry them quickly into practice are cardinal qualities in a peach grower. Something new is always found to happen in this calling—and generally it happens with surprising suddenness. If the emergency is met it is by quick and resourceful action—for which the rules are seldom laid down in the books.

One year, after a splendid crop had set, brown rot appeared and leading pomologists advised the use of Bordeaux mixture, then just coming into use. Shortly after it had been applied the leaves began to drop from the trees. The entire destruction of the big crop was threatened, for "no leaves, no peaches!" Quick action along an unbroken trail was evidently the only way out of the dark situation. The old leaves were doomed, for the ground was literally covered with them. Could new ones be grown in time to save the crop? Horticultural literature contained no record that gave him a hint of comfort. But it was worth trying! He knew, of course, that nitrate of soda and nitrate of potash were powerful stimulants of leaf growth, so he wired to New York for enough of this leaf food to give his entire orchard a grand banquet—at a cost of ninety dollars a ton. It arrived at Hartford Sunday morning and found a small army of men and teams waiting to receive it. There was a thin attendance at church that Sabbath morning, for nearly every neighbor had been pressed into the service. Before the feast was completely spread the darkness brought a grateful shower that helped rapidly to dissolve the nitrates.

Then Mr. Hale waited and watched. By Thursday new leaf shoots appeared generously and by the following Sunday the little peaches had stopped puckering and were beginning to stiffen up. The crop was saved and it was a good one. Black defeat and sweeping disaster were completely averted by plenty of "peach sense," quick decision and prompt action.

Bargain Day in the Orchard

MARKETING as well as growing brings its acute and sudden emergencies, which must be dealt with instantly. One season, when the finest peaches of the crop were being picked, a heavy southwest storm put in an appearance with several thousand baskets ready to be harvested. The night storm was furious and the morning showed the orchard ground covered with peaches that had the grimy appearance of potatoes—which had been worth a dollar a basket the day before! The Italians were sent out to pick up the mired and storm-beaten peaches. Meantime the office force was busy telephoning to retail dealers, fruit peddlers and private families within a radius of fifteen miles from the orchard. All were told that this was the greatest bargain day in the history of the orchard. In the afternoon wagons began to arrive by the score. At first, single baskets sold at twenty-five cents, but before



Connecticut Land That Will be Cleared and Planted to Peaches Next Year

An Apple Orchard of Twelve-Year-Old Trees, at Seymour, Connecticut

night a seven-hundred lot brought sixty cents a basket—and the grower had twelve hundred dollars cash in his safe. Once more he had turned the trick that changed a calamity into a fair success.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of city men are saying to themselves: "I will pick up a little New England farm while the land is still cheap, plant it to orchards, spend my summer vacations there and develop it gradually. The trees will be growing while I am working. Then, when they come into bearing, I'll quit the city and go to the orchards." Mr. Hale was asked if this plan is reasonably practicable.

"Yes," he answered, "if the man is practical and lives near enough to the farm to go to it as occasion requires. But the best way for a man who cannot be on the spot and give all his time to developing an orchard is to give a working interest in the orchard to a practical man who hasn't the capital to start for himself. Give the right sort of a man a good big stake to work for and he'll work while you're away. That is the plan I'm following on my scattered New England orchards of nine hundred and twenty acres containing about fifty thousand trees. The home place is the one exception to this rule. This is the way I found a partner who is a wonder. For twenty years I have been hiring Italians. They come from every big hotel and café in New York. One day the best man I had left, but brought me a friend originally from the north of Italy."

How to Pick Peach Orchard Partners

"IT WAS exchanging a good man for a better. After he had worked two years he brought his wife over from Italy and was made foreman. He had his house, garden, milk, and ten dollars a week. That anchored him. Years later, when we were preparing land that was mostly rocks and stumps and required the use of dynamite about every third tree, he insisted that I should plant peaches with the apple trees. 'I make dem grow!' he assured me. It looked to me like too tough a job to tackle. Then he came back at me to give him some business of his own. Again I turned him off. When he had gone, a good adviser of mine said: 'Better take Pero up. You know that he doesn't touch a thing that fails to grow.' It was the truth—and I called him back and made a contract with him by which he should take charge of the work, I furnish the development money, and when the orchard paid for all that had been put into it, and ten per cent, I would give him a deed to a full half interest in the property. He has made the peach trees, which I was afraid to put out, grow and fruit almost to the point of perfection. Pero is the original Hillside Wizard, when it comes to getting peaches from between stones—and he'll have his deed to half that farm in a quarter of the time I expected. Pero never takes his eye off the big prize. Besides, he loves his work. In a few years he will be a rich man, even by American standards.

"But not all good fruit-farm partners are Italians. Some are Irish. When nursery stock was a big end of my business I received a letter from a young man at Seymour, Connecticut, saying that he was a mechanic, had read certain articles of mine on peach growing, and wished to know if I thought he could accomplish anything in that line by working before and after shop hours. I answered that he could if he worked early and late. He bought two hundred trees and planted them. Later he wrote asking some keen and pointed questions that showed he had 'peach sense.' Next year came another letter saying he had done so well that he wanted to branch out and plant one thousand trees, but couldn't pay for them until July 1. I sent him the trees.

"In June came a nervous letter from the young Irishman explaining that he couldn't get the money until July 6. He was certainly worried because he couldn't come to time right on the dot. I wrote him that his letter pleased me so much that I wasn't particular if he never paid for the trees. He bought more trees, and some two or three years later he wrote that there was trouble in his orchard and, if possible, would I come to Seymour and see the trees? In his letter was ten dollars for my expenses. Before that I had made many advice trips—but I always paid my own expenses in advance. I wanted to see the sort of mechanic that would send me more than half a week's wage along with a cry from Macedonia, so I went and gave back the money along with some tree advice. That year he had his first crop and realized three thousand dollars from two thousand trees. On the heels of his first success came an offer from a man who wished to furnish capital for a much larger orchard. I saw that Coleman wanted to break away from the shop. So I bought the rocky farm on which he had his eye fixed and made a contract with him on the same terms as the Pero contract. One field in that farm was so thick with stones that a man could literally walk across it, from end to end, and not set foot on soil. We planted it to dynamite and peach trees—and the finest peaches in color and flavor I have ever seen came out of that lot. Mike Coleman now lives in probably the best farmhouse in the county. In a few years he can spend his winters in California or Florida and tour Europe in a motor without living beyond his means, if he wishes. He has moved stones as big as stoves and put peach trees in the holes. Some of the orchards under his care have averaged eight hundred dollars an acre on the crop and many special acres have brought one thousand dollars in a season. And it would be hard to find a stonier or a more perpendicular farm in southern New England than the Seymour farm.

"So, I say, pick your partner from the bottom, tight to the soil, if you want to develop a fruit farm—one who has already made good either as a hired hand or in a small way by himself. There are other Peros, other Mike Colemans, still unpicked. And they and the men who give them their chance are going to do a heap toward overturning agricultural New England. Mr. John Baird, the superintendent of the Georgia plantation, spent his boyhood and youth in a big tree nursery."

No matter how much he may take from his peach crop, Mr. Hale insists that the main business of his New England land is the growing of apple orchards, and that in a few years peaches will be only an incidental in his output.

"Peaches," he declares, "make a quick money crop, coming into bearing in about three years. But they rarely bear profitably in the North after they are twelve or fifteen years of age. Apple trees, on the other hand, do not come into strong bearing until about the twelfth year after planting. But when they are properly grown and scientifically cared for their period of production is practically unlimited. Such a tree, in the ordinary course of events, will undoubtedly yield abundantly for a hundred years. This means that an apple orchard, which is and has been cared for properly and according to the standard scientific methods of modern horticulture, is a wonderful wealth-producer and about the best kind of life insurance a man can have. This applies to the northeastern part of the United States—in the West an apple tree that bears for twenty years is doing remarkably well."

This is the reason why practically every peach orchard on the Hale farms in New England is really an apple orchard with peach fillers for "quick money." The apple trees are planted thirty-six feet apart each way and are interspersed with peach trees eighteen feet apart. This gives three peach trees to each apple tree. All of the cultivation and much of the fertilizing given the peach trees is of equal service to the apple trees. Spraying and pruning are the main direct costs incurred by the apple trees. Sometimes there is a little special fertilization. While the peach trees are bearing, the apple trees are held back by repressive summer pruning. When, in a combination orchard, the peach trees are cut out, about the fifteenth year, a sudden transformation takes place in the apple trees; they go forward by leaps and bounds and almost literally burst into bearing. Such a "liberated" apple orchard on Mr. Hale's Seymour place averaged about a barrel of fine fruit to the tree the season after the elimination of the peach trees. And this apple orchard was only twelve years old. In two or three years after the handicap is removed the production is expected to be about six barrels to the tree, increasing for some twenty years.

"Every tree in any New England apple orchard that has been faithfully and scientifically cared for from the moment of its planting is worth one dollar a year for each year of its growth," says Mr. Hale. "It may be worth more, but it's worth that! My liberated orchard has forty trees to the acre and is twelve years old. At this basis of valuation it is worth today four hundred and eighty dollars an acre. It could not be bought for that, however. The peach trees grown on that ground have paid for the land, the maintenance, the improvements, the interest, and then, at the end of their service, have presented me, free of cost, with an apple orchard worth four hundred and eighty dollars an acre."

Because of their keeping qualities and their popularity Mr. Hale is setting in operation a new plan of marketing apples. With a more perishable fruit, or one not in constant and universal demand, the scheme would not be practical. Nearness to large markets is also an element in the success of this plan.

"I hold that the way for an Eastern grower to sell his apples is direct to the consumer," says Mr. Hale. "This is especially true of the finest and the second-best grade of apples. But the man who thinks that he can build up a direct-to-consumer business in apples on any other basis than that of the most rigid grading is going to get left. There's where a lot of shifty growers are going to fall down. Otherwise the plan is safe and sound and will carry. Once you sell a man a barrel of prime New England apples, honestly graded and packed from top to bottom, you have made him a life customer so long as he is able to buy apples and so long as you send him apples up to the grade he orders. People are funny about apples. The city man likes to pass the apples to his friends and say: 'Those are the real thing! I get 'em straight from the orchard—every year from the same man. He doesn't go into the market—just sells to private customers who want the best. The whole barrelful is like those.' Then, between bites, the friend asks for the name and address of the orchard man, and the man who gets his apples 'straight from the orchard' is as flattered as if you praised his private brand of cigars."

Selling Apples by Mail

"THIS is the way the business pushes itself. The grower who wishes to build up a mail-order trade direct with consumers will put a few neatly printed circulars telling about his apples and his orchard into each box or barrel that he sends out. On each bit of apple literature will be a red line suggesting that the circulars are for the convenience of the buyer, to be handed to his friends who may wish to know where the apples were grown. This will help the business to push itself. Again, there are many high-class publications in which the grower, reaching out for a direct mail-order business, may profitably advertise. These are the lines along which I am organizing my own apple business, which is just coming on in a large commercial way. I do not anticipate much difficulty on the score of losses from shipments to unreliable customers. The dragnet of credit information in these days is very extensive and thorough in its sweep. This makes a fair basis to begin with. Of course there will be some losses at the start, but they will quickly teach any wide-awake grower the tricks that will be put up against him and how to circumvent them. His greatest danger lies right in himself. If he is too careless or too shifty to grade his apples according to a rigid standard his mail-order business is doomed.

"My own apples for the direct-to-consumer trade are sorted into three grades, the same as my peaches, each grade with its distinctive color label. The purpose of this color scheme is to emphasize the difference in the grades, to impress every person who sees a package with the fact that a red label, for instance, means the choicest fruit grown in the orchard; that a white label means good fruit, but not extremely fancy; that the blue label means serviceable fruit at a low price; that every label means that all the fruit in the package is just as good as the top layer.

"Practically every one of my New England farms has plenty of timber and either freely flowing springs or good clear ponds. Instead of selling off the timber at a low price I have looked forward to the apple business. Shortly I will set up

(Continued on Page 68)

A Bumper Crop in One of Mr. Hale's Georgia Orchards

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

The Barnacle Library—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

LORD STRANLEIGH of Wychwood rarely allowed any expression of annoyance to escape him, but one morning at breakfast, on opening his favorite daily paper, an item that caught his eye caused him so far to forget himself that he gave utterance to the phrase: "Dash it all!"

It says much for the training of Ponderby, who was waiting upon him, that this excellent servant never moved a muscle on hearing the unaccustomed exclamation. Whatever astonishment Ponderby felt was very effectually concealed. Stranleigh said to him, more peremptorily than usual:

"I wish, Ponderby, you would be so obliging as to telegraph my agent, Wilson, asking him to take the first London train and call on me here before luncheon."

"Very good, my lord," replied Ponderby, departing on his mission.

After his master had finished breakfast Ponderby turned to the newspaper page that had aroused this unwonted exhibition of feeling and had little difficulty in finding the item which he knew had displeased his lordship. The paragraph ran as follows:

Mr. Peter Barnacle has promised to build a library in Stranleigh Village if the inhabitants will provide a site for the building. As all property in the vicinity belongs to Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood, there is little doubt that a beautiful plot of land will be offered by his lordship, so that advantage may be taken of this munificence.

Ponderby read the paragraph twice with slightly puckered brows, as if failing to understand why the extract should have caused annoyance. It seemed very good indeed of Mr. Barnacle to provide for the mental enjoyment of that delightful old English village; but, instead of being thankful, Lord Stranleigh had gone to the extreme of saying, "Dash it all!" As Ponderby carefully folded up the newspaper and put it away, he murmured to himself:

"I wish I 'ad his money." But whether this referred to Mr. Barnacle or Lord Stranleigh we shall never know, for Ponderby rarely confided in any one.

The young nobleman returned home at eleven o'clock, and half an hour later Wilson, the agent, put in an appearance. Wilson was a very brisk, businesslike man, with a hard face, a lowering brow, and lips which had a touch of tyranny about them. Although obsequious enough to Stranleigh, he was very domineering to those over whom he exerted power, and was generally disliked by villagers and tenants. It was his boast that he stood no nonsense from that class of people, and his attitude was one of protection so far as Stranleigh was concerned, not concealing the fact that but for him his lordship would be robbed right and left. If one of the tenants ventured to appeal to Stranleigh direct, under a sense of oppression, that tenant was almost certain to meet misfortune in his future career, although it was rarely possible to trace calamity to Wilson himself.

Lord Stranleigh was perhaps too easy on these occasions, for whoever came to him with a hard-luck story was quite certain to have his complaint promptly and favorably attended to; but, as Wilson became better known, these appeals to Cæsar were less and less frequent. Although Stranleigh himself felt an instinctive distaste for Wilson's society, and more than once had found reason to reprove him for his lack of sympathy with the tenants, and on occasion had even determined to dismiss him, he recognized his good business qualities. Besides that, he shrank from displacing any man in the Stranleigh service, except on irrefragable proofs of dishonesty or unfairness; so Wilson stayed on year by year.

"Good morning, Wilson. I telegraphed to you because of an item in today's paper. Is it true that Mr. Barnacle has offered a library to Stranleigh Village?"

"Yes, my lord; I believe it is."

"You believe! Aren't you sure?"

"Yes, my lord; I am sure."

"Then why did you not write to me about it?"

"I didn't know that it would interest your lordship."

"Anything pertaining to the estate interests me, and I dislike reading in the newspapers information about my own affairs that should already be in my possession. Is it not a fact that there is a well-selected library now housed in the Village Hall, the books of which are at the free disposal of all inhabitants?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Did the villagers apply to Mr. Barnacle themselves?"

"I believe they did, my lord. A public meeting was held some months ago, at which it was stated that the books at the Village Hall had all been read over and over again, and it was unanimously voted that application

Stranleigh Did Not Enter

should be made to Mr. Barnacle. After some investigation that gentleman agreed to build and equip a library."

"I see. Did any one propose application to me?"

"I think not, my lord."

"Do you know why?"

"Well, I suppose they did not wish to trouble your lordship, as you had already done a great deal for the village."

"That's all very well, Wilson, but I think you should have looked after my affairs a little more closely than you have done, and I ought to have been approached as lord of the manor before an appeal was made to a stranger."

"It never occurred to me that Mr. Barnacle would consent, because Stranleigh Village is rather an unimportant hamlet. Still, your lordship has now an opportunity of assisting. It is proposed that a delegation wait upon you for the purpose of obtaining a site, which is one of Mr. Barnacle's provisos. It is suggested that you donate that plot of grassland at the head of High Street, under the hill where the road turns to the left."

"I see; which means that there will be built a blatant, red-brick, red-tiled piece of architectural modernity dominating High Street, and completely out of keeping with the rest of the village. Suppose, then, I refuse the request?"

Wilson shrugged his shoulders.

"In that case, my lord, you will effectually put an end to the project."

"Quite so, Wilson. I hope you now see in what a predicament you have placed me. If I give the ground I shall spoil the village; and if I refuse all the newspapers in the country will hold me up to scorn as the tyrannical landlord, quite callous regarding the culture of the people. I shall be charged with keeping them in ignorance, so that they may vote in consonance with my own ignorance."

"Adverse comment may be easily prevented, my lord."

"It could have been prevented easily if you had taken this movement in time, but I am not going to interfere with the liberty of the British Press. I believe we have some rather strenuous Socialists in Stranleigh Village."

"Yes, my lord, we have. There are at least half a dozen who should have been packed off from the place months ago. I can do it yet if you give me permission."

"Oh, bless you, no! I am rather by way of being a Socialist myself; indeed, I have allowed free use of the Village Hall, and I supply the reading-room with all the Socialistic journals I can find. Were the Socialists, as I suspect, leaders in this new plan?"

"They have taken a very active part in it, my lord."

"Very well, Wilson. You will return to Stranleigh Village and convene the inhabitants thereof in the Public Hall. Apologize to them for my neglect in allowing the present library to become out of date, and tell them I am in full sympathy with their desire for improvement. By the way, do you know how much Mr. Barnacle intended to spend on this building?"

"I am not sure, my lord, but I think something like three thousand pounds."

"Well, that is very good of him; so I beg you to have drafted a most cordial letter of thanks, declining the donation. This should be signed by yourself and by all the villagers. You may then announce that I will allot five thousand pounds for the building, because I wish to approve the plans and be assured that the library is in keeping with the rest of the village as nearly as modern construction can compare with the excellent architecture of two or three centuries ago. I will donate the piece of land you suggest, and provide an amply supply of books, both ancient and modern.

"The ancient books will be largely of my own selection, but I request you to write to every publisher in London for his catalog, and these catalogs I wish placed on a table in the reading-room of the Village Hall. As it is the villagers themselves who complain of lack of modernity in our present selection, ask them to be good enough to examine these lists, and let each place his initials before whatever book he wishes. All these volumes I will buy and send down to you. I shall also set aside and invest a capital sum of money, the interest of which will keep this library going forever—the income being sufficient to pay for all work, repairs, and new volumes as they are issued."

Wilson hesitated.

"I think, my lord, we run some risk of offending Mr. Barnacle, who has been very generous in this matter. If you allow him to go on with this project I shall see to it that the next proposal made by the villagers is submitted directly to you."

"I am quite sure Mr. Barnacle will take no offense if you write him a courteous and tactful letter. Everything depends on that, Wilson. Tell him that he has spurred me to action, and thank him on my behalf for doing so. It is the outsider who sees most of the game, and I am very grateful to him for pointing out a way which apparently I should have taken long ago.

"Meanwhile, set about obtaining plans from some of our best architects, not neglecting to give the younger men a chance. I think I would rather not have a competition. I will suggest some names and you can add others. Photographs of Stranleigh Village might be taken and sent out with your request for plans. Secure at first a series of sketches, for all of which you will pay. I shall make a selection from these sketches, and then you may ask the architects to visit Stranleigh Village at my expense, examine the site and estimate its capabilities, afterward supplying detailed plans and elevations, and naming their own fees for this work."

Wilson protested that such terms were unduly generous—quite unnecessarily so, he maintained—but Stranleigh replied dryly that all he asked of Wilson was that he should carry out the scheme as outlined, seeing that every one working in connection with it was duly recompensed. Wilson, overruled, begged his lordship's pardon if he displayed too much zeal, giving as an excuse the plea that he thought continually of his lordship's interests, there being, it seemed, so many outsiders who wished to take advantage.

"That's all right," said his lordship airily. "The advantage-takers are in reality the rich man's best friends, for they continually strive to make possible his entrance to the Kingdom of Heaven. What is a rich man for if not to be taken advantage of? Although the wealthy may not be appreciated in Paradise, they get more than their share of attention in this world, and thus we strike a balance. However, Wilson, let us, as practical men, adhere to this mundane sphere and leave Paradise alone for the present.

"Frankly, I dislike having my hand forced, as is the case with this library, and I consider you have neglected

your duty in allowing an unnecessary agitation to reach a point of finality without acquainting me. Stranleigh Village, with its small population, needs a new library just as much as our farm carts need three wheels each. Still, there's no use in growling over spilt milk. Make out a deed of gift transferring the plot of land to whatever authority takes charge of the new institution, but insert a proviso that, should the plot of land be used for any other purpose than that which we have in view, it reverts once more to the estate. You may draw on me to the extent of five thousand pounds, but if the cost of the building exceeds that sum let me know, and I will supply the deficit."

With this, Wilson took his departure and Stranleigh speedily forgot all about the matter.

It would be ridiculous to assert that a young athlete like Stranleigh lacked the physique to pursue the London Season to its bitter end. Although there was certainly an air of great indifference in his manner, he was quite free from that intellectual languor which causes a man to look down upon what is termed "the frivolity of society." He always regretted his own lack of cleverness, and admitted shamefacedly that many features of the London Season he thoroughly enjoyed, such as polo at Ranelagh, cricket at Lord's, and most of the races. Besides, he knew that London expects every man to do his duty in a country where the women outnumber the men; so Stranleigh, in addition to being an occasional host, was an indefatigable guest.

The beginning of May saw him enter the London Season with the very best intentions, determined not to weary in well-doing till July was ended. He plunged manfully into the social maelstrom, no one more eager to please, or—what is especially valued in London society—no one so easily pleased. Nevertheless, just as the London Season was at its height Stranleigh began to see visions. Sometimes these dreams would picture to him a rock-environed, seacoast bay, with a little fishing village on its margin; but more often the mirage represented a secluded spot in the forest of Stranleigh Park, where, in a green glade, crystal waters came tumbling over rocks and, running rapidly and merrily through woods and meadows, formed one of the choicest trout streams that a fisherman could wish to cast a line upon.

Young Blake, the secretary, always made allowance for these visions and prepared for them. Toward the middle of each June Blake's communications with the world of fashion changed purport, from "Lord Stranleigh is delighted to accept" to "The Earl of Stranleigh regrets he is unable"; and thus he was prepared for the inevitable annual question:

"I say, Blake, how many invitations have I accepted for next week?"

"None, my lord."

"Good. Nothing to prevent me from running down to Stranleigh Park?"

"Nothing, my lord."

"All right; I'll spend the week-end there, at least."

Blake always smiled at this.

"You needn't grin, Mr. Blake. I'm not actuated by sentiment, as you appear to think: a visit to the ancestral home; one's cherished birthplace, and all that sort of thing. No; I can enjoy there what is quite impossible in London: an old and very disreputable suit of knickerbockers, so dilapidated that if used outside the limits of Stranleigh Park I should run a risk of being arrested as a vagrant. Once at Stranleigh Park I may not return to London at once. Blake, you're grinning again! It's a bad habit. Avoid it. Truth is, I've got some new fishing tackle that I wish to test. I love an old stream, old clothes and new tackle. Besides, by the lassitude that's coming over Ponderby I know he wishes to visit his relatives, though he will sacrifice himself as long as I stay in London. It seems ludicrous to think of Ponderby having relatives, but we must take his word for it; so on my behalf strike a sort of social balance-sheet and close the books. See that no letters are sent on. Get off yourself. Where are you going this year—Switzerland, the Pyrenees, or does high living prescribe Marienbad?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me, my lord."

"Of course not; but where?"

"Well, a friend of mine has a nice little yacht and we were thinking of the Norwegian fiords."

"The yacht isn't fitted with wireless, is it?"

"No, my lord; quite a modest sailing craft that we work ourselves."

"Excellent. Couldn't be better. No possibility of our communicating with one another. Good luck to you."

"Why the Seventy-Five Pounds?" He Asked

The same afternoon the young nobleman arrived by train at Stranleigh station, a good four miles from the village of that name. There was no one to meet him, for he had come unannounced and without impedimenta. Striking across country, and walking through forest and field, mostly over his own property, he at last saw Stranleigh manor-house nestling in the upper part of a well-wooded valley, sheltered from the wind on three sides.

Stranleigh had tramped over the hills and now stood for a few minutes enjoying the view from the highest part of his estate. Half a mile farther down the valley, along the banks of the stream, lay the village, quaint with its gray-stone, ivy-covered walls and thatched roofs. Above it rose the gray, square Norman tower of the old church. From the end of High Street, up through the trees, came an unaccustomed note of color which, except for its steadiness, looked like the blurred suggestion of a fire. Stranleigh knitted his brow, wondering what it was; then, walking down the path toward the house, the view became more distinct, and he saw a two-story building of very red brick, roofed with equally red tiles. Then, suddenly, he remembered the new public library and realized that his own money had placed there this violent contrast to the subdued hue of the ancient village.

"I wish I had built it of stone," he said with a sigh. "By Jove, I'll do it yet, or else cover it with plaster!"

He entered his house, went to his room, and arrayed himself in the disreputable knickerbockers and ancient Norfolk jacket of tweed. Under the collar of his gray flannel shirt he tied a frayed scarlet cravat, then surveyed his full-length reflection in the pier-glass with an expression of satisfaction. The best-dressed man in London was now an excellent representation of a tramp.

"My tailor would have a fit if he could see me, and I should have to explain that this anarchist necktie is to place me *en rapport* with the new library."

Passing down the carriage drive which wound among the trees partially hiding the house from the King's highway, he entered the main street of the village at its lower end and there received, like a slap in the face, the full effect of the brilliant edifice, apparently built to cross the road at the upper end.

As Stranleigh gazed up the street with stern disapproval on his face he murmured to himself: "I am either confoundedly stupid or Fate has turned against me. I spend five thousand pounds to help on the culture of the neighborhood and merely succeed in spoiling the prettiest village in England. That blatant building must be replaced."

At this point he was accosted by the oldest inhabitant, Samuel Nubbins, whose bent, shrunken figure was supported by a thick stick.

"Welcome 'ome, my lord," said Nubbins cordially; and as the ancient used the title in every sentence he spoke, it will be omitted in recording his conversation.

"Good evening, Mr. Nubbins; how are you? You seem to be the only one of us who never grows older."

"I be main old, and I've lived to see great improvements in my time, please God. I never expected to live long enough to see so grand a house as that put up in Stranleigh Village."

"Neither did I," replied the young man grimly.

"It be wonderful what rich men do for us in these days," continued Nubbins.

"It is, indeed. I understand you asked for the library."

"Yes; but the idea would never have come to me. I be too old and stupid."

"You do yourself an injustice, Mr. Nubbins. You are old, and very, very wise, and I rejoice to hear that the scheme originated with some one else. Who was that brilliant person?"

"We had public meetings; two or three on 'em. All was in favor."

"I dare say," said Stranleigh. "I've yet to hear of a public meeting that's not in favor of getting something for nothing. But who was the moving spirit?"

"Why, Bill Perkins had more to do with it than any one else, and people are not so hard on Bill as they used to be, 'cause he stood up for our good."

"What!—Bill Perkins, the poacher?"

"Well, they do say he poached now and then; but it's never been proved."

"No; I admire Bill's dexterity in setting traps so successfully and never getting into one himself, but William as an advocate of literature rather amazes me. He'll be proposing to go to Oxford next."

"I dare say he's been there. He's a great traveler, is Bill, and when things get a bit hot in 'one neighborhood ——"

Old Nubbins checked himself, finding he was verging on slander. The character of the estimable Perkins seemed to have improved. Nubbins changed the subject abruptly.

"At the last meeting we passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Peter Barnacle for his great kindness to us. They do say he have a pot of money."

"Then it is Mr. Barnacle who has been so generous about the library?"

"Oh, yes," replied Samuel, surprised that such important doings in Stranleigh Village should be unknown in London. "We've had brisk times with them workmen here, and there wasn't a room to let in the place; all taken up. They opened a branch of a bank at the post-office, and a clerk came down from county town every Friday to pay off the men; but they're all gone now, worse luck! Rare times we did have."

"Then the library is finished?"

"Yes. 'Twill be opened next Wednesday."

"Really!"

"Why, haven't you seen the bills? They're posted all over the place. Mr. Peter Barnacle is to make a speech, and your own factor, Mr. Wilson, will introduce him; and there's Bill Perkins' name in big letters."

"You astonish me. Is Bill to be there?"

"Yes; his name is printed out, 'Mr. William Perkins,' and he's going to give an address on what books have done for him."

"Ah! And what have books done for him?"

"I suppose Bill means to tell us that on Wednesday. A good speaker is Bill, and fond o' reading, they say, along of being alone by himself ——"

"On other people's property?" suggested Stranleigh.

"He's on your property now," said the conscientious Nubbins.

"I can well believe it."

"But he's within his rights, for Mr. Wilson—he made a gamekeeper of him."

"The deuce you say! Set a thief to catch a thief, eh? I am learning a good deal since I left London this morning."

"Ah, they must be ignorant folk up in London!"

"They are, Mr. Nubbins. Good evening to you. Thank you for your conversation, which I have enjoyed very much."

Nubbins beamed with gratification as he hobbled away, and Stranleigh walked up the street to the new library building. He was astonished to see, carved in a stone over the door:

THE BARNACLE LIBRARY
ERECTED 1910

The windows and doors of the red structure were all open as if to allow the plaster to dry, but Stranleigh did not enter. He strolled down the road to the post-office and sent away several telegrams to London. This done, he continued his walk to the gates of the park; but, instead of going uphill to the manor-house, he deflected his course until he came to the residence occupied by Wilson, where he knocked at the door.

A deferential servant showed him into the drawing-room, and presently Mrs. Wilson appeared, an anxious-looking middle-aged woman, not long recovered from a serious illness, if one might judge from the pallor of her countenance. She was undoubtedly much perturbed at thus unexpectedly meeting Lord Stranleigh, and it was with difficulty she could repress her agitation.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wilson. I came down from London today and just dropped in to see your husband."

"I am sorry he is not at home, my lord."

"Ah, well," said Stranleigh, rising. "It doesn't matter. Do you expect him back tonight?"

"No, my lord; he will not return till Wednesday morning." Then, seeing Stranleigh's look of astonishment, she added, "Mr. Wilson has had much to do with the new library, and I understood it was with your permission."

"Oh, quite with my permission, Mrs. Wilson, and really his absence makes no difference. I suppose you have his address, where I could telegraph him?"

"He did not leave an address. All I know is that he went to Manchester and will return on Wednesday morning with Mr. Peter Barnacle, for he has ordered the carriage to meet them at Stranleigh station. They are to inspect the library privately, then come here for lunch, and in the afternoon the public opening takes place."

"I see. A most excellent arrangement."

"Perhaps, my lord, you would honor us by lunching here with Mr. Barnacle?"

Stranleigh glanced with a smile at his knickerbockers.

"I am no fit guest, Mrs. Wilson, for any well-ordered household. I have fled from London to avoid formal luncheons and dinners, and especially to evade model, respectable people like Mr. Barnacle. My lunch on Wednesday will be a sandwich or two in the woods."

The young man did not fail to observe that an expression of relief passed over the haggard countenance of Mrs. Wilson. Hesitatingly she asked a question:

"Have you – have you come from London to attend the opening of the library on Wednesday?"

"No; I knew nothing of it. I came, as I intimated, to loaf around the fields and woods."

"Then you will not be at the opening?"

"Oh, I intend to be there, certainly; but incog. I am slightly interested in hearing Mr. Barnacle's speech and feverishly eager to learn what books have done for Bill Perkins. I shall slip into the new building and take a seat at the back, so shabbily clothed that if any one recognizes me he will not acknowledge the acquaintanceship."

This announcement was evidently not so welcome as his refusal of the invitation to lunch. It was plain that Mrs. Wilson was in an agony of apprehension, and Stranleigh, noticing this, pretended to see nothing and went on in his most nonchalant fashion.

"You will tell Mr. Wilson that I called, but add that it was about nothing in particular. I merely wished to let him know I should be here for a week or two. Please make it perfectly clear that his absence is of no consequence whatever. Beg him not to neglect his distinguished guest merely because I am here, and tell him that if there is anything I can do to further the festivities he must let me know. Good night, Mrs. Wilson. I fear I am keeping my dinner waiting up at the manor and thus causing my good housekeeper unnecessary anxiety. Good night."

She gave him a limp hand and the young man left with cheerful jauntiness, as if he suspected nothing wrong.

Up at the manor-house the table had been laid, by his instructions, not in the large dining-room but in the much smaller, snug study that he was rather fond of. Already one telegram had arrived and was lying beside his plate. He tore open the envelope and read:

"Amount requisitioned by Wilson for library on Thursday, February 28, was five thousand pounds; this being approved by your check for that amount posted to Wilson Tuesday, March 1, and deposited by him in Cutler's Bank, Manchester, on Thursday, March 3."

After he had eaten dinner, two other telegrams arrived, which showed one advantage of being the great man of the place, for the village telegraph office had been kept open, and these messages dispatched to the manor-house after the closing hours ordained by the British Government. The telegrams showed that certain official machinery had been set in motion in response to requests made by the Earl of Stranleigh.

There was a discreet knock at the study door.

"Can you see Mrs. Wilson, my lord?"

"Certainly; show the lady in."

Mrs. Wilson was deeply distressed and the endeavor to conceal her agitation was only partially successful.

"I am very much worried, my lord, and that must be my apology for intruding upon you."

"It is no intrusion at all, Mrs. Wilson. I am glad to see you again. I am accustomed to plenty of company and the old manor-house is lonelier than I expected. Please take this armchair: I can guarantee its comfort. Now tell me what is troubling you."

"I know nothing very definite," she said, "and perhaps my husband could make everything clear, but he never confides in me now and I am filled with fear. He has acted rather strangely for the past three months, being excited and irritable; not to be questioned."

"That is only natural. This is a large estate, and its administration involves a great deal of work; then for the last three months additional labor has been placed on his shoulders in overseeing the new library."

The woman gave a gasp, then said:

"May I ask you a question or two, my lord? It is none of my business, of course, and if it is inexpedient for me to know you need not reply."

"I shall answer anything you ask."

"A large check came to my husband about three months ago. I did not see the check itself, but I found the letter that accompanied it and saw it should have been deposited in our county bank. I have reason to believe it was deposited in Manchester, although I don't know where."

"Oh, that's all right. It was placed in Cutler's Bank, Manchester, on March 3."

"You knew of that, then?"

"Yes."

"The letter said the money was for the library, but I distinctly understood that Mr. Barnacle paid for the new building."

"Well, you see, Mrs. Wilson, it's a sort of coöperative affair. I gave the land, Barnacle puts up the building and then I'm going to present the bulk of the books. Now it is quite natural that money to put up a library should be deposited in a Manchester bank, because Manchester contains one of the most beautiful libraries in the world, built and equipped by private generosity. You evidently think there is something amiss. Even if that should be so, I give you my word I shall take no action in the matter; so you see, there is nothing to fear.

"I noticed this evening that you seemed uneasy when I spoke of attending the function on Wednesday, and so I resolved not to go. When the festivities are finished tell your husband I called, and ask him to pay me a visit at this hour on Wednesday night, as I wish to consult him about several matters relating to the estate."

"Welcome 'ome, My Lord," Said Nubbins Cordially

The careworn woman departed after embarrassing him with her thanks. Stranleigh sat down again, deep in thought.

"Of course," he said to himself, "Wilson stole the five thousand and her warning will give him time to bolt. He can be over in France, or off to America, before a slack man like me raises a hue and cry. He'll desert her, but I will grant her a pension, and that may be some consolation."

Imagine Stranleigh's astonishment when, at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, he learned that Mr. Wilson wished to see him. On being shown into the study the agent bade his master a curt good evening, but made no offer to shake hands. Without being invited, he helped himself to a chair, which he drew up to the table.

When he was announced, Stranleigh expected to meet an exaggeration of that cringing manner that always distinguished Wilson's approach when he knew he had done wrong, but in this again he was disappointed. The factor wore an air of bravado, not to say truculence and defiance.

"My wife says you want to see me. What for?"

"Oh, merely a little matter of curiosity on my part, Wilson," replied Stranleigh with nonchalance. "Whose money did you steal—Barnacle's or mine?"

"That's a stupid question to ask," commented Wilson.

"You deny the theft, then?"

"I wasn't thinking of the theft; I was thinking of the question. Nobody but an ass would ask it."

"Why?"

"Because Barnacle ventured three thousand pounds while you risked five thousand; therefore, as I couldn't steal both sums, I naturally secured the larger. Any fool could have told you that."

"I see. Then I'm the victim?"

"Certainly."

"Well, for cool cheek, I think that beats the record!"

"No; it is only your muddle-headedness that beats the record. With the complacency of a conceited, selfish simpleton you forced a business man like myself into an impossible position. After things had gone so far I couldn't write to Barnacle and tell him the deal was off. I knew that any appeal to you would be futile, because reasoning doesn't appeal to a brain the caliber of yours."

"I quite understand. I think the phrase 'driveling idiot' would comprise all the epithets you have hurled at me, so we'll let it go at that. Cut the cackle, and come to the 'osses. Common-sense having no effect on this idiot, what did you do?"

"I allowed the old fool to build the library and put aside the money of the young fool until this was done, and I could safely return it to him."

"Return it!" cried Stranleigh in amazement.

"What else?" Wilson drew a notebook from his inside pocket, extracted a check and tossed the document over to Stranleigh, who opened it in dazed fashion and saw it was payable to his order for five thousand and seventy-five pounds.

"Why the seventy-five pounds?" he asked.

"Interest for three months at six per cent. In most of your investments you get only four."

"In handing me a check, which doubtless will be returned dishonored, you hoped to gain time, and so, as we used to say at school, make a bunk for it to the Continent. You are putting yourself to needless trouble, Wilson. I had already determined to take no action in the matter."

"You are very good," sneered Wilson. "Truth to tell, I thought of doing as you suggest, but what with the telegraph and improved communication all over the world I concluded it wasn't worth the risk. It would have been a joke to pull out my four hundred and fifty thousand from Cutler's Bank before this check was presented; but, as it is, I'm buying a small estate next to your own and investing the rest of the money in reliable securities which will give me an income even larger than I need. I'm fond of this part of the world and love the simplicity of country life as compared with the guile and chicanery of the city."

Lord Stranleigh laughed heartily.

"Virtuous man!" he cried. "How did you make all that money?"

"Rubber!" replied Wilson. "Your five thousand pounds was changed into twenty-five thousand before the first week; sold and reinvested; and I continued the game up almost to the present moment. Now I'm going to settle down and devote my spare time to the invention and construction of a spring wheel that will render rubber tires useless for automobiles."

Again Stranleigh laughed.

"Speaking of the guilefulness of cities," he said, "I have secured a two-thirds majority on the board controlling the lovely scarlet building you have just opened. The first act will be to open a sort of industrial school in the new edifice, and thus the land on which it stands will revert to me. Meanwhile, I shall build, with the good graystone of our quarries, a library whose architecture will be in keeping with the village and the old church. I shall erect it facing High Street and its grounds shall run down to the little rivulet, for I think the murmur of water is a pleasant sound to accompany the reading of a book. I shall then tear down and cart away your red brick abomination. I'll pay back to Barnacle his three thousand pounds, with interest at ten per cent."

"All right," said Wilson, rising. "I cared nothing for the library from the beginning, except as a chance for making money. Meanwhile, here's another document to complete our transaction," and with that he handed Stranleigh his written resignation.

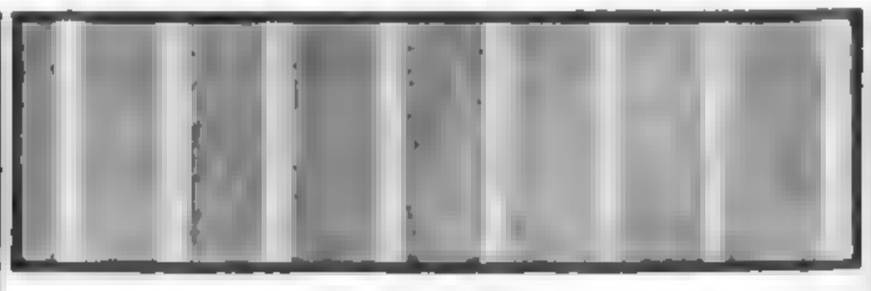
"Accepted," said Stranleigh, laughing. "When you go out through the front door mind the step. Good night."

Editor's Note — This is the third of Mr. Barr's new Stranleigh stories. The fourth will appear in an early number.

THE HOME LIFE OF HAYES

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE



DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

PRESIDENT HAYES was inaugurated on March 5 1877, because in that year the fourth of March fell on Sunday. He had taken the oath of office on the previous Saturday, March 3, for the reason that Grant's term would expire on Sunday, and it would not do to have the United States without any President for the ensuing twenty-four hours

The oath was administered to Mr. Hayes by Chief Justice Waite on Saturday, the ceremony taking place in the Blue Room of the White House, and at half past seven that evening was announced the dinner given in honor of the incoming President by General Grant, the outgoing President. The guests, all told, numbered thirty-six persons, and, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, included Senator Sherman and the members of Grant's Cabinet. This, of course, was the last state dinner given by Grant, and in its arrangement he had taken the deep personal interest that he always took when acting as host to any one The wines served with the different courses had been carefully selected by General Grant and marked by him on the menu, so that there could be no mistake. A copy of that menu lies before me on my desk, and is as follows:

Menu of Grant's Dinner of Welcome to President Hayes; Given at the White House, March 3, 1877, the day Hayes took the oath of office.

Consommé Imperiale Blaque d'Ecrevisses	Sherry
Woodcock Patties Salmon	White Wine
Fillet of Beef Crawfish Pudding Breast of Pheasant Goose Livers Roman Punch Artichokes Turkey	Champagne
Canvasback Duck Warm Sweet Dish	Red Wine

The setting of the great room in which the banquet was held was truly magnificent. The lighting was brilliant; flowers were everywhere; on the table were set many elaborate and beautiful "fancy pieces," as we termed them, and here and there in artistic arrangement were rare fruits and sweetmeats of various kinds

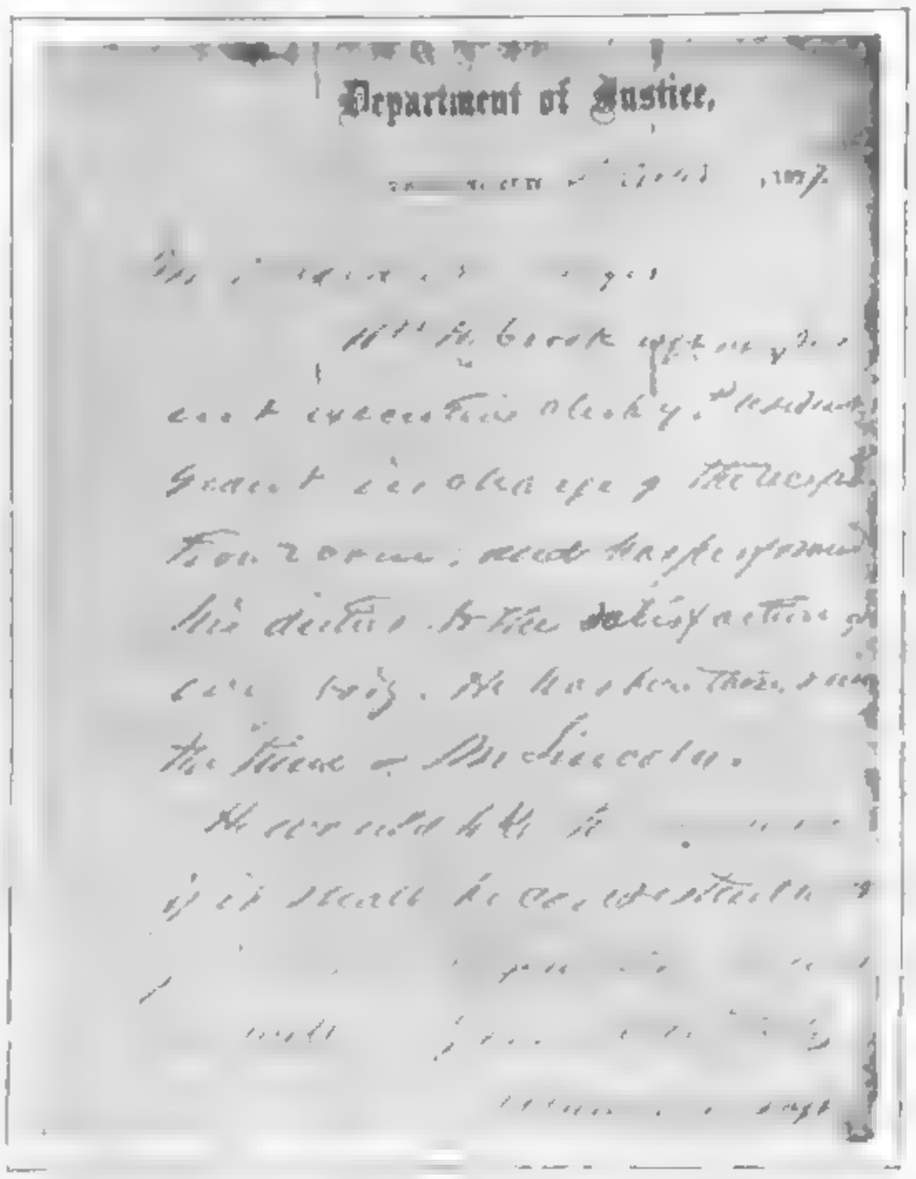
A Good-Natured President

I HAD never met Mr. Hayes before he became President, and though that was only thirty-three years ago, perhaps some of my younger readers whose memories do not extend that far back may like to know that he was a man of medium height, substantially built, although not of portly habit. He was of erect, soldierly appearance, quick of step, somewhat florid of complexion, and wore a full beard of reddish tinge which was already turning gray. Rutherford B. Hayes was one of the most lovable men, one of the "best-natured" men that ever lived in the White House. He was easily approached by any one who had even an excuse for meeting him; of a rather humorous, light-hearted temperament, and of a disposition that was truly happy.

Of course, those of us employed in the Executive Mansion at the time had no definite idea as to what would be the personality of the new President. We were all rather anxious, for upon the personality of the President must depend very largely the routine of the entire force—whether the work goes along smoothly, methodically, easily or otherwise. I had my first definite information as to President Hayes' kindliness of heart on March 6, the day after his inauguration. It had happened that on December 20, 1870, President Grant appointed me an "Executive Clerk to the President of the United States," my term to date from December 1 of that year. And one of the last papers that Grant signed as President, dated March 3, 1877, the day before he left office, was an order wherein he designated me "Disbursing Agent for the disbursement of the salary and contingent funds of the Executive Mansion."

This promotion to be disbursing officer at the White House was none the less welcome to me because it came on the day of Grant's retirement

At that moment I had no information as to whether the new President would continue me in that capacity or in any other employment; still it was a matter of deep and grateful appreciation on my part to realize that Grant, under whom I had served eight years, thought enough of me to make the appointment, which, of course, was one of much responsibility. The new President assured me, however, the day he took the oath of office, that there would be no change. Three days later, on March 6, he renewed my appointment, although there was no reason why he should have taken the trouble to do so, for under a ruling of the Treasury Department Grant's appointment would have continued until my resignation was asked for or handed in voluntarily. President Hayes liked to do that sort of thing -he liked to make his "office family" feel that he had a personal interest in their welfare; and so, in the midst of all the rush and hurry of his first three days of the presidency, he actually took time to have the order of appointment made out, signed and delivered. From that day to this I have continued in the position of disbursing officer.



Written by President Taft's Father, Alphonso Taft, Who at the Time Was Grant's Attorney General, and Who Previously Had Been Secretary of War. (March 8, 1876, to March 22, 1876.

Mr. Hayes and His Family

IT WAS not long after the new President and his family arrived in the White Houset hat every one felt a new atmosphere. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and the following children: Webb Hayes, a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two years, who attended to his father's personal business affairs. It will be remembered that before coming to the White House Mr. Hayes had been a practicing lawyer in Ohio, that he had served in Congress, and had been governor of Ohio. Being a careful, conscientious, able man, he was well-to-do in worldly goods, although by no means wealthy And in order that his time should not be taken up by private business, when all his thought and effort belonged to the people of the United States, President Hayes turned over his private affairs to the keeping of Webb. During the time of Mr. Hayes' occupancy of the White House his eldest son, Burchard, was a lawyer practicing his profession in Ohio, and though he made occasional trips to Washington he did not reside in the White House.

The third son, Rutherford P. Hayes, was in college during most of each year, although he was glad to spend vacation seasons with his parents in Washington.

The fourth child was little Fanny, about eleven or twelve years old as I recall her; and the "baby" of the family was Scott, a boy of about nine years, who was as full of innocent mischief as any boy on top of this green earth; and he was a great favorite with every one at the office.

I have mentioned the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes brought with them to the White House an atmosphere somewhat different from that to which we had been accustomed. Almost all of the Presidents, during my experience of forty-five years, have attended church here or there in the city, and in that sense have shown their acceptance of religious teachings. But Mr. and Mrs. Hayes actually lived their religion day by day, all through the week as well as on Sunday. By this I do not mean that they discussed religion or theological questions with those who came to the Executive Mansion, or in any other way obtruded their religious beliefs. But what they stood for in their religious life, they stood for hard and fast. It will be remembered, of course, that Mrs. Hayes was one of the most influential members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; and, contrary to all precedent, she was determined that

wines and other alcoholic beverages should not be served at the White House while she was there. The only time this rule was broken, as is well known, occurred when two Grand Dukes of Russia Alexis and Constantine—were officially entertained there This was the first and last time, I believe, that such a thing happened while President Hayes was in the White House

The President and his wife, and usually some of the children, regularly attended service in the Old Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, which stood at Fourteenth and G Streets. The "Old Foundry," as it was locally known, has long since been superseded by the tall, imposing office structure known as the Colorado Building; and its origin was due to an incident that happened during the War of 1812 At that period in our history many of the cannon were cast for the United States Government at a foundry owned by a man named Foxall, whose works were located outside of the city on the road leading to Tennallytown. Upon the safety of his foundry depended not merely his own personal fortunes, to a great extent, but perhaps even the fortunes of the Federal Government; for in those days foundries in which cannon could be cast were few and far between Realizing the seriousness of the situation when the British descended on Washington, old Mr. Foxall prayed and prayed almost unceasingly that God would save his foundry from the enemy's depredations. And remembering, doubtless, some of the ancient Hebrews, the old man made a solemn promise that if the Lord God Almighty would prevent the British troops from discovering and seizing and destroying his property he in return would perform for the Lord a special service of some sort, and as great a service as he was able to carry through successfully.

The British descended on the National Capital, but they did not destroy the Foxall foundry, and as soon thereafter as he could do so Mr. Foxall purchased a piece of land and presented it as a site for the Old Foundry Church. The location of the church was only two or three blocks distant from the entrance to the White House grounds, and thither President Hayes used to go on Sunday mornings, almost invariably accompanied by his wife

It was Mrs. Hayes' custom to go into the Red Room in the early evening after dinner, and sit down at the piano, gathering her children around her; and there they would make a beautiful picture of family life, singing hymns usually, but sometimes, during the week, sweet, old-fashioned, tender songs other than sacred music. The President almost always was with his wife and children during this brief hour of music, and it was his custom to go with them immediately afterward into the old circular Library over the Blue Room, where family prayers were regularly said just before the smaller children went to bed. The old Library, by the way, was used by the Hayes family as a living-room, just as it had been used during the Administration of General Grant for the same purpose. There the father and the mother and their boys and girls gathered for games and stories, or to sit down quietly and read; and there the children often studied their lessons for the next day's school

An Unpretentious Social Life

PRESIDENT HAYES was not so closely confined to his office as some of the later Presidents have been. After breakfast he would make it a point to spend half an hour with his family, instead of rushing off to business as is the habit of so many American fathers who are engrossed in professional or commercial pursuits. There was a delightful air of leisurely living in the White House during the Hayes

President and Mrs. Hayes

Administration, and when it came time for the President to go to his office Mrs. Hayes frequently walked with him, chatting as they passed along through the corridor and turning only when the office door was reached. Then, while the President was disposing of his mail—always the first duty of the day—and later on, from eleven until twelve, receiving Senators and members of the House of Representatives, Mrs. Hayes would be busy with her housekeeping and her children Luncheon was served at one o'clock, and was as simple and homelike as could be imagined.

The social life of the White House during the Hayes Administration—the formal receptions and state dinners—was as elaborate as during Grant's terms; and the family life was just as simple and homelike as it was while the Grant family occupied the Executive Mansion. In pleasant weather it was the habit of President Hayes and his wife to take advantage of favorable opportunities when they could stroll together through the grounds, especially to the south of the White House, where they would be sure of some measure of privacy; and they used to walk over the green turf, under the trees and around the fountain, admiring the shrubbery, pausing to talk about the buds and blossoms, and enjoying the breath of Nature with a zest that was positive.

It was during Mr. Hayes' term that a croquet ground was laid out on the lawn just beyond the south portico of the Executive Mansion. There the children and their friends could frequently be seen, and there also, at certain times—especially when the President's family was out of the city a number of the clerks on the White House staff used to spend an hour, now and then, in the cool fresh air, over hard-fought games with mallet and ball. This freedom on the part of the younger men whom Mr Hayes affectionately included in his "office family" was a delightful experience for them, and I doubt if public business suffered in any way because those hardworking young fellows were permitted once in a while to lay down their pens and go out to the croquet grounds for a little while. But that custom has long since gone by, and in more recent times the idea that clerks would seriously think of playing croquet or tennis, or anything else, on the White House grounds during business hours would cause consternation in the office. For a good many years now the business of the Executive Office has been run strictly on business principles, as in any private industrial or commercial establishment, and it is not to be expected that the old-time leisurely manner of conducting its affairs is ever likely to return

Mrs. Hayes was exceedingly fond of flowers and all forms of plant life. She knew a great deal about this side of Nature, and she spent much time and thought in the conservatory, where she could often be seen at practical work among her plants, trowel or pruning-knife in hand, teaching Fanny and little Scott how to care for the plants. She was a very busy woman during her life in the White House, and I think she enjoyed it thoroughly, as a novel experience, notwithstanding the fact that while there she was denied the privacy of her old home life. Many delegations of women engaged in work for the uplift of humanity called upon her, especially those interested in the cause of temperance, and these she always seemed glad to receive. It could hardly be otherwise when one remembers her own deep interest in all such matters, and the prominent and influential part she played in such national movements. As a rule she did not attend public meetings, excepting those held in aid of good causes at church; but at these she could frequently be seen. In July, 1889, after her death, a great memorial service was held in honor of Mrs. Hayes at the Old Foundry Church by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The services were presided over by Mrs. S. D. LaFetra, and included addresses from a number of persons concerning Mrs. Hayes and her work, together with the singing of her favorite hymns. It was my privilege on that occasion to speak of Mrs. Hayes as I had known and seen her almost daily for four years in the White House.

The Careful Rearing of the Hayes Children

IT HAS often been said that when parents are strictly opposed to the use of tobacco or alcoholic beverages, or to dancing or card-playing, their children, or some of their children, frequently swing to the other extreme of the pendulum on reaching mature life and become victims of dissipation in one direction or other. Perhaps this may be so when parents are unreasoning fanatics; but such Mr. and Mrs. Hayes emphatically were not. They taught their children the uselessness, as they saw it, of spending money for tobacco, and pointed out to them the danger that if they drank alcoholic beverages they might not be able to escape disastrous consequences. They instructed their children wisely and with sweet reasonableness in these and other matters, and thus safeguarded them from the dangers that almost all young men and many young women face as they go through life. The result of this loving care proved its worth. Mrs. Hayes' daughter and all of her four sons are today healthy, happy, and eminently successful in their responsible stations in life. Not one of the boys ever uses liquor or tobacco in any form, and I do not believe that they ever will. And, of course, the same thing may be said of their only daughter.

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WHEN THE WORLD WAS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

HE WAS a very quiet, self-possessed sort of man, sitting a moment on top of the wall to sound the damp darkness for warnings of the dangers it might conceal. But the plummet of his hearing brought nothing to him save the moaning of wind through invisible trees and the rustling of leaves on swaying branches. A heavy fog drifted and drove before the wind, and though he could not see this fog the wet of it blew upon his face, and the wall on which he sat was wet.

Without noise he had climbed to the top of the wall from the outside, and without noise he dropped to the ground on the inside. From his pocket he drew an electric light-stick, but he did not use it. Dark as the way was, he was not anxious for light. Carrying the light-stick in his hand, his finger on the button, he advanced through the darkness. The ground was velvety and springy to his feet, being carpeted with dead pine-needles and leaves and mould which evidently had been undisturbed for years. Leaves and branches brushed against his body, but so dark was it that he could not avoid them. Soon he walked with his hand stretched out gropingly before him, and more than once the hand fetched up against the solid trunks of massive trees.

All about him he knew were these trees; he sensed the loom of them everywhere; and he experienced a strange feeling of microscopic smallness in the midst of great bulks leaning toward him to crush him. Beyond, he knew, was the house, and he expected to find some trail or winding path that would lead easily to it.

Once he found himself trapped. On every side he groped against trees and branches, or blundered into thickets of underbrush, until there seemed no way out. Then he turned on the light circumspectly, directing its rays to the ground at his feet. Slowly and carefully he moved it about him, the white brightness showing in sharp detail all the obstacles to his progress. He saw an opening between huge-trunked trees, and advanced through it, putting out the light and treading on dry footing as yet protected from the drip of the fog by the dense foliage overhead. His sense of direction was good, and he knew he was going toward the house.

And then the thing happened—the thing unthinkable and unexpected. His descending foot came down upon something that was soft and alive and that arose with a snort under the weight of his body. He sprang clear and crouched for another spring, anywhere, tense and expectant, keyed for the onslaught of the unknown. He waited a moment, wondering what manner of animal it was that had arisen from under his foot and that now made no sound or movement and that must be crouching and waiting just as tensely and expectantly as he. The strain became unbearable. Holding the light-stick before him, he pressed the button, saw and screamed aloud in terror. He was prepared for anything, from a frightened calf or fawn to a belligerent lion, but he was not prepared for what he saw. In that instant his tiny searchlight, sharp and white, had shown him what a thousand years would not enable him to forget—a man, huge and blond, yellow-haired and yellow-bearded, naked except for soft-tanned moccasins and what seemed a goatskin about his middle. Arms and legs were bare, as were his shoulders and most of his chest. The skin was smooth and hairless, but browned by sun and wind, while under it heavy muscles were knotted like fat snakes.

Still, this alone, unexpected as it well was, was not what had made the man scream out. What had caused his terror was the unspeakable ferocity of the face, the wild-animal glare of the blue eyes scarcely dazzled by the light, the pine-needles matted and clinging in the beard and hair, and the whole formidable body crouched and in the act of springing at him. Practically in the instant he saw all this, and while his scream still rang the thing leaped, he flung his light-stick full at it, and threw himself to the ground. He felt its shins and feet strike against his ribs, and he bounded up and away while the thing itself hurled onward in a heavy, crashing fall into the underbrush.

As the noise of the fall ceased, the man stopped and on hands and knees waited. He could hear the thing moving about, searching for him, and he was afraid to advertise his location by attempting further flight. He knew that inevitably he would crackle the underbrush and be pursued. Once he drew out his revolver, then changed his mind. He had recovered his composure and hoped to get away without noise. Several times he heard the thing beating up the thickets for him, and there were moments when it, too, remained still and listened. This gave an idea to the man. One of his hands was resting on a chunk of dead wood. Carefully, first feeling about him in the darkness to know that the full swing of his arm was clear, he raised the chunk of wood and threw it. It was not a large piece, and it went far, landing noisily in a bush. He heard the thing bound into the bush, and at the same time himself crawled steadily away. And on hands and knees, slowly and cautiously, he crawled on till his knees were wet on the soggy mould. When he listened he heard naught but the moaning wind and the drip-drip of the fog from the branches. Never abating his caution, he stood erect and went on to the stone wall, over which he climbed and dropped down to the road outside.

Feeling his way in a clump of bushes, he drew out a bicycle and prepared to mount. He was in the act of driving the gear around with his foot for the purpose of getting the opposite pedal in position when he heard the thud of a heavy body that landed lightly and evidently on its feet. He did not wait for more, but ran, with hands on the handles of his bicycle, until he was able to vault astride the saddle, catch the pedals and start a spurt. Behind he could hear the quick thud-thud of feet on the dust of the road, but he drew away from it and lost it.

Unfortunately, he had started away from the direction of town and was heading higher up into the hills. He knew that on this particular road there were no cross roads. The only way back was past that terror, and he could not steel himself to face it. At the end of half an hour, finding himself on an ever-increasing grade, he dismounted. For still greater safety, leaving the wheel by the roadside, he climbed through a fence into what he decided was a hillside pasture, spread a newspaper on the ground and sat down.

"Gosh!" he said aloud, mopping the sweat and fog from his face.

And "Gosh!" he said once again, while rolling a cigarette and as he pondered the problem of getting back.

But he made no attempt to go back. He was resolved not to face that road in the dark and, with head bowed on knees, he dozed, waiting for daylight.

How long afterward he did not know, he was awakened by the yapping bark of a young coyote. As he looked about and located it, on the brow of the hill behind him, he noted the change that had come over the face of the night. The fog was gone; the stars and moon were out; even the wind had died down. It had transformed into a balmy California summer night.

He tried to doze again, but the yap of the coyote disturbed him. Half asleep, he heard a wild and eery chant. Looking about him, he noticed that the coyote had ceased its noise and was running away along the crest of the hill, and behind it in full pursuit, no longer chanting, ran the naked creature he had encountered in the garden. It was a young coyote, and it was being overtaken when the chase passed from view. The man trembled as with a chill as he started to his feet, clambered over the fence and mounted his wheel. But it was his chance and he knew it. The terror was no longer between him and Mill Valley.

He sped at a break-neck rate down the hill, but in the turn at the bottom, in the deep shadows, he encountered a chuck-hole and pitched headlong over the handle-bar.

"It's sure not my night," he muttered as he examined the broken fork of the machine.

Shouldering the useless wheel, he trudged on. In time he came to the stone wall and, half disbelieving his experience, he sought in the road for tracks and found them—moccasin tracks, large ones, deep-bitten into the dust at the toes. It was while bending over them, examining, that again he heard the eery chant. He had seen the thing pursue the coyote, and he knew he had no chance on a straight run. He did not attempt it, contenting himself with hiding in the shadows on the off side of the road.

And again he saw the thing that was like a naked man, running swiftly and lightly and singing as it ran. Opposite him it paused, and his heart stood still. But instead of coming toward his hiding-place it leaped into the air, caught the branch of a roadside tree and swung swiftly

The Time Came When She Accepted Him for Better or Worse

YOUNG—By JACK LONDON

upward from limb to limb, like an ape. It swung across the wall, a dozen feet above the top, into the branches of another tree, and dropped out of sight to the ground. The man waited a few wondering minutes, then started on.

II

DAVE SLOTTER leaned belligerently against the desk that barred the way to the private office of James Ward, senior partner of the firm of Ward, Knowles & Co. Dave was angry. Every one in the outer office had looked him over suspiciously, and the man who faced him was excessively suspicious.

"You just tell Mr. Ward it's important," he urged.

"I tell you he is dictating and cannot be disturbed," was the answer. "Come tomorrow."

"Tomorrow will be too late. You just trot along and tell Mr. Ward it's a matter of life and death."

The secretary hesitated, and Dave seized the advantage.

"You just tell him I was across the bay in Mill Valley last night, and that I want to put him wise to something."

"What name?" was the query.

"Never mind the name. He don't know me."

When Dave was shown into the private office he was still in the belligerent frame of mind, but when he saw a large, fair man whirl in a revolving chair from dictating to a stenographer to face him Dave's demeanor abruptly changed. He did not know why it changed, and he was secretly made angry with himself.

"You are Mr. Ward?" Dave asked with a fatuousness that still further irritated him. He had never intended it at all.

"Yes," came the answer. "And who are you?"

"Harry Bancroft," Dave lied. "You don't know me, and my name don't matter."

"You sent in word that you were in Mill Valley last night?"

"You live there, don't you?" Dave countered, looking suspiciously at the stenographer.

"Yes. What do you want to see me about? I am very busy."

"I'd like to see you alone, sir."

Mr. Ward gave him a quick, penetrating look, hesitated, then made up his mind.

"That will do for a few minutes, Miss Potter."

The girl arose, gathered her notes together and passed out. Dave looked at Mr. James Ward wonderingly until that gentleman broke his train of inchoate thought.

"Well?"

"I was over in Mill Valley last night," Dave began confusedly.

"I've heard that before. What do you want?"

And Dave proceeded in the face of a growing conviction that was unbelievable.

"I was at your house, or in the grounds, I mean."

"What were you doing there?"

"I came to break in," Dave answered in all frankness. "I heard you lived all alone with a Chinaman for cook, and it looked good to me. Only I didn't break in. Something happened that prevented. That's why I'm here. I come to warn you. I found a wild man loose in your grounds—a regular devil. He could pull a guy like me to pieces. He gave me the run of my life. He don't wear any clothes to speak of, he climbs trees like a monkey and he runs like a deer. I saw him chasing a coyote, and the last I saw of it he was gaining on it."

Dave paused and looked for the effect that would follow his words. But no effect came. James Ward was quietly curious, and that was all.

"Very remarkable, very remarkable," he murmured. "A wild man, you say? Why have you come to tell me?"

"To warn you of your danger. I'm something of a hard proposition myself, but I don't believe in killing people . . . that is, unnecessarily. I realized that you was in danger. I thought I'd warn you. Honest, that's the game. Of course, if you wanted to give me anything for my trouble I'd take it. That was in my mind too. But I don't care whether you give me anything or not. I've warned you anyway, and done my duty."

He Pressed the Button, Saw and Screamed Aloud in Terror

Mr. Ward meditated and drummed on the surface of his desk. Dave noticed they were large, powerful hands, withal well cared for despite their dark sunburn. Also, he noted what had already caught his eye—a tiny strip of flesh-colored courtplaster on the forehead over one eye. And still the thought that forced itself into his mind was unbelievable.

Mr. Ward took a wallet from his inside coat pocket, drew out a greenback and passed it to Dave, who noted as he pocketed it that it was for twenty dollars.

"Thank you," said Mr. Ward, indicating that the interview was at an end. "I shall have the matter investigated. A wild man running loose is dangerous."

But so quiet a man was Mr. Ward that Dave's courage returned. Besides, a new theory had suggested itself. The wild man was evidently Mr. Ward's brother, a lunatic privately confined. Dave had heard of such things. Perhaps Mr. Ward wanted it kept quiet. That was why he had given him the twenty dollars.

"Say," Dave began, "now I come to think of it that wild man looked a lot like you——"

That was as far as Dave got, for at that moment he witnessed a transformation and found himself gazing into the same unspeakably ferocious blue eyes of the night before, at the same clutching, talon-like hands, and at the same formidable bulk in the act of springing upon him. But this time Dave had no light-stick to throw, and he was caught by the biceps of both arms in a grip so terrific that it made him groan with pain. He saw the large white teeth exposed, for all the world as a dog's about to bite. Mr. Ward's beard brushed his face as the teeth went in for the grip on his throat. But the bite was not given. Instead, Dave felt the other's body stiffen as with an iron restraint, and then he was flung aside without effort, but with such force that only the wall stopped his momentum and dropped him gasping to the floor.

"What do you mean by coming here and trying to blackmail me?" Mr. Ward was snarling at him. "Here, give me back that money."

Dave passed the bill back without a word.

"I thought you came here with good intentions. I know you now. Let me see and hear no more of you or I'll put you in prison where you belong. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Dave gasped.

"Then go."

And Dave went without further word, both his biceps aching intolerably from the bruise of that tremendous grip. As his hand rested on the doorknob he was stopped.

"You were lucky," Mr. Ward was saying, and Dave noted that his face and eyes were cruel and gloating and proud. "You were lucky. Had I

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The Rank and File of Lawyers

Transcribed by Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

I Had Discovered Gems of Forensic Eloquence

THE only one who believes that I am a successful lawyer is my mother.

My mother sees no change. To her I am still the hopeful legal fledgling of twenty-five years ago. She does not realize that I am bald, forty-eight, and about to be a grandfather.

Every August I visit her in our old Catskill home. The gray has invaded her hair and she does not stand straight as in those other days. She is growing old. Still she asks wistfully about my prospects—the prospects of a briefless lawyer of forty-eight.

The village also closes an eye. Each year our local weekly heralds me as "the prominent metropolitan attorney." The Argus has changed hands six times in twenty years, but each new editor inherits the phrase, "the prominent metropolitan attorney." It is an asset, like the printer's ink and the fonts of type.

I am not a "prominent metropolitan attorney." Not one in a hundred New York lawyers knows me by sight. My name does not appear in the newspapers, in biographies of legal luminaries, or even in the files of the Legal Intelligencer. I am not a prosperous lawyer. My largest income for any one year was thirty-eight hundred dollars—about fifteen years ago. For ten years I have averaged seventeen hundred dollars annually; for five years I have been on a thirty-dollar salary.

It is no one's fault—except mine. I have simply not caught on. I am like many business men who do not succeed, but who do not ask commiseration on that account. After all, a profession is a business—and I am a poor business man. I am no exception. We are prone to think of the rank and file of lawyers as though all were leaders of the bar. We remember the lawyers who became President, Governor, Supreme Court Justice or millionaire. Most lawyers, however, do not make large incomes. We hear of the one-hundred-thousand-dollar or the half-million-dollar fee, and we forget that the majority of lawyers merely make a living. A living is a very good thing to make.

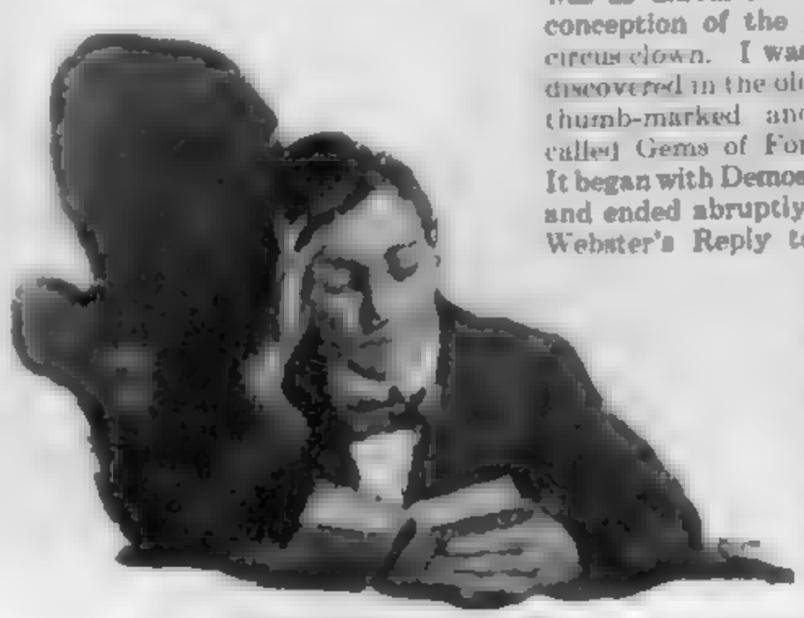
Where All the Business Goes

I HAVE been talking to some legal friends about the average earnings of lawyers. It is hard to strike an average for a class so large and heterogeneous. It is like the average earnings of Republicans, Methodists or men with double chins. On the whole, my friends seem to think that in the big cities more lawyers make under than over fifteen hundred dollars, and in the smaller places more lawyers make under than over one thousand dollars.

A few generations ago, when the railroads were just coming in, and matches were a novelty, and people were excited about the annexation of Texas, a thousand dollars a year was a satisfactory income for a lawyer. There was an Illinois attorney named Lincoln who rarely made that much. Lincoln was not above a five-dollar case, and it is not on record that he ever floated a trust.

In those days lawyers had different standards of living and the law was on a different basis. Lincoln did not spend much on office expenses; he did not need a stenographer; he could save on telephone service, and instead of using vertical files he kept his correspondence in his high hat; he rode with the judge on the circuit and shared a bed with the attorney on the other side.

The lawyer of that day lived in a simple community.



I Studied Blackstone at Night

Today, in our great cities, it costs a lawyer more to live and more to do business. For better or worse, he is obliged to maintain a certain standard and give his children an education. My New York flat of six rooms costs me three times as much as my father's eight-room house in the Catskills cost him. It cost me three times as much to bring up my two daughters as it cost my father to bring up his seven children.

I do not hold a brief for lawyers. I do not want to see more lawsuits. There is enough legal business in the country today. Fees are larger and more numerous than ever before, although, I think, people are less litigious. As society and business become more complex, however, and men meet on more planes, there is always more work for the lawyer. Today there are some twenty-five million life-insurance policies, and this means hundreds of thousands of lawsuits. The telephone business is new, the automobile business is new, and both mean lawsuits. The increasing number of patents means an increasing number of infringements. We have begun to go to law over the right to fly. However carefully we avoid the courts, the more our business grows in volume and diversity the more work there will be for the lawyer to do.

My feeling toward the lawyer who just scrapes along is like that of the little girl who cried over the picture of the lions and the Christian martyrs. Her sympathies went out not to the men and women who were being devoured but to one thin, little lion in the background who was not getting his share. There are many thin legal lions who do not get their share of the martyrs thrown into the arena of litigation.

What has happened in the law is what has happened in business—for law always was, is, and always will be, a business. Law is becoming concentrated. It is being conducted on a big scale. It is becoming systematized, organized, and to a certain extent monopolized. Big lawyers' firms acquire big reputations and wide newspaper notoriety; title and trust companies do on a large scale a business which was formerly done on a small scale by many little lawyers. There are more clients in the community as there are more voters, but it is more difficult for the clients to know you. We lawyers cannot advertise; we cannot push our claims competitively—although we are in a competitive business. We are supposed to wait. If there is one thing in this swift-moving, newspaper-reading world which is harder than the hardest work it is to wait—to wait without work.

He Had No Illusions About Marshall, Story and Kent

In America the struggle for clients, although largely conducted under the rules of professional etiquette, is fiercer than elsewhere. I once read that the profession of law in England is like a pleasant inclosed park, admission to which costs a thousand pounds. The law in America resembles rather an open place to which any one may come and in which any one may stay—if he can. We have far too many lawyers, far too many untrained or badly trained lawyers. Every year there are more. New thousands of young lawyers press continually into an overcrowded profession.

When I first made up my mind to go into the law I did not think of it as a business at all. My theory of the law was as unreal as the country boy's conception of the joyous, care-free circus clown. I was fourteen. I had discovered in the old village library a thumb-marked and tattered book called Gems of Forensic Eloquence. It began with Demosthenes and Cicero and ended abruptly in the middle of Webster's Reply to Hayne. I declaimed these "gems" to my mother, and although my voice was at the breaking age, and the sonorous perorations often ended in a childish treble, my mother and I agreed that the American Demosthenes had arrived. I blush to admit, even now when I am bald and about to be a grandfather, that I put pebbles in my mouth as did the great Greek stutterer. I thought of my future legal career as one long oration to a rapt jury.

My father was a downright man, with strong prejudices. Years before I was born he had lost some money through the chicanery of a village attorney, and he despised lawyers in general and particular. He opposed my ambitions as vehemently as though I had determined to become a pirate or polygamist. He wanted me to stay on the farm and be "an honest man."

At fifteen I began to work for the village liveryman. In the summer I drove the city boarders through our fresh green woods up to the mountain peak, whence I instinctively looked south to where lay the hidden city of New York. In winter I cut wood. I studied Blackstone at night. I did not have the historical perspective to understand feudal origins and I could not get books to explain things which were dark, but my six years of groping at least gave me the basis of a future understanding. It was hard work for an ill-educated lad, but I had my dream of a brilliant, oratorical, legal career. Meanwhile, dime by dime, I saved up the small capital of two hundred and ninety dollars.

A Lawyer at Last

THEN I went to New York and enrolled in a law school. It was one of those get-wise-quick establishments where lawyers are made by machine-process. The very day I arrived I was carefully informed about the bar examinations, the gate to which the straight and narrow road of legal study inevitably leads. We did not have the modern case system; we did not spend time upon the philosophy of law or upon general principles. We thought only of bar examinations.

During those two years I lived on three and a half dollars a week. My room, a little cell on the fifth floor of an East Side building, cost me a dollar a week. My three meals cost me twenty-four cents (on Sunday thirty-four cents). Washing was thirty cents a week, and clothing, oil, amusements and all else came to eight dollars a term, or forty cents a week. Postage cost me six cents—a weekly letter to my mother and two letters a week to Helen. Even with the thriftiest management I should not have held out but for my mother's aid. There were always a few dimes in the broken sugar-bowl, and if the hens were particularly industrious there was usually a silver remittance in the weekly letter from home. With this help, a good constitution and an abiding faith in my dream I got through; and after passing my bar examinations I had enough money for my ticket home, and thirty-one cents over. I was a full-fledged lawyer. My foot was on the first rung.

Even then, after two years in the great city, I did not know the actual conditions or the tendencies already at work on the lawyers of 1885. I did not realize that I had almost eighty thousand competitors. I did not know that the practice of law was already beginning to be systematized, specialized, put on a factory basis. I hoped to become a general lawyer, practicing all branches but reserving the best of my strength for grave constitutional problems. I was sure of a useful and honorable career and a happy competence.

The money side of the law above mere living expenses seemed the least important. I thought of law as a profession to which the lawyer remained always a debtor. Limited as was my education, I had conceived of the law as a wonderful logical system, founded on the highest human wisdom, adjusting itself to supreme human needs; as a thing, like the universe, slowly evolving, miraculous in its infinite variety, yet subordinated throughout to one great unifying principle. I was filled with ecstasy by the cogent reasonings, the broad intellectual appeals, the subtle acuity and common-sense of the towering jurists. Perhaps, after a lifetime of labor, I might become—on a small scale—a Mansfield, a Marshall, a Kent, a Story, a Webster, a Cooley; a just judge expounding constitutional principles, or a tribune of the people interpreting our vast legal system of precedents in the light of our

inalienable rights and our conquered freedom. This—not money—was my ambition. Of this, through the long summer afternoons spent with my mother on the mountain roads, I talked and talked and talked.

I did not wish to begin law absolutely penniless; so, in the fall, I took a position as tutor to a backward young boy, the son of a great coffee merchant, named Gunton.

In the evenings, after my pupil was in bed, the coffee merchant, a very fat and excessively voluble man, used to talk to me about my prospects and more especially about his. One evening, after telling me of certain plantations recently acquired in Sao Paulo, Brazil, he suddenly offered me the position of manager.

"Three thousand dollars, gold, the first year," he said. "Five thousand, or get out, the next. All expenses. Half a dozen lazy servants to wait on you."

But the Foreman of the Jury, a Butcher, Was Ever So Much Better Dressed

I was overcome with surprise. Brazil, hitherto a vague yellow blotch upon the map, suddenly became a subtropical Paradise. I pictured myself lord of far-reaching coffee plantations with thousands of toiling Brazilian natives and I know not what other impossible rosy accessories at my command.

But then, there were John Marshall and Daniel Webster and Judge Story. What were a thousand coffee plantations to the Dartmouth College decision or Lincoln's close-knit argument against Douglas? I thought it over for a week. I discussed it in hourly letters with Helen. Then I gave my answer—a refusal.

"Why?" asked the coffee merchant.

There was a Fourth-of-July inflection in my reply.

"I prefer a lawyer's life," I said.

"Why?" asked the coffee merchant again.

"Because," I hesitated, "I prefer my country's service."

The coffee merchant burst into a guffaw.

"My dear young friend," he roared—it sounded like "My dear young simpleton"—"devote yourself to your country's service and you'll grub for money all the rest of your life."

"At least, sir," I answered, "I shall not make a boast of money-grubbing."

I expected a curt dismissal, but, instead, my coffee merchant continued to shake with laughter, viewing me through his tear-dimmed eyes as the Brobdingnagians surveyed the petty, threatening Gulliver.

"Have it your own way," he said at last. "I offered in good spirit and you have made your choice."

He was right. I had made my choice.

Upon reaching New York in the spring I secured a clerkship with a firm of great lawyers at a salary of eight dollars a week. It was not a bad beginning, since young lawyers are willing to pay for their early training. As a single man I could scrape along on eight dollars.

The Advice of Schoolcraft

THE experience which I accumulated in this office was salutary if not wide. I did not fit myself for a Supreme Court judgeship and I was not called upon to solve intricate legal problems, but I began to get my bearings. Our firm was in the wholesale and retail branches of the business. We took anything, from a small partnership squabble to the floating of a big corporation.

There were twenty salaried clerks in the office, and the work was subdivided among them as in a factory. All was system. We had time kept on our comings and goings, and made daily reports of the hours spent on each work. The clients received bills prepared by the firm's auditor on the basis of these reports. We clerks never saw the clients. We did the routine work assigned each morning by the chief clerk.

I did not enjoy the work. The clerks were friendly, but most of them lacked ambition, and there was much envy and mutual jealousy. For months the clerks made fun of the new partner. He was a blond, shrinking young lawyer, with a bulging, forensic forehead and a weak chin. He knew no more law than the most ignorant of us clerks, but—he was the only son of a bank president. His family connections meant sixty thousand dollars a year in legal business.

The longer I stayed in the big law factory the more hopeless the outlook appeared. I wanted to get married. Helen was to give up her school-teaching as soon as I had established myself. I noticed that the clerks were not true apprentices, who were graduating into independent lawyers, but that many of them, while earning good wages, were falling into a rut, were doing the same thing day after day, were learning nothing new, and were gradually losing the desire and the courage to strike out for themselves.

Elias Schoolcraft was an exception. Elias was a tall, rosy-cheeked Vermonter who had gone through the law school with me, having come to New York without friends and without money, but determined to make his way. He had no illusions about Marshall, Story and Kent. He was in law to succeed.

He came early one morning to the firm's library to look up a point in a negligence case, and found me poring over an old volume of Coke on Littleton. He picked up the book, glanced at it contemptuously, returned it to me and began daintily to dust his fingers with a cambric handkerchief.

"See here, Patrick Henry," he finally said—I had once foolishly confided my ambitions to him—"I wouldn't stodge myself on that old ruck. If you want to succeed, after you get out of here, I'll give you a recipe—free, gratis, for nothing."

"Well," I said, marking my place with an impatient finger, "let's have your recipe."

"Make friends, get business and hire a lawyer."

"I hope to know a little law myself," I answered somewhat testily.

"Then keep it to yourself," rejoined Elias. "Don't get the idea, old man, that I think you're an N. G. lawyer; but you're on the wrong track. The fellow who wrote that old book you're reading is deader than Pharaoh, and even when he was alive, or thought he was, he couldn't have told the Standard Oil Company from a decent, self-respecting tenure in burgage. You might as well study chess and compete for ten-dollar prizes, or learn Italian and Irish and give lessons at fifty cents per. There are thousands of lawyers at the cheap lunch-counters who miss it just that way. They know the law from Brother Justinian down to Tom Platt, and can talk a jury of twelve good men blue in the face; but if a business man comes into the office and says, 'Can I do this? Yes or No? Quick!' they don't know and don't dare bluff. What a wideawake, nickel-plate lawyer needs is business sense and enough law to know how to draw up a bill of sale. He doesn't need all this furniture."

I Talked and Talked and Talked

Like Necessity, He Knew No Law

With which he pointed contemptuously to the solid-leather phalanx of New York Reports.

"I think I understand," I said. "You need not read everything if you know where to find what you want."

"Or," suggested Schoolcraft, "where to find a cheap man who will know where to find what you want."

I gazed at this iconoclast in horror.

"A man like you," I said, "ought to be in business."

"I am," replied Elias Schoolcraft.

One thing I got from Schoolcraft—the courage to leave the office and strike out for myself. I had a hard year of it, but gradually I began to work up a small practice, and after three years I was retained by one client, a pump manufacturer, whose business was worth fifteen hundred a year. At last I was in a position to marry. I may say, parenthetically, that my marriage has been my only success in life.

The worst thing about a lawyer's income is its insecurity. You may double your income one year and halve it the next. You never know, and your wife never knows, how much there will be in the bank three months ahead. You are sure that your bill for office rent will come in on the day, but whether a check from a client will come is dubious and hypothetical. The year I married, although I found new clients, my income dropped from thirty-one hundred dollars to under two thousand, for my pump manufacturer's niece married a lawyer, and it was thought fair to give the young man a chance.

A Client Turned Away

I REMEMBER one winter—it was when little Helen was three years old and Agnes was a baby—I was in such sore straits that I almost wished that I were a bookkeeper or a school-teacher, or in any occupation which would insure me a check at the end of the month. Business had been dull; I had a few outstanding accounts—good, but for the time being uncollectible. I had exhausted my savings, had borrowed upon my life insurance, and we had run up bills for which I was being dunned. I was sleeping badly and was nervous.

It was at this very moment that I was approached by a man who wanted me to engineer a bankruptcy which, though it might have been done under legal forms—we did not then have our federal bankruptcy law—was confessedly an attempt to defraud creditors.

"I can't do it," I said, after I had gone over the plans. "And, pardon me, I don't see how you can."

The intending bankrupt—he was an undersized, pallid man, with a shock of red hair—set his teeth and spoke very slowly, emphasizing each word.

"I've got consumption," he explained. "I'll die within the year—without insurance. It's my wife and my little ones—or my creditors. In the last ditch it's every man for his own."

The words ran through my brain as though the pallid man had voiced my secret-most thoughts: "In the last ditch it's every man for his own." After all, the law was at fault in allowing all these loopholes which put the scrupulous at a disadvantage. The operation was not technically illegal. If I sent the man away he would go next door, and the cause of justice would be in nowise bettered. Nevertheless—

My eyes fell on Helen's photograph on my desk.

"No," I said to the client. "No." We stood watching each other while I tried to find words in which to advise him against his proposed fraud. "I really think——" I began. And then I ended impotently: "Goodby. I hope your health will improve."

This was the only time that a clearly fraudulent plan was ever presented to me, although clients have come to me with proposals which I have instinctively refused because I felt rather than saw that their position was unjust. I have tried rather hard not to take cases as a lawyer which I should not engage in as a client. I have never believed, and thousands of other attorneys do not believe, that a lawyer is a mere gladiator, a mercenary who fights irrespective of the merits of the case.

As the years rolled on, as the children grew up, as expenses increased, I found that, with my low

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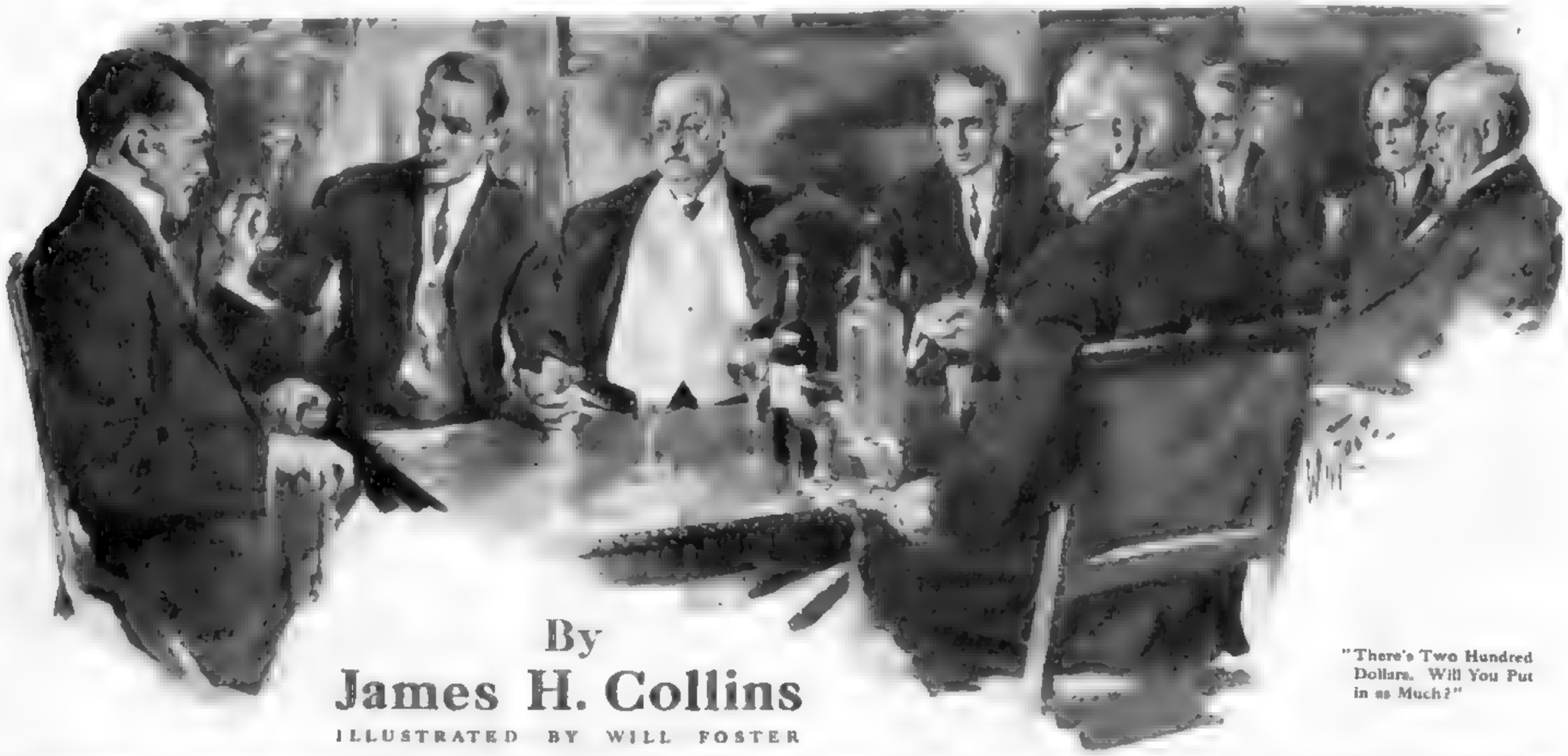
Your Relentless Competitors

WORKING WITH THEM FOR THE GOOD OF THE ORDER



"There's Two Hundred Dollars. Will You Put in as Much?"

By

James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THE making of advertising novelties is an important American industry which exists on ideas both in selling and production.

A retail shoe dealer, for instance, has a neighborhood business in a large city, profitable enough, yet conducted on a scale that will not permit costly newspaper advertising. A novelty salesman shows him how to make money by a special sale of children's shoes the week before schools open. With each pair of school shoes the dealer will give a stout schoolbag, a book-strap or some serviceable article. These gifts draw trade because they mean a money-saving in a family of three or four youngsters.

Perhaps several shoemen in the same city hold special school sales of this sort, each with a different gift from a different maker. Obviously there is an advantage in having new, practical ideas. Then, in making such trinkets to sell at the five or ten cents the shoemen can afford to pay, and putting their advertisements upon them somewhere, there must be fresh ideas in materials and processes. It is said that the advertising novelty men will run anything through a printing press, from paper and leather to sheet metal, wooden planks or toothpicks, and that they will print as readily upon a round or oval surface as a flat one.

With many concerns in this rapidly growing industry, and so much depending upon ideas, secrecy is more or less an asset. For years the novelty men, like manufacturers in many other lines, kept their business projects to themselves, and met other houses only in competition. Therefore, when a far-seeing manufacturer suggested, several years ago, that the makers of advertising novelties form a national association for mutual advantage the proposal was received with considerable hostility. The attitude of one successful novelty manufacturer was typical.

When Competitors Pull Together

FROM the beginning he had made a point not merely of keeping his business under his own hat but also of saying that he didn't want to know any of his competitors personally. From time to time he found it expedient to help himself to their best ideas. Some of them probably were very decent fellows. If he knew them, he might hesitate to take what he found lying around loose, and that would hamper him in the development of his business.

"Join an association of my competitors?" he protested. "Not on your life! Why, that is just a scheme to get me to tell my secrets."

Months of discussion went on before this project had advanced far enough to call a preliminary meeting. But there was an encouraging attendance of the leading men in the industry, because each of them thought there might be a chance to pick up something useful from the others, while keeping his own business strictly to himself. This particular manufacturer attended in that spirit, he says. When he sat down among competitors whom he had been fighting for fifteen years, however, he found them unlike the mental pictures he had drawn. One of his most aggressive trade rivals, who had taken away business again and again, proved to be a big bashful man who blushed and broke down when called upon to stand up and express his views. The first conference was dominated by a bullet-headed little manufacturer who had never been looked upon as anybody in the trade. Not a great deal of set speaking was done at this meeting, but everybody there got acquainted with one another by twos and threes, in corners. Instead of maneuvering for confidential information, though, each found that all were discussing broad trade questions, such as the standardization of materials, holding sellers to specifications, regulation of abuses and dishonesty that cast discredit on the industry, and so forth. Within a few weeks the association was formally organized and committees appointed to take up such matters. Before it had been in existence long the tariff revision began at Washington, and because these manufacturers had an organization and a common fund they were able to send representatives before Congress with information that prevented a prohibitive duty on some of their raw materials. Today this association is strong, its members enthusiastic, and the manufacturer who made it a policy never to get acquainted with competitors is one of its active officers. This association is typical of a kind of business organization that is becoming common in the United States.

The trade guilds of the Middle Ages were formed to monopolize business, in the belief that there was only so much demand anyway, and that it should be regulated, and individual enterprise stifled.

But the present-day trade guild, organized like these novelty manufacturers, leaves members free to exert individual enterprise, recognizing that this is the energy which makes the whole industry go ahead, increasing demand for goods and raising the tone of demand. No special favors would be shown a member in open competition for business, nor any restrictions put upon him. Yet, through such an association all the people interested in an industry are brought together, learn that competitors have neither horns nor hoofs, and carry on broad trade measures which make conditions in the market better for everybody.

The rapid growth of our automobile industry is due very largely to standardization of materials and other work for mutual benefit carried on by the manufacturers. All their efforts are directed to advancing the motor-car business along general lines, and each manufacturer, it is stated, is left to sell his own output at his own prices.

In contrast, there is the English automobile industry, where all the manufacturers are said to keep themselves strictly to themselves. From time to time an attempt is made to get together in conference, but the one topic discussed, usually, is that of price control, and nothing ever comes of it. English cars are not generally standardized as to materials, while the lengths to which manufacturers will go in carrying out the individual preferences of purchasers has led to a more or less chaotic condition in design. Over there the "technical adviser" is a prominent figure in the industry—an expert who acts for the purchaser of an automobile, specifying points in design which are built only into that single car. The experience of all the makers in building cars is not put into a common fund, as is largely the case with us, and used to determine standards which will assure the best results and lower cost. So today the English makers, while building perfectly good automobiles, are looking a little anxiously to our increasing output, in fear that our surplus will be marketed in their territory. It is conceded that the prices attained by American standardization would make this competition dangerous.

Practically the same handicap is felt by the English manufacturers of electrical apparatus, for the German makers in this industry, by association and mutual financing through their own system of banks, have gained marked advantages over the conscientious Britons who cling to special designs to suit each purchaser, and stand aloof from each other in the matter of sharing general trade information.

Attempts to Standardize Heating Apparatus

IN THE American heating business there are various types of apparatus—stoves, hot-air furnaces, steam and hot-water systems. Within the past decade the hot-air furnace has fallen quite a bit behind the running, and lately a number of manufacturers have come together in a league to deal with growing trade difficulties. It has been found that these difficulties can be traced almost wholly to unwise competition. For one thing, the manufacturers of hot-air apparatus have clung to pet systems, marketing furnaces on ratings of capacity sometimes excessive. Again, the installation of hot-air apparatus has been done chiefly through competitive bidding of contractors, each following his own ideas as to the size of furnace needed to heat a given building, and his own arrangement of riser ducts and pipes. As the contract usually goes to the lowest bidder, the installation has often been unsatisfactory. In time, these unsatisfactory installations have created prejudice which no amount of satisfactory hot-air heating would overcome. The manufacturers' league is now

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THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

III

CLOSE aboard the Daffodil, Wood was about to lift his voice in a hail when there came to his ears the sounds of one declaiming in a rich and resonant bass. Having observed the departure of the Finn about half an hour earlier, Wood decided that Mr. Applebo must be refreshing his solitude by the recital of some of his own verse. It was therefore with no more consciousness of eavesdropping than has one who pauses to listen to the practicing of a musician that Wood rested on his oars, when he was somewhat startled by the following interrogation:

Tell me, beloved, since your eyes
Hold all the azure of the skies,
Why, then, when night their brightness mars,
Those lustrous depths hold all the stars?
But when the day's once more begun
I look, and lo!—there shines the sun.
And when it sets, alack, too soon,
In each deep orb I find the moon.

The answer is, Hermione,
All Heaven's in those eyes, for me.

Before Wood could sufficiently recover from the astonishment produced by this innocent query and its answer, the same voice continued in prose, apparently in criticism of the effort and as follows:

"Shucks! How do I know her eyes are azure? I never saw them. They might be cadmium or cobalt or madder lake, for all me."

A pause; then: "When night their brightness mars—mars—oh, hell! what does it mar it with—a handful of mud?" Another pause; then: "Mars is rotten—let's see—mars, cars, spars, tars, chars, bars—augh! what the deuce!—oh, let it go! it's no worse than the rest. In each deep orb . . . fudge! I wonder how many thousand millions of bum poets have said that—oh, dammit—dammit—dammitttt!"

There came the sound of paper violently torn. Wood, smothering his laughter at this unofficial peep into the soul of the poet, raised his voice.

"Aboard the Daffodil!"

There was no answer. Wood tried again.

"Aboard the Daffy—Daffodilly—I say—— Harold!"

Followed an instant of silence, then a tawny, leonine head was pushed up through the hatch.

"Hello, Harold!" said Wood.

The poet blinked a pair of clear, amber-colored eyes. His mane of ruddy-yellow hair was tousled and his expression was that of a person surprised in a yawn.

"Hello, Huntington!" he drawled in a very deepand husky bass. The yellow eyes blinked once or twice at the dingey. "You're off the Shark?"

"Jusso, Mr. Pilot-fish. May I come aboard?"

"Pray do. I am in the act of brewing tea. Sorry I haven't anything more robust to offer you. I cannot keep spirits, as my crew is a Finn with second sight and an alcoholic affinity. He can spot a whisky-bottle through a teak locker; then he forces the lock and drinks all there is without reference to the next man. If there were a gallon he would drink it all."

"And then what?" asked Wood.

"Then I chain him to the mainmast so that he will not start to swim back to Finland. However, my tea is very good. So are the macaroons . . . after you scrape off the green mould. The weather has been warm and humid, and I cannot get fresh ones here. I have wired to Boston for a supply. But come aboard."

He reached over the side for the painter of the dingey and caught a clove-hitch one-handedly and with a deftness that did not suggest the amateur. Huntington stepped aboard and looked about with interest.

"A handy little boat," he said.

"Yes. She was designed for a Block Island swordfisher. I bought her on the stocks before they had touched her inside. These boats' plans are all got out by the yacht architects. She is not dull."

"No motor?"

"No. They smell, and the grease would soil my manuscripts. Besides, the beat of the engine would get into my head and spoil my meter. Think of trying to write didactic hexameter with an accursed motor pounding away: 'Juba-this, Juba-that.' Come below. Our tannin is distilled."

In the cozy cabin, singular for its extreme bareness and universal yellow color-scheme, Wood seated himself upon the edge of the bunk and watched the poet as he poured the tea. Mr. Applebo was in his customary service rig of faded yellow shirt, white duck trousers and leather sandals. His long, wavy hair, naturally of a reddish yellow, was sun-bleached to the lusterless tone of oakum and hung in heavy clusters that almost hid his ears. The lithe, beautifully muscled figure was flawless, so far as one could see; big-boned, brawny, deep-chested, yet with the suggestion of lightness and grace that one associates with statues of Hermes. His skin, wherever visible, was of the quality of satin, the color of old gold; and his hands, while hardened from physical work and the handling of wet ropes, were exquisitely shaped, the fingers straight and strong and well spaced.

Most striking of all was the poet's face, and it was here that one paused in doubt before rendering a verdict upon Mr. Applebo's physical attractiveness. In feature and expression there seemed to be no standard with which to compare the man's singular type . . . or at least no human standard.

Many faces find their caricatures in the lower animals; one sees people who resemble, or at least suggest, the sheep, monkey, bulldog, camel, and so forth. Applebo's face suggested a sleepy lion. There was the same tawny color, the blinking amber eyes focused on some far-distant point, the straight, broad nose, with a mouth that was slightly lifted in the middle, cheeks cut away and showing a prominent malar bone—certainly the general resemblance was rather toward the cat *carnivora* than toward anything human.

So far as expression went, Wood could discover absolutely nothing. There was about the poet an atmosphere of languor, either real or assumed, and one felt that if this sloth could be torn aside the true man—or animal—beneath might stand revealed.

"What do you do on this boat?" asked Wood.

"I dream dreams—and laugh at them. I weave long and fascinating romances of which I am the glorious hero—and laugh at them. Also, I write many winged words."

"And laugh at them?"

"No. Other people do that."

Applebo's Face Suggested a Sleepy Lion

"I have been sent over here," said Wood, "to order you to report for luncheon aboard the Shark. They are getting tired of you as merely a parlor game."

Applebo looked a little scared.

"Thanks, awfully," he said, less dreamily; "but I cannot go. My extremely delicate sense of social ethics prevents."

"Rot!"

"Really. My extreme sensitiveness. You can't tag strangers about until they ask you to luncheon; nor, having been so weak as to yield to the temptation and accept, could you continue to tag. Then I should be all adrift and not know which way to sail."

"Harold," said Wood, "please go and sing that to the sirens. I am wise to your ingenious sophistries. You are in love with a lady, O poet! That, and not a lacking initiative, is the reason of your singular fidelity to yon tub."

Applebo raised his tawny head and blinked once or twice at his guest. Then, in the same dreamy way, he lowered his full cup from his lips. Nothing was more remote from his manner than any hint of agitation; wherefore it struck Wood as odd that he should have let the cup turn in his hand and spill the scalding tea on the dorsum of his bare foot.

"Damn!" quoth the poet, like any earth-born, and grabbed at his foot. The teacup struck the edge of the spirit stove and broke, leaving the porcelain ring of the handle on Applebo's finger. Forgetting his foot he looked at it and blinked.

"There!" said he. "That is the second time that this has happened. A ring upon my finger the minute that my true motive is questioned. I do not like that."

"You ought to," observed Wood, "since you are in love with her."

"Not necessarily. My intentions are honorable, but not matrimonial; and a ring is not the symbol of love but of marriage."

"Cynic."

"No, poet. Love, to the poet, is part of his material. It is the most important of his implements of craft. His motive force. I love, but I ask nothing in return—beyond being permitted to love from afar. But not too far. A poet must be in the general neighborhood of his inspiration."

"Stop!"

"Worldling! No doubt you are in love with her yourself." The voice of the poet held the tone of one being roused from a beauty sleep. "I hope that you are, and that she returns your passion. So much the better. A hopeless love is always productive of the purest verse. The Italian poets understood this. It is all that I needed."

"If I listen to you any longer you will have to chain me to the mainmast with the Finn. Why did you pick out Hermione?"

The eyes of the poet shot him a yellow gleam.

"What makes you think that it is Hermione?"

"You were yapping her name as I came alongside. Never mind; I will not betray you. But I wish that you would let me tell them that it is hopeless passion and not feeble-mindedness that leads you on in the wake of the Shark. They would be so pleased."

"Tell them, if you like. It does not matter, since we are destined never to meet. But don't tell which one I am in love with. The others might tease her. All women are cats."

"A loverlike opinion."

"I am very fond of cats. They are my index—just as yellow is my color. I am really very much in love with Hermione."

"When did you see her?"

"Last winter. It was her superb walk that vanquished me. I have never seen her, bow-on. Last winter, on my way down Fifth Avenue every morning to breakfast at the club, I often overhauled her. But I never passed. She drifted along like a marsh lily gathered by the flood."

"But she might enjoy meeting you."

Applebo shook his head. "I am wedded to my Muse. She will not brook a rival. Should Hermione enter my life I should never write another poem. You see, I should be merely living one. Have a macaroon? There is very little mould on this one."

Wood glanced at him with suspicion, but Applebo's face would have made that of the

Sphynx look open and confiding. A big yellow tomcat he appeared as he sat there, great shoulders hunched forward, back bent, blinking at his guest. He finished a macaroon and licked the crumbs from his lips, and looked even cattier. It would not have surprised his guest had he begun to purr.

"Where did you learn so much seamanship?" asked Wood. "Captain Bell says that the way you find your way around is uncanny."

Applebo waved his hand and shrugged.

"A mere instinct. One might almost say a lower attribute, and shared with birds, mammals and fishes."

"Do you write poems of the sea?"

"Sometimes, but the subject does not interest me. A great, empty desolate waste of wet. No; why write poems of the sea when there are so many lovable things: old gardens and dear old people; little children and lovely women?—the last always in the abstract." His amber eyes glowed.

Wood stared at him keenly, but Applebo appeared oblivious. Wood rose to his feet. "It is almost two bells," said he. "I must be getting back. Sorry you will not come."

"Thank you, dear boy. Please make all of my excuses. Tell them what you like—only mention no names. Express my deep appreciation of their goodness and thank them in my name for permitting me to rot around in their wake. Good-by. God bless you!"

In a very pensive mood Wood pulled back to the Shark, where his lack of success was received somewhat caustically by Cécile. But at the luncheon-table Wood had his revenge.

"It is just as I thought," said he. "Applebo's plea that he follows the Shark about to save himself the wear and tear of deciding where to go is all a bluff."

Had he been looking at Hermione as he made this statement, Wood might have seen something in her face that would have given him food for thought. But he was looking at Cécile, not without a certain touch of malice. Since the coquette had rather cruelly thrown him over after having given him reason to believe that she was not indifferent to him, Wood had done a good deal of thinking, finally arriving at the conclusion that all had happened for the best, and that a girl who could find it in her heart to do this sort of thing was not the girl that any man should want to marry. He no longer loved Cécile and was therefore no longer blind to her faults. Conspicuous among these was a tremendous appreciation of her own charms, and Wood felt instinctively that, on learning of Applebo's confession, Cécile would immediately appropriate this devotion to herself. Wood bore no rancor for her treatment of himself, but he would scarcely have been human had he not found a certain cynical enjoyment in the situation.

"I am not at liberty to mention any names," said he; "but, when I directly accused him of being secretly in love with some lady aboard the Shark, Applebo acknowledged that this was the fact."

Hermione's blue eyes opened very wide and a sudden rich color flooded her face. Captain Bell and Wood were, however, looking at Cécile. Paula, the second sister, was lunching with friends ashore.

Cécile's black, curving lashes swept down and she looked at her plate and laughed, while a delicate color tinged her soft cheeks. Secretly, she had suspected for a long time precisely what Wood had just stated, and the news brought to her that flush of triumph that attended every new and interesting conquest.

Captain Bell surveyed his eldest daughter with disgust.

"My word!" he snapped; "has it come to a point where they follow her around in boats?"

Wood glanced at Hermione with the slightest suspicion of a wink. She colored and laughed. Hermione and Cécile had but little in common, and aside from a certain amount of sisterly affection were rather indifferent to each other. Cécile disapproved of Hermione's frank, impetuous manner, and Hermione detested her sister's cold-blooded coquetries. Both of the girls adored their sister Paula.

"Applebo's is a somewhat peculiar devotion," Wood observed; "but that is to be expected, considering Applebo. He asks only to worship from afar. It appears that his sentiment is useful as a source of inspiration: 'motive force,' as he expressed it. He even went so far as to say that it would profit him even more if some other person were to win the heart of his inamorata, as hopeless passion was always productive of the best poetic results."

"Huh!" grunted Bell. "I told you he was a balm."

"So he intends never to meet me—us?" Cécile corrected herself, but not in time to save the laugh.

"A modest young person, my daughter Cécile," said Bell dryly. "Of course, it's not within the scope of human possibility that Paula or Hermione should have found favor in the eyes of this omelet-head. Cut another notch in your gunstock, my dear." And he continued in this ironic strain until Hermione and Wood took pity on Cécile and changed the conversation by sheer weight of voices.

Hermione Saw Several Flocks of Plover and Big Snipe

Toward the middle of the afternoon Paula Bell came aboard. There was nothing of the sea about this girl, who was wholly of the warm and comforting earth. Paula's type was such as one sees in the sculptured figures of French public buildings, lending themselves to emblematic decoration and representing Ceres, with overflowing cornucopia, Justitia with her scales, or perhaps an opulent creature to depict La Vendange, the vintage, or return of the grape. In face and figure Paula might have posed for one of those splendid heroic sculptures. Already, at twenty-two, her form was gracefully mature, and her face, pure of feature, had that pretty alluringness of expression with which the French sculptors know so well how to sweeten and vitalize the classic Greek. We Anglo-Saxons, on the contrary, seeking to copy directly from the ancient, are too apt to get as a result the well-known frozen-faced females who suggest rather George Washington, a suffragette, or an idealized William Jennings Bryan, than the desired Mother of the Earth.

"What do you think!" cried Paula. "I met the Pilot-fish face to face."

"You did?" cried Hermione. "What did he do?"

"Nothing. It was in the post-office. He stood with his eyes fixed on infinity while the clerk sorted his mail. He is very striking in appearance and as graceful as a panther. People turn to look at him."

"How was he dressed?" asked Cécile.

"Beautifully, but not the least hint of the nautical. White serge suit, straw-colored pongee shirt, with a dark, smoky-orange-color tie, and yellow buckskin shoes. His hair is long and beautifully *onduléd;* such a *chevelure* is wasted on most men, but not on the Pilot-fish. I wonder if he sleeps with it in papers?"

"No," said Wood. "It has always been like that. Freshman year the Sophs tried to cut it for him. The Infirmary did a big business for a week. His bullpup and parrot got in the game and bit one man and gouged the ear of another. The next night the Sophs went back in force to do the job or die. Harold waited until they got inside, then locked the door, threw the key under the bed and pulled aside the curtains of an alcove. There was a forbidding-looking keg with 'powder' stencilled on the side in big red letters, and a fuse in the top. Before anybody could stop him Harold let out a fearful yell and lit the fuse. It began to sputter and the Sophs lost interest in Harold's hair. You see, he was known to be such a wild freak that there was no telling what he might not do; so out they went, taking the door with them and piling up in a heap in the corridor, which was narrow. The fuse reached the bunghole, when there came a sort of mild explosion. One man fainted. When the smoke cleared away there was Harold drawing beer out of the other end of the keg. They let him keep his hair."

Cécile did not join in the laughter of the others.

"Then he is a sort of clown?" she asked, a little sharply.

Wood shook his head. "Not a bit. It seems to me that the others were the ones to perform."

Cécile made no answer. To herself she was registering a little vow that she would put the leonine Mr. Applebo through his tricks, and that before she was many days older.

There was to be a little dinner party aboard the Shark that night, and Captain Bell, the most recent of whose fads was the culinary art, had spent his morning in the galley preparing certain dishes with which to "surprise" his guests. This innocent pastime of their father had been encouraged by the girls; as Hermione said, "It keeps him out of mischief." Nobody ever thought of eating what he cooked, while the heat of the galley, acting as a Turkish bath, was good for his asthma.

In the present instance, however, this beneficial occupation was destined directly to affect the future relations of several people, notably those of Mr. Harold Applebo.

During the soup course Captain Bell ventured to expand on the higher attributes of the culinary art.

"A cook," he observed, didactically, "is far above the menial class. He is an artist, and entitled to the same respectful consideration that might be shown a sculptor, painter, poet or musician. More, in fact, because a cook ministers not only to our esthetic sense and intellectual demands but to the physical as well. In substantiation of these statements, I am about to offer you an entrée made this morning with my own hands—ah ——"

The peroration was cut short by the entrance of the steward bearing the gastronomic chef-d'œuvre, which was in the form of a vol-au-vent, or chicken pie. At first glance the dish appeared to be highly successful. The crust was brown and flaky and seemed to promise succulent delicacies within. After the first anxious look, Captain Bell sank back into his chair with the benevolent expression of one about to confer a rare treat upon his friends.

The steward, struggling manfully with his grin, presented the dish to Cécile, who proceeded to attack it with a blunt knife. The crust sagged like the head of a slack drum, but refused to give up its dead. Cécile exerted a little more pressure. The crust held valiantly while certain unhallowed gurglings came from beneath. Everybody was watching Cécile with that painful anxiety peculiar to such moments. Bell began to fidget.

"Cut into it!" he snapped. "The chicken ain't goin' to bite you!"

The popular tension found relief in a laugh at this witticism. Bell glared and the ill-timed mirth subsided. Cécile threw her solid weight upon the knife. It bent and a tiny jet of juice found its exit, hitting Mr. Poole in the eye. He wiped it furtively and the others pretended not to have observed the accident.

"Briggs, give me a pointed knife," said Cécile.

"Of course," growled Bell. "Always serve a pointed knife with pastry."

The perspiring Briggs fetched the desired weapon. Thus armed, Cécile successfully attacked the crust which she flayed back as one might skin an animal. She helped herself daintily and the dish was passed to Wood, all eyes watching him as though he were about to draw in any other lottery.

Politic youth that he was, Wood helped himself generously, when there rolled out of the gravy upon his plate a small kitchen saltcellar.

"Hell!" snapped the host; "so that's where it went. I hunted half an hour for that d—d thing."

"Papa!" protested Cécile. Nobody else could speak and the faces around the board were crimson. Their host was known by his guests to take himself very seriously.

Wood tried again, this time exhuming what appeared to be a misshapen piece of rubber, but which a clever comparative anatomist might have recognized as the sacrum of a fowl with its muscular attachments.

"It smells delicious," said the young man. He tried to cut the relic, which slipped from beneath his knife and bounded across the saloon. Wood's face expressed polite disappointment at the loss. The suffering steward, unable to look at him, hurried on with the dish, passing it next to Hermione, who ripped off a ragged piece of the "crust," which she proceeded to cover with a substance much resembling asphalt.

Mr. Poole, Wood's host on the Arcturus, came next. The face of this gentleman was painfully congested and his hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold the spoon. Bell watched him narrowly. It was at moments such as these that he was apt to form his friendships and enmities.

Hermione saw that Poole was not up to the ordeal and came generously to the rescue.

"Be careful!" said she. "Papa lost his watch a few days ago and he would never forgive you if you were to break it."

Even Captain Bell had to join in the roar that followed. But there was a fighting gleam in his eye that boded ill for somebody.

"That's right, laugh!" roared Bell. "Funny, ain't it? You girls know d—d well that this is the first dish o' mine that's gone wrong since—since ——"

"Since the casserole blew up and we had to raise the cook's wages," said Hermione.

"It's all the fault of that d—d Pilot-fish and his swab-headed, swivel-eyed Finn," stormed Bell, oblivious to all attempts at restraint. "How in h—l am I goin' to cook a dish requirin' care and watchfulness with all hands, cook, scullion ——"

"And yourself!"

"And myself, then—breaking for the rail every time some square-head for'ard sights a fishin' boat? That's the way the saltcellar got lost. I set it down on the crust for a second to take a look and it got drawn in, like——"

"Like it might have in any other quicksand," supplied Hermione.

No fear or respect for the host could drown the roar that followed, stifled echoes of which appeared to come from the pantry whither the steward had fled. Bell was, however, furious.

"Steward!" he bawled. The unhappy man appeared, saddened, to judge by the funereal expression of his face and the tears still brimming in his eyes.

"Take this dish forward," said Bell with great dignity, "and present it with my compliments to Captain Heldstrom and the mate."

"How about the corroded top of that saltcellar, papa?" asked Paula. "Might not that be poisonous?"

"It doesn't need the saltcellar . . ." Hermione whispered to the writhing Mr. Poole.

"That may be so—that may be so," Bell assented. "It's a wonder none of the rest of you had the wit to think of it. Steward!"

"Sir?"

"Carry the d—d thing up and heave it overboard." Bell glared savagely about him. "There's a whole morning's work and two fine chickens—no, three ——"

"Three?"

"Yes. The first one I accidentally dropped overboard while looking for the Pilot-fish. Curse the Pilot-fish, I say, curse him! It's all his fault. He has got this whole ship's company going all ways at once, like a school o' gallied whales. I'll fix him. I'll lead him a chase. I'll wear him out, confound him, or know the reason why. Wants to follow us, does he? Right-o. I'll keep him on the trot till his tongue hangs out."

"How?" asked Cécile.

"By keepin' him on the move. We'll lead him a chase from Cape Race to Key West and never give him a chance to eat. Who wants to bet me that he'll be with us at the end of a fortnight? Come with us, Wood; you've got nothin' to do, and I'll show you some fun—a sort of *chasse à courre*. Will you come?"

"Oh, do, Huntington!" Paula cried. Wood glanced at Cécile.

"Do come, if it would amuse you," said she.

"Who wants to bet me that this chump will still be in the hunt two weeks from now?" cried Bell. "What, no takers?"

"I'll go you; even money for a month's allowance," said Hermione.

"Done with you!" shouted Captain Bell.

IV

HERMIONE, that strenuous nymph, was in the habit of rising early for a row in her little skiff, finishing up with a plunge. After that, bed again, where she devoured bacon and eggs, coffee, and perhaps kippers or haddock.

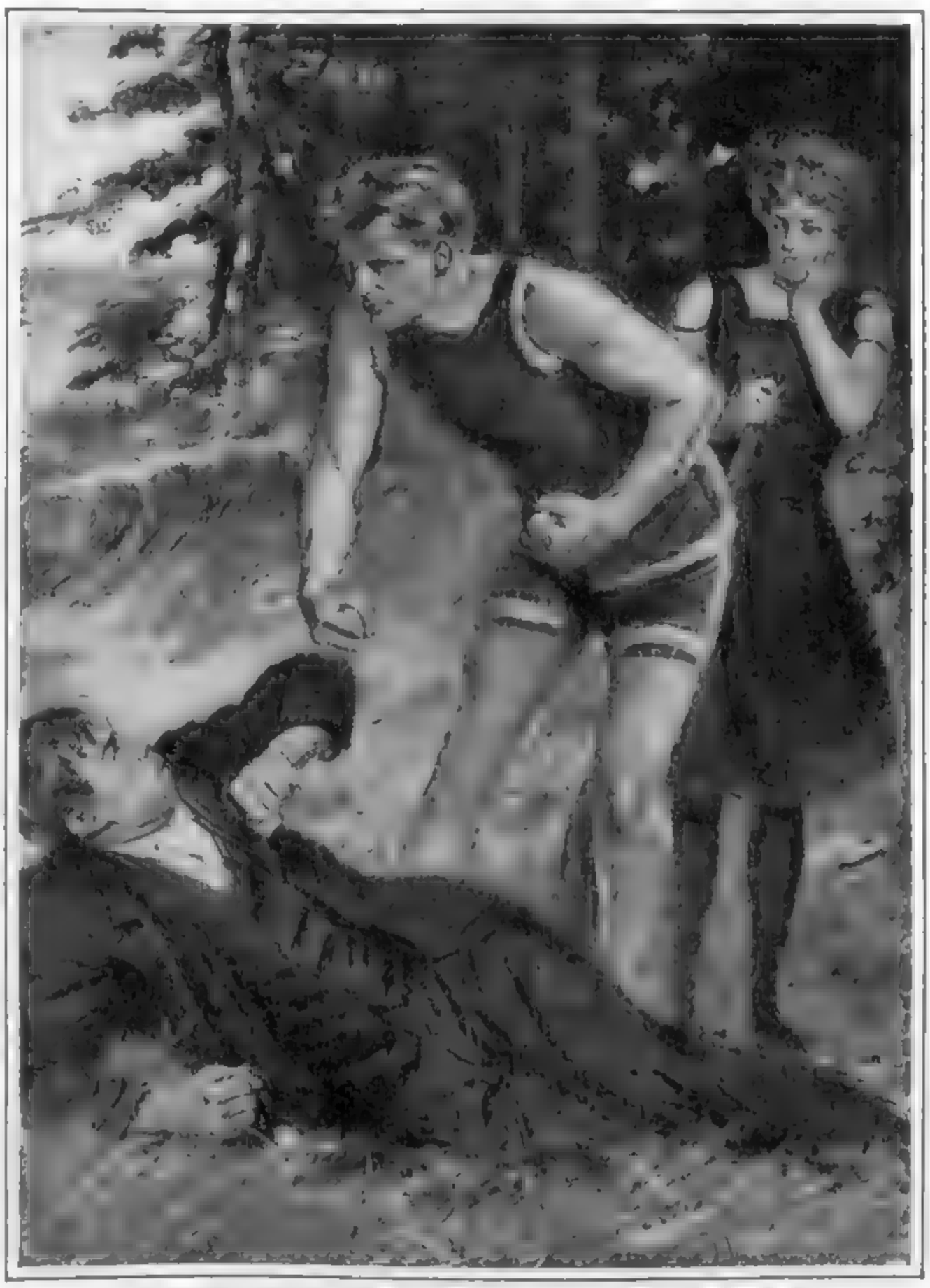
Sometimes Paula accompanied her, but never Cécile. This luxurious beauty had no taste for cold and sticky Maine seawater. She liked hers warm and fresh in a tub at about ten. As for Captain Bell, he never appeared on deck when in port until after *déjeuner*, which was served at twelve. None of the family got to bed before midnight, usually playing bridge until all hours. When there were no guests Hermione and Cécile always played against Paula and their father. This may have been the reason why the eldest and youngest sister were not particularly devoted chums

The morning after the dinner episode of the saltcellar, Hermione was up as usual at about six. For these matutinal excursions she always wore her bathing-suit, a simple but exceedingly becoming costume of cucumber green trimmed with maroon and an apology for a skirt that reached to a little above her pretty knees. Her hair was snugly coifed in a dark crimson kerchief, and taking her, as sailors say, full and by, Hermione was well worth getting up at sunrise to see. As a general thing ladies are not supposed to appear on the deck of a yacht before eight bells; but the Shark was more of a home than a yacht. Captain Heldstrom was always up, and Hermione was under his strict injunction never to go where she could not be sighted from the schooner.

Usually the girl contented herself with pulling about the harbor, taking her plunge alongside on her return. Sometimes, however, when lying in some wild and picturesque place, she would land on the beach to explore or perhaps have a try for snipe with her little sixteen-bore. Often she gathered wildflowers for the breakfast-table; and, taking it altogether, these early morning rambles were the best parts of Hermione's days.

On this particular occasion she decided for a stroll along the shore on the eastern side of the bay, and as the place looked like snipe she took her gun and a gamebag containing a few cartridges. As she went on deck the quartermaster told her that Captain Heldstrom had gone ashore on some business of the vessel, for Captain Bell had announced that the Shark was in for a couple of weeks of continually being under way, and it was generally understood that this was a sporting attempt to shake off the Pilot-fish. In fact, bets as to the success of the undertaking were already in process of registry.

Oleson helped her into her skiff and Hermione pulled away in the direction of the beach, reflecting naughtily to herself that since Heldstrom was ashore she might take advantage of that fact to have a look at the salt marsh on the other side of a strip of dwarf pines growing almost to the water's edge. The night before she had observed flocks of snipe and plover circling this marsh, also a bunch of curlew, and being a very good shot she did not see what was to prevent her from getting a few birds. True, the whole place was preserved by the Shoal Harbor Gun and Fish Club, of which her father was not a member, but to Hermione this fact merely added zest to her expedition.



There Was the Keeper Rolling Over and Over Grotesquely as a Shot Rabbit

Halfway to the beach she passed within about two hundred yards of the Daffodil, at which she looked curiously. Nobody was in sight and the dingey was hanging out astern.

"Lazy beast!" thought Hermione, with the contempt of the early riser for the sloths who are still in bed.

She fetched up at the beach, a good mile from the Shark, and leaped ashore, grapnel in one hand and her little double-barreled gun in the other. The tide was well out, and on reaching a point whence she could look over into the lagoon, with its encircling strip of marsh, Hermione saw several flocks of plover and big snipe weaving here and there like motes of dust eddying in the breeze, while their clear whistlings reached her, sharp and sweet in the morning air.

She passed quickly over the crest of the beach and hurried toward a point about a quarter of a mile distant, where the pine scrub grew down to skirt the sedge. As the tide was far out Hermione judged that in all probability the sedge was full of feeding birds, so she loaded her gun and started in to beat out the rim of the marsh.

Scarcely had she gone fifty feet when up sprang a big yellow-leg snipe, rising straight in the air as though propelled less by its wings than the spring from the long, powerful legs. He was not to be missed under the conditions. Hermione's gun flew to her shoulder, her quick eye glanced along the shining barrel, and making quite sure she fired. The very center of the charge found the unfortunate bird and down it dropped, straight as a plummet.

Another rose to the left. Hermione fired and missed. The two reports had aroused the marsh, however, and the air was filled with flying birds and was musical with their shrill, startled calls. A bunch of splendid golden plover, rising from the other side of the lagoon, started to circle the place, and Hermione, her breath coming quickly and her eyes like sapphires, drew back into the shelter of the pines. Straight toward her came the plover; then, within easy range, Hermione stepped suddenly from her blind and threw up her gun. The birds immediately bunched, as she knew they would, and for a moment appeared to pause undecided in their flight. Picking a plover in the center of the bunch Hermione fired, and as the flock swerved she fired again. It was a splendid opportunity, and for a moment Hermione held her breath at the results of her shot. Plover seemed literally to rain from the sky. Some were quite dead, others merely winged, and as they fell high up where the grass was short Hermione was very busy for a few moments, loading and beating about for the wounded.

One bird escaped into the tall grass. It seemed useless to look for him, so, with her gamebag bulging with the prizes already secured, Hermione decided that, since she had been making a good deal of a fusillade and the place was after all a preserve, it might be just as well modestly and hastily to withdraw. Also, to tell the truth, the sight of the beautiful dead birds, their glorious plumage stained and blood-soaked, rather sickened her. It was quite one thing to shoot at a flying bird and another to pursue him with relentless ferocity when a wounded fugitive upon the ground, finally to secure his mangled and bloody corpse. Hermione found herself suddenly disgusted with sport. The thought of the wounded little plover hiding in the sedge, perhaps dying slowly of its hurts, gave her a very uncomfortable sensation in her throat. For the instant she felt a hot desire to fling her gun into the marsh and hunt no more.

"I'm finished," she said aloud. "Hereafter I stick to the clay-pigeon trap on the Shark's quarter-deck. This is a nasty business."

Filled with remorse, she took one of the plovers from her gamebag and stood for a moment looking at it as it lay in her hand. The tears sprang suddenly to her eyes. Here was a little creature which a moment before had been so joyously full of life now a sad, blood-stained martyr to the lust of killing. Hermione stamped her sandaled foot.

"It's downright wicked!" she cried aloud.

"Yeah!" came a harsh, nasal voice from directly behind her; "it air daownright wicked—to shoot on posted graound."

Sadly startled, Hermione swung about and beheld a tall, bleak, forbidding figure, with a harsh Yankee face, quite lacking in the dry, semihumorous quality that is

(Continued on Page 61)

THE J'INER

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

Ole Reliable J'ines the Army, the Jail and the Cotton Pickers

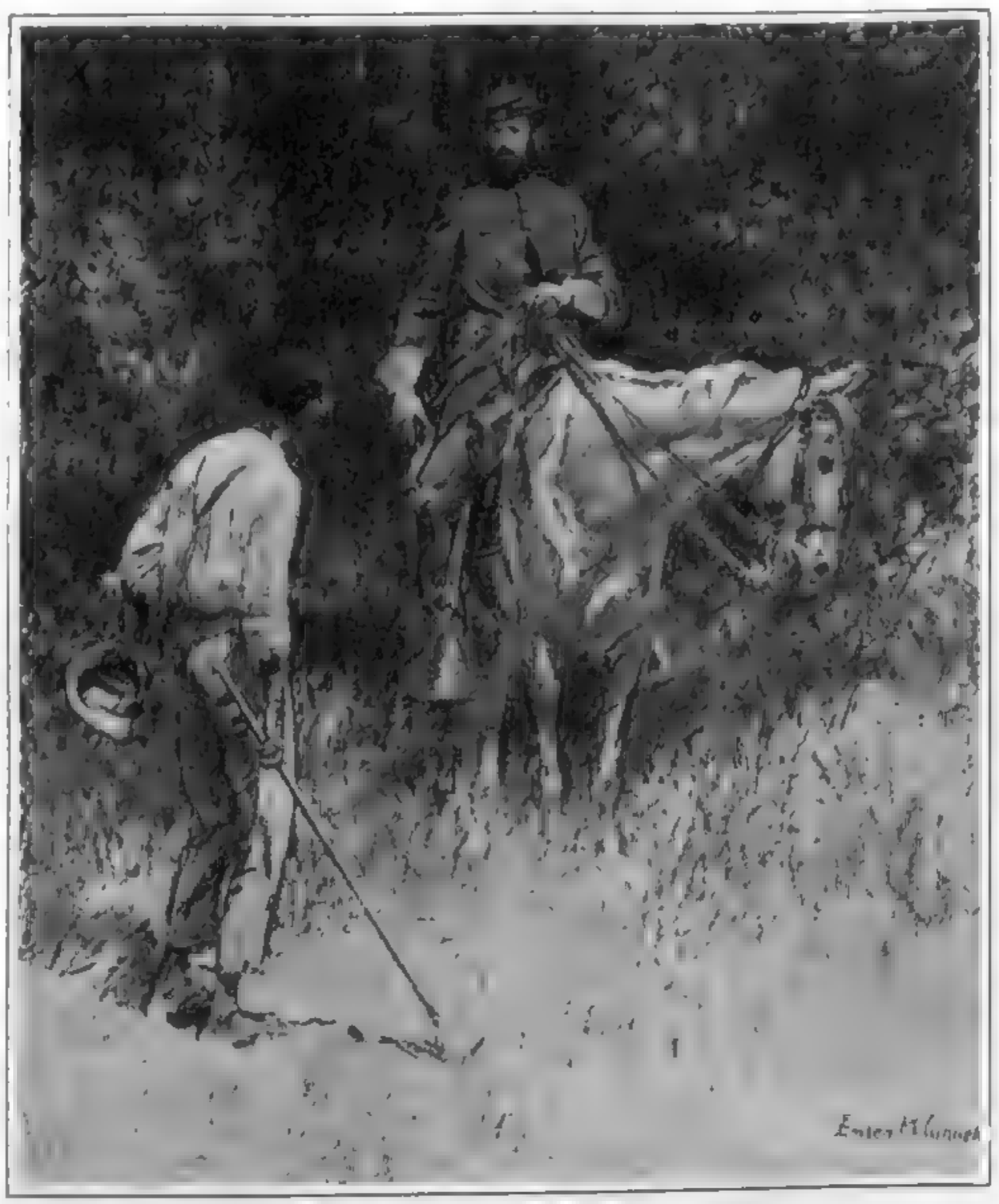
IT WAS a steamy, dusty day in Vicksburg; the sun glared through a frowning sky that promised a deluge; puffs of wind came fretfully, picked up the dust and spread it out again. Mules panted beneath their headshades, men's collars wilted, and flies stuck close. The stifled scream of a fife fought with the choking rattle of a snare-drum in a cloud of dust that moved slowly down Crawford Street.

"Huh! Gran' Army Republicans!" remarked a sweaty drayman; "'tain't no funeral, 'tain't nuthin'; jes turnin' out to be turnin' out."

Behind the dust-cloud marched a long column of negroes two by two—a wavering, straggling line of dusty blue. Most of the men were black, with gray dust on their faces and racing rivulets of sweat. From black they mitigated into assorted browns and yellows—with rivulets. Some leaned forward as they marched, some reared back; some wobbled both ways. They all wore some fractional part of a uniform—a cap, a coat, a belt with U. S. in the middle, or a sporadic pair of white gloves.

At the head of the procession trudged a lump of boys and men, negroes, and all the same color dust; human beings, en masse, with grimy individuals flitting around the edge. Behind this formless head writhed the ash-blue serpent.

Where men and dirt and noise were thickest a drummer and a fifer suffered proudly. Touching elbows with the fifer strode Ole Reliable, keeping step with the fife, then marking paces by the drum—which failed to agree.



"'Boy,' He Sez to Me, 'You Look Hongry.' 'I is,' Sez I"

It was a sad and happy moment; the parade had broken out unexpectedly. Ole Reliable couldn't find his gold-headed cane, but he kept his eyes on the musicians and tried to forget. He marched and choked and mopped his face. He was with the procession, but not of it; a rank outsider trailing among the rabble. Every step he took advertised the humiliating fact that he was not a member. He was not in it. He had no blue cap, no belt, no sword. Across his breast, like most of the others, he wore a string of badges—particularly a star-shaped affair suspended by red, white and blue ribbons.

When they wheeled into Washington Street their stumpy little commander emerged from the smoke of battle and drew his sword. "Line up, dere; goin' down Washington Street like a drove o' mules? Jim, can't you keep step no better'n dat?" This was the commander's day of glory—in private life he whitewashed fences.

Every head went up in the air; they stiffened and walked proudly.

Ole Reliable stopped; the lump passed him like a mud eddy circling around a boulder. Zack's lip curled at the commander with his glittering sword. "Huh! Ole baboon—takes dat sode fer a whitewash brush. Ef I couldn't do no better'n dat I'd quit." He stood at the edge of the sidewalk; two by two, two by two, they passed. Zack nodded familiarly and called them by name; those who were in it were not so punctilious. Some of them did not see him at all.

"Huh!" he grumbled; "bet d'ain't nary one of 'em got on any socks."

Ragtag and bobtail went by, and Ole Reliable brooded upon his hard luck. Why hadn't he joined the Lodge? 'Twarn't like a parade if he wasn't on a horse or in a carriage with a red collar or a shining axe. He stumbled to the edge of the curb.

"Corp'ral," remarked a voice at his elbow, "what make you drop out?"

Zack heard with his ears, but his mind did not register; heart and soul he followed the drum. Then some one touched him on the arm.

"Corp'ral, what for did you drop out?"

Zack turned. A slimmish, yellowish young negro with weakish eyes and glasses was blinking at him.

"What bizness is dat o' your'n, Joe Carey? I jes got tired; it's too hot, an'—an' 'sides dat, I ain't in dat peerade—not reg'lar."

"How come you never is j'ined? You belongs to everything else."

"I'm de Noble Gardeen o' Abraham, Ven'ble Warden o' Beersheba ——" Zack would have gone through the alphabetical list of his entitlements if Joe Carey hadn't pointed to that star-shaped badge. "What's that?"

"Dat's when de President come through. President's pickcher got lost out an' I put dat lady in his place."

"What's that other one?"

"Come outer yeast-powder can. Look here, Joe Carey, what you want wid me?"

Carey blinked toward the disappearing procession. "You oughter j'ine 'em."

Joe Carey spoke with authority, being Supreme Councilor of several benefit associations and Government pension claim agent besides.

Zack moved up close. "How does you j'ine? Dem niggers what's in it don't never ax nobody."

"Of course they don't; nobody can do that except the Field Secretary and"—he whispered clearly into Ole Reliable's ear—"Sh! he's at my office right now and wants to see you. Hold up; don't start off that way. Walk slow, like you wasn't goin' nowhere in particular—'bout half a block behin' me."

With this seductive word to the wise, Joe Carey sauntered along the street among a settling swarm of negroes who buzzed like bees reorganizing their hive. Ole Reliable followed cautiously, speaking to nobody, because he realized the necessity for secrecy in all matters pertaining to the Lodge.

They got beyond the "big-bug" stores, and came to those that Zack knew best—cheap negro shops, second-hand shoes, and the Hot Cat Eating House.

Joe Carey did not even pause to admire his new sign, painted underneath a pair of United States flags:

J. B. CAREY
Notary Public and Pension Agent

Being well known in this neighborhood Zack ducked through the doorway and scrambled up the stairs. It was a long, narrow hall, cobwebbed and innocent of dusting brush or broom. At the far end Zack saw a swingtailed coat disappear into Joe Carey's office. Immediately thereafter he poked his own face around the doorjamb, but not in time to hear Joe Carey say, "Got him all right; he's comin'."

Joe Carey hadn't had time to sit down; the comfortable man in the easy chair looked as if he would never have time to get up; but he did. Joe Carey presented Mr. Zack Foster to Secretary Grantley Swint.

Swint gave him the glad hand and lather-tongue. Zack took in the white vest, side whiskers and shoes that dust couldn't touch; the balance was just a brown-skinned negro. Even in that joyous moment Zack observed that the man's eyes were gray, with plenty of white at the corners. White-eyed horses will run away—and Zack generally mistrusted a white-eyed negro; but he forgot.

Grantley Swint had a benevolent way of sitting with fingers locked around his white rotundity, twiddling his thumbs and gazing over his spectacles. Zack had once seen a bishop—and the association of ideas made him forget those balky eyes.

A ponderous wink led Zack into the sanctum sanctorum of Swint's confidence. "My friend, we was speakin' 'bout you joinin' the Lodge. Our members is unanimous. You walk so straight and hol' yo' head so high dey say you'd look good for a commander. Course dey couldn't say nuthin' to you until I come along."

Zack pulled his coat together, stiffened himself and adjusted his badge. "Of co'se not; of co'se not. Dat's what spiles Lodge bizness; so many niggers meddlin' wid it. Gits all over town."

Grantley Swint pulled in his chin until the tiers of fat overlapped his collar, twiddled his thumbs and cleared his throat apologetically. "Mr. Carey, I hates to hurt yo' feelin's, but would you mind steppin' outside? Me an' this gent'man is 'bout to indulge in a civil conversation."

"Certainly, Mr. Sec'tary, certainly. I knows how that is—in a Lodge." He gathered up some papers and left the room. Swint did not speak again until the footsteps had nearly died away along the hall. "He's a nice young man; but we don't let young men come in our Lodge. Nuthin' but 'fluence men, settled men."

It tickled Zack mightily to see the officious Joe Carey sent out of his own office.

As he edged his chair closer, Swint remarked, "I don't like for everybody to know my bizness, do you?"

"I don't neither; niggers is got too much runnin' off o' de mouf."

"Some of 'em haven't. Comrades in this Lodge keeps their mouf shut. Now, let me explain: you know we pay a quarterly benefit of twenty-four dollars; outside people call that a pension."

"Pension!" Zack exclaimed. "Don't de Guv'ment pay dat?"

Swint lay back in his chair and laughed until the creases in his vest got out of shape. "'Scuse me, Mr. Foster; did you believe that? Honest?"

"I—I ain't cotch on yit—what you mean?"

"Everybody believes that the Guv'ment is payin' these comrades twenty-four dollars every three months."

"Ain't dey gittin' it?" Zack inquired anxiously.

"Sure they is! but the Grand Lodge paya 'em. More'n a million white comrades in it, an' dey is rich."

"Dat's all right," observed Zack; "hit don't signify whar de money comes from, pervidin' it comes."

The idea puzzled Ole Reliable. Swint gave it time to soak into his head. Presently the old man sighed and admitted: "Dem niggers sho did have me fooled. I saw 'em goin' to a commissioner, signin' a paper an' gittin' money from de bank. I thought co'se de Guv'ment war payin' 'em."

"Sure, you ain't nowise to blame. We don't tell a man until we done tuk him in. There, now! I tole you befo' you is 'nitiated. Ain't I a plum fool?" Swint rose and paced the floor; then he stopped and laid his hand upon Ole Reliable's shoulder, and continued:

"But you got a mouf that shuts like a jail door."

Zack froze that black face until his lips looked like a straight crack across the bottom of a stove-lid.

With some anxiety Swint proceeded: "Don't you want to join?"

"What is de dues?" Zack inquired.

"Dues? Dues? You make me laugh. We don't charge dues to a comrade who used to be a slave. Ex-slave law, you know."

"Oh!" Zack Foster's black face became luminous with comprehension. "Dat's de ex-slave law—I ain't never got de straight o' dat till now."

"That ex-slave provision gives our Lodge its biggest advantage." Swint twiddled his thumbs and waited.

"Sure I wants to j'ine."

Swint spread a lot of papers on the table and began in that sonorous voice that all the j'iners love: "It now becomes my official duty to propound personal questions concerning the candidate. Will you true and correct answers make?"

"Troof—de whole troof. Go ahead; I understan's dat."

"How old are you?"

"Don't know jes 'zactly. Ole Mus done tuk my age to St. Louey."

"How is that?" Swint gazed benevolently over his specs.

"Ole Miss writ all our ages down in a big book, same as de fambly; she tuk dat wid her when she moved."

Swint selected a paper that had a long list of names—negroes who had served in the Vicksburg campaign. Many of these names he had checked with blue pencil; some with red, indicating those who were drawing pensions—living, dead, missing. The important ones he had marked with a large cross—those who had never filed a claim. Among these were several whom he believed to have enlisted in the country below Vicksburg. He turned to Zack. "Where did you live during the war?"

"Down yonder, about fo' miles from Gatesville."

"Who did you belong to?"

"Ole Judge Warrenton Foster."

"Good!" Swint said to himself; "the Forty-sixth picked up recruits in that neighborhood."

With this as a starting point he drew his chair closer to Zack. "You remember when the soldiers came through?"

"He Done Kilt a Man"

"Sho do. Dey got in our smokehouse jes about daylight—whole bunch o' dam-yanks ——"

"What?"

"Dam-yanks—dat's how de Jedge allers spoke it."

"You mustn't say dam-yanks—say 'Union troops'—'our men'—'comrades.'"

"I didn't thought 'twuz no harm; kinder got my tongue sot dat way."

"Do you remember when the Union troops came by—the comrades?"

"Lordy, mister, 'members dat good an' well, same as yistiddy. Dam-yanks tuk everything we got—didn't leave us nuthin' to eat. I was standin' in de edge o' de new groun', an' one of 'em rid out o' de woods on a big white hoss. 'Boy,' he sez to me, 'you look hongry.' 'I is,' sez I. 'Come 'long wid me; take keer o' dis hoss, an' I'll feed you on de fat o' de lan'.' Dat's whar he got a nigger right brief."

Swint brightened up. "Do you remember that officer's name?"

"Naw, suh; but dere wuz annuder gent'man in dat company what dey called Grindstone."

Swint referred to his memoranda.

"You mean Lieutenant Ezekiel Girdlestone?"

"Yas, suh; yas, suh, dat's him—Gird'stone; tall, slim white man, wid red hair, an' talked funny."

Swint took from his pocket a paper, much soiled and creased, the honorable discharge of one Cæsar Bennett, who joined Company H, Forty-sixth U. S. C. T., near Port Gibson on April 28, 1863. He leaned forward and fastened his eye upon Ole Reliable, "Cæsar Bennett, your captain was Jeremiah Blodgett?"

"Dat's him, dat's him," Zack exclaimed; "he had long black whiskers."

"Comrade Bennett, you remember two of your officers distinctly?"

"Same as if 'twuz yistiddy."

"Your captain was Jeremiah Blodgett, and your first lieutenant was Ezekiel Girdlestone. Let me hear you say it."

Zack stumbled over the names until he could repeat them without a stagger, then Swint passed him on to the second lesson.

"After leaving Gatesville, which way did you and your comrades march?"

"Dey marched an' dey marched until dey got pretty nigh to Raymond; den one day I heerd dem skeery niggers talkin' 'bout our soldiers wuz right beyant de hill, an' dere was goin' to be a fight. I turned de Cap'n's hoss loose an' lit out fer home."

"Who do you mean by 'our' soldiers?"

"Jedge Foster's side; him an' his son wuz in de whole endurin' war. I was wid 'em 'cept dem few days."

Swint laid down his specs. "Look here, Bennett, don't say that again—say rebels, rebels, rebels. Let me hear you."

After Zack had learned his second lesson the teacher went on. "What was yo' name befo' the war?"

"Zack Foster, same as it is now."

"Lots of colored people changed their names."

"Swapped whenever dey got ready; sometimes when dey wuzn't ready—constable got behine 'em so hot."

"Do you know any Bennetts in that neighborhood?"

"Sho did—woods full o' Bennetts; an' dey had a whole raft o' niggers."

Swint fixed his scholar with a hypnotizing smile. "You remember how they used to call you Bennett? Now, think!"

Zack shook his head.

"Think again. You had a nickname, didn't you?"

"Sho did."

"Didn't some of the boys used to call you Bennett? Think real hard. You are a old hand gettin' into Lodges—just a Lodge name."

Zack thought. A flicker of light played around the dark frontiers of his face. Swint watched him eagerly and suggested, "You ought to remember that much for eight dollars a month?"

Then Zack illuminated. "Shucks, ef dat's what you mean, whyn't you say so? All dem neighborhood niggers used to call me Bennett. I allus passes a good zamination to j'ine a Lodge."

"The people called you Bennett, didn't they? Cæsar Bennett?"

"Who Bennett? Conversation ain't reached dat yit."

"Cæsar?"

"No, I warn't de Seizer; he is de constable what goes aroun' seizin' de niggers' mules an' crops in de fall when dey can't pay up. Dey calls him Seizer."

Swint got fretted. "I mean a nigger's name. They used to call you Cæsar Bennett." There was a threat in his voice.

(Continued on Page 65)

Touching Elbows With the Fifer Strode Ole Reliable

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1910

Mixing Up the Brakemen

WE IMAGINE that some railroad employees are in a confused state of mind nowadays. No doubt they have heard more or less about Socialism, which would persuade them that as wage-earners they constitute a particular class, having a special class interest; that as voters they should recognize this class interest, voting for whoever or whatever will promote it. On the other hand they have heard from Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft and many other eminent publicists that this appeal to a class interest is a wicked and noxious thing; that it is their duty to vote simply as American citizens, and that whosoever seeks to project class division into politics strikes at the base of our free institutions.

Having got the latter point firmly in mind, what must be their surprise at hearing eloquent appeals to class interest from their own employers! The president of a large system recently urged its wage-earners to "cast their votes solidly against those who stand for anti-railroad legislation." The obvious meaning is that as their wages depend upon railroad earnings, and those earnings depend upon an absence of anti-railroad legislation, they ought to forget the nonsense about voting simply as American citizens and come out solidly for whoever promises most to their own particular class.

Up to which point, of course, the railroad president and the Socialists are in hearty accord—although they differ as to how the employee should vote in order to promote his class interest. Meanwhile the employee may be trying to figure out why it is wicked for a Socialist to appeal to class interest, but not wicked for a railroad president.

An Example From Ireland

IN IRELAND also they have a railroad problem, and the Government, through a viceregal commission of well-qualified men, has been studying how to solve it. The Irish railroads like our own are owned privately, there being a number of separate companies in that blessed state of competitive independence that our Government thinks it so necessary to maintain. But the viceregal commissioners agree that this independence should be abolished and all the railroads amalgamated in one ownership. The majority report recommends that the Government purchase the roads for the purpose of consolidating them; while the minority urge that, by suitable legislation, or even by financial aid from the Government, the several companies be induced to effect a voluntary consolidation. If, says the minority report, at the end of three years the companies have failed to form a voluntary consolidation they should then be compelled to consolidate on terms to be fixed by arbitration.

In short, both reports make consolidation a prime requisite, so that all the roads shall be under one ownership. We have never advocated a law compelling railroads in this country to consolidate; but we have tried to point out the folly of the laws that seek—rather ineffectually—to prevent unity.

The National Game

THERE is a serious word to be said against baseball. It is a purely intellectual occupation, and what its patrons really need is bodily exercise. What the officemen, who are said to spend upon the game twenty million dollars a year and time enough to reach beyond the Pyramids, get out of it is the development of a critical faculty. An accomplished fan, for example, will tell you exactly what would have happened in the eighth inning if a certain right fielder hadn't made a wild throw to first base in the second inning; but he couldn't personally throw a tennis ball thirty feet and hit a barn. His sport develops an overdeveloped brain and leaves his muscles flaccid.

Cricket, for all our sneers, has the great advantage that grown men play it as a diversion; while nobody above the age of twenty plays baseball unless he is hired. One gets the air, to be sure; but one can do that by leaning out of the window. Every able-bodied man ought to play something or other, and not merely watch other people play. To experience the rare and unexpected joy of landing a golf ball somewhere in the vicinity of the point aimed at, or to lob a tennis ball in such a skillful manner that it will actually fall inside the court, is to put oneself in the only proper and deeply stimulating relationship with sport. There is something to be said for croquet, or mumble-the-peg, that cannot be said for the national game.

A Bit of Bank History

OUR first Government bank was the handiwork of Hamilton. Being the creation of the leader of the Federalists, the bank was naturally viewed with aversion by Jefferson and his followers, and they were in full control of Congress when the institution's charter expired in 1811. Leading business interests of the country wished the charter renewed, and Gallatin, Jefferson's able Secretary of the Treasury, warmly advocated renewal. Political opposition was bitter, yet the bill to renew the charter was lost in the House only by a vote of 65 to 64, and in the Senate the vote was 17 to 17. Vice-President Clinton, an enemy of Gallatin, settled the bank's fate by casting his vote against it. By that narrow margin was one of the best of Hamilton's financial works destroyed, and the country started on a wrong track.

At that time the amount of banknotes in circulation was twenty-eight million dollars, against which there was a specie reserve of fifteen and a half millions. The Government bank's downfall was followed by a rapid spawning of state banks. Five years later the amount of banknotes in circulation had risen to sixty-eight millions, while the specie reserve had increased only to nineteen millions. Naturally, specie payments had been suspended and trade much demoralized—which Gallatin said would never have happened if the Government bank had continued.

Opposition to the bank was merely political. The narrow vote in Congress indicates that no great weight of public opinion lay behind it. And it cost the country dear.

Insurgency in California

VERY possibly California contains more people who are actually interested in the maintenance of a protective tariff than any other state in the Union. The Steel Trust, Woolen Trust, Sugar Trust and cotton mills of the East have, of course, a larger stake in the system; but the actual interest lies wholly with their stockholders. The workmen get no benefit from protection. Neither do the farmers of Indiana, Iowa and Kansas. But lemons, by the hundred million pounds, are imported into this country in direct competition with thousands of California lemon growers. The state's raisins and oranges, in the culture of which thousands are engaged, are protected against foreign competition. California is second only to Colorado in production of beet sugar, also protected. Thus the voters who have a tangible stake in protection are many, and it was on California's motion that the lemon duty was raised fifty per cent by the Payne-Aldrich law.

This is what makes the insurgent victory at the California primaries so significant. The Coast growers got more protection for their lemons; but the railroads promptly absorbed it by raising freight rates. The duty on refined sugar was practically unchanged, but with substantially the same protection on refined sugar the trust now gets billions of pounds of raw sugar duty-free from Cuba and the Philippines. There is protection on the raisins that California produces; also heavy protection on the steel, wool and cotton that she consumes. In short, sizing it all up California finds herself getting the worst of the bargain—which ought to be instructive to those communities, comprising the greater part of this country, for which the new tariff is all debit and no credit.

Future of the Supreme Court

MR. TAFT may be the first President since Washington to name a majority of the Supreme Court, and it is commonly said that this office will be of more farreaching importance than any other he is likely to be called upon to perform. Probably this common view is mistaken, because the importance of the court itself will diminish.

What gives the court its tremendous importance today is its plenary power of life or death over legislation, and the court derives this power merely by sufferance, or by its own unchallenged assumption. Whether it should have any power to annul acts of Congress was debated in the Constitutional Convention, but left open. Gouverneur Morris, who thought the court should have this power, drew the final draft of the Constitution. Writing about it to Timothy Pickering he said:

"I believed it to be as clear as our language would permit, excepting, nevertheless, a part of what relates to the judiciary. On that subject conflicting opinions had been maintained with so much professional astuteness that it became necessary to select phrases which, expressing my own notions, would not alarm others nor shock their self-love."

Hamilton, urging voters to adopt the Constitution, said the court should have power "to declare all acts contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution void"; and to illustrate the sort of acts he meant he mentioned bills of attainder and *ex post facto* laws—both specifically prohibited by the Constitution.

But, of course, Congress never does enact a law contrary to the manifest tenor of the Constitution—such as a bill of attainder or an *ex post facto* law. The court now attempts to pass upon all sorts of laws on the ground of their general expediency, thereby assuming a vast and essentially legislative task which, very likely, will finally prove beyond its strength. The stop-gap decision in the "commodity clause" case and the long delay in the trust cases suggest that the burden assumed by the court is already becoming too great.

The Trail of the Serpent

NOW that vacations are about over consider for a moment the other side. Hiram Johnson is receiving teller in a city bank on eighteen hundred a year. Genial days in May he sees the higher officers depart about four o'clock in automobiles, bound for the golf links, while he pegs away until five-thirty and then jolts home in a packed trolley car. Early in June the president repairs to his beautiful country estate. A fortnight later the vice-president and family sail for Europe. Then the cashier goes to the seashore for a month. It makes Hiram sore.

But in July comes his two weeks' vacation. He goes to the country, not far away, because it's cheap. Lying under a tree he watches the farm folk pitch hay—and never dreams of the invidious comparisons that arise under those ten-cent straw hats. His children sleep until all hours of the morning, causing the farm children to speculate poignantly upon the joys of slumbering by daylight. Their pockets are always provided with that rare talisman, a nickel. The regular price of a rig is a dollar and a half, but Hiram doesn't care a rap if the liveryman charges him a dollar seventy-five—thereby subtly undermining the neighborhood's livery-keeping morals. Mrs. Johnson and the girls innocently mention social diversions of the city. In the rural imagination Hiram figures very much as the president figures in Hiram's imagination.

This is no fanciful picture. We know a country district that has been so corrupted by summer visitors from the city that the hired girls scarcely expect any longer to eat with the family, and the leading seamstress is even now fabricating four hobble skirts—one of them for Aunt Matilda Robinson, age fifty-six; height five feet three inches; weight two hundred and ten pounds.

Economy and Children

TWO men, aged forty-five, visited a large bond house on the same day. One arrived in a six-thousand-dollar automobile, driven by a hundred-dollar-a-month chauffeur. His purpose was to sell fifty thousand dollars of choice bonds, being part of a plump but dwindling bundle inherited from his father. The second man came down in the five-cent subway and arrived on foot. His purpose was to buy fifty thousand dollars of choice bonds with money he had made, having inherited nothing but a sound constitution and habits of thrift. Probably the first man will die broke and the second will die rich.

But the second man's son is beginning his sophomore year in college on an allowance of twelve hundred dollars. In view of his freshman record his fond parents hope rather than believe that he will manage to live approximately within his income. Of course they want the boy to have all the reasonable advantages of money that they themselves were denied; want him to form pleasant acquaintances among boys who will lead the same sort of prosperous, comfortable life he is expected to lead. They want the money to enrich, ornament and refine his existence in every rational way. What else is it good for?

Looking forward thirty years we see the son of the second man arriving at the bond house in a six-thousand-dollar automobile driven by a hundred-dollar-a-month chauffeur for the purpose of selling fifty thousand dollars of choice, inherited bonds, while the son of the first man, having begun life fairly with only his own hands and brains, walks over from the subway to purchase said bonds.

The moral is: Avoid extravagance, but don't let your children.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Harding's Bonnet and the Bee in It

SHOULD a cub reporter wear a plug hat? That, it may seem to some, is a purely professional question, a shop inquiry; but it isn't. It is a broad, general demand for knowledge. For, as is well known, one of the things every able-bodied American citizen knows more about than the editors themselves is the running of a newspaper, just as every defective who has made a failure of the ministry or the law or insurance or real estate or stevedoring or carpentry thinks he is ordained to write—and every female too.

Therefore: Should a cub reporter wear a plug hat? And, if he does wear a plug hat, is it a just and reasonable cause for dismissal? Is it proper for the editor to fire him for this exhibition of headgear? Let us examine into this problem. Let us put the cold light of logic, the icy test of reason, on it, first establishing the casus belli by stating that, away back yonder in 1884, Warren G. Harding, the present Republican candidate for governor in Ohio, was thrown bodily out of the Marion Warrior office for this very offense, the Marion Warrior being a Democratic paper and the hat being one of the famous Blaine bonnets of those days, high, gray or brown as the case may have been, and containing the picture of the Plumed Knight neatly pasted in the crown.

It was this way: Reared on a farm, young Harding—he was then less than twenty—had tried schoolteaching, had made a journalistic venture of his own and had come to be the local of the Marion Warrior at seven dollars per, with duties that consisted of all sorts of journalistic endeavor, from writing editorial articles attacking Blaine to finding who had gone to the city on the morning train. Always intense, young Harding was intensely for Blaine. It girded him to write pithy pieces asserting that Mr. Blaine, so far from being the absolute materials in a Plumed Knight, was a villain and a traitor to the state; and one bright day he took one-twenty-five of his seven per and bought a Blaine plug hat. They were all the rage in those days. Everybody wore them. Young Harding paraded proudly into the office, nor did he remove the bonnet when he confronted his editor. Instantly there was an explosion. The editor blew up like a bottle of pop. "What!" he shouted. "What is that thing you have on your head?"

"'Tis the proud badge of me allegiance to that noble countenance, James G. Blaine—Blaine—Blaine—James G. Blaine," announced young Harding, forming a hollow square after the manner of the marching clubs of those days when politics was politics and no man was ashamed to sprinkle himself with badges or don a white plug hat for the party's sake. Moreover, even at that early date he was some spellbinder, was this high-hatted reporter.

"Get out!" screamed the editor. "Get out! You're fired. It is bad enough to have a viper like you within this sanctum who raises his voice against Grover Cleveland"—he was excited, that editor, as you can plainly see—"but to have a snake in the grass come in flaunting that badge of dishonor is too much. You're fired!"

Was the Editor Justified?

THIS, then, brings us back to the opening interrogatory: Should a cub reporter wear a plug hat? Ever since that occasion Harding has claimed, on many a stump and on many a rostrum, and now and then in his own paper, that his separation on this occasion from his seven per was no less than heinous political persecution, the slaughter of a man for his principles as proudly displayed to the world through the medium of his plug hat; but there is another side to it. We all know a cub reporter looks like thunder in a plug hat, and it might hurt the circulation of the paper if he clung to it. The editor had his reasons. Still, it may be Harding had no other hat. There is much to be said pro and con, and much has been said, a little pro and largely con, and we leave it to the conscientious study of our readers, merely remarking in passing that thus a great man began that brilliant career that culminated, a time ago, when George B. Cox rose in his seat and remarked, "Hamilton County casts ninety-one votes for Warren G. Harding," and Theodore Burton immediately turned forty-seven flipflops of surprise and chagrin.

Still, you cannot keep a youth down who will wear a Republican plug hat when writing Democratic editorials. Presently young Harding had a newspaper of his own in Marion, Ohio, and he has it yet. Then, having attained this proud eminence, he could wear any kind of hat he chose, and he specialized on felt ones as closer to the common people. He became a state senator in 1900, having previously established a reputation as an orator who could twist 'em off concerning the golden sun that was rising over the azure wavelets of Lake Erie and silvering the turgid waters of the O-hi-o—the same being the sun of Republican success—with any of the local spellbinders. He helped Nicholas Longworth and Wade Ellis construct a new municipal code. They applied their intellects and he put in what Mark Hanna wanted, which was considerable, if a cub reporter wearing a plug hat should ask you.

Meantime Harding had affiliated with Foraker. He was for the Fire Alarm first, last and all the time. Hence, in 1903, with the aid of Foraker Harding was elected lieutenant-governor on the ticket with Myron T. Herrick. In 1905 it seemed equally for Herrick, and Harding put on his old gray bonnet and, aided by Foraker, decided to try for governor himself.

That didn't last very long. Foraker, instead of being a fire alarm for Harding, became a still alarm, having a severe attack of cold feet at the crucial moment, superinduced by some few frosty words spoken in Herrick's behalf by the said G. Cox and the frigid M. Hanna. This left Harding out on an ice floe, for he couldn't run for his old job—lieutenant-governor—after making this mad dash for the gubernatorial Pole.

During all the vicissitudes of the next three years his heart beat true for Foraker, and in 1908, in the dark of the moon, a gathering of Harding and some hundred and odd more Foraker folks met, being the so-called Executive Committee of the State League of Republican Clubs, and disturbed the early evening calm of Columbus by nominating J. B. Foraker for President as against Ohio's other favorite son, William Howard Taft. Harding made the nominating speech, and it was a Dolliverino. Not so long afterward Harding saw the error of his ways and came out for Taft. Whom the hundred-odd who were with him at Columbus came out for history does not record. That they went out for Harding goes without saying.

This time Harding started out to be a candidate for governor months before the convention. He went to Columbus with some delegates. Then the mixup came, and when it was over Harding was nominated—by Cox. And there is a touch of sentiment in that too. In 1904, when they were nominating the delegates-at-large for Ohio for the Roosevelt national convention, Mr. Harding strayed up to the platform during a lull and pronounced a eulogy on George B. Cox that made that cold and stolid man shed tears in full sight of the audience. Mayhap Cox thought of that when he threw his votes to Harding. Mayhap he did. Cox being a sentimental and romantic person. Mayhap, also, he thought of landing with hobnailed shoes on the revered features of Theodore Burton. Ods-knickknack! it may be so.

However, Harding will make a hard fight to defeat Harmon, and he is a good campaigner. He has a wide reputation as an orator, and particularly a political orator, although he lectures in the lyceums some. He is a young man—only forty-five, earnest, able and clean. His paper at Marion is very successful, and he is as forceful as a writer as he is as a talker. He is popular throughout the state and has had a wide experience in politics. A good deal of a man is Harding, and he came up through his own ability and his own endeavors.

A partisan? Indeed, yes. Witness the time he wore the Blaine bonnet when he was working on a violent Democratic paper. That, I take it, shows a devotion to principle the voters of Ohio must not forget. If he has it yet—he undoubtedly has it yet—he should put it on and wear it during his campaign. So should his followers. A parade headed by W. H. Taft, J. B. Foraker, James Rudolph Garfield, Theodore Burton and George B. Cox, each wearing a Harding hat, would be worth going miles to see.

A Partisan? Indeed, Yes

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Elusive Uncle

A SEEDY stranger dropped into the Washington office of the New York Sun one cold night last winter and asked for Jerry Matthews, one of the Sun's men. When Matthews came in the seedy stranger greeted him effusively. He was much tickled. Matthews was not so enthusiastic. He recognized the man as a Chicago acquaintance who owed him various sums. There was some conversation and the usual tale of hard luck, and then came the borrow. The stranger wanted Matthews to help him out with a small sum. Matthews looked in his pockets and found a dollar bill and a quarter. He gave the man the dollar.

"Can't you spare that quarter too?" asked the visitor. "I need just that much more."

Matthews gave him the quarter. There was more conversation, a rehearsal of the hard-luck story again, and then the visitor rose to go.

"I'll be all right when I reach Richmond," he said, "and I'll send this back to you immediately. Just as soon as I see my Uncle Charley I'll be in funds."

"Who is your Uncle Charley?" asked Matthews.

"Uncle Charley? Why, Charles O'Ferrell, you know. He was once governor of Virginia and served in Congress for several terms. Goodby. I'll send this back as soon as I see Uncle Charley."

"Well," said Matthews, "I wish you the best of luck, but I don't think you'll find Uncle Charley in Richmond."

"Why not?" protested the stranger. "Of course I will."

"No," said Matthews. "He's been dead six years."

A Bald Answer

A MERRY automobile party, touring out from Denver, went by a camp where several consumptives were living out-of-doors, trying to regain their health.

The machine was stopped and the tourists went over to the camp to cheer up the sick people if they could.

A thin little old man, perfectly bald, was sitting in the sunlight, wrapped in a heavy overcoat and gazing steadily at the mountains beyond.

"Well, old chap," said a tactless member of the visiting party, "I suppose you are up here for your lungs."

"No," replied the bald old man without removing his gaze from the mountains; "I am up here for dandruff."

The Hall of Fame

¶ B. F. Keith, the theatrical man, started with a circus.

¶ Russell Harrison, son of former President Benjamin Harrison, is vice-consul for Mexico in Indiana.

¶ Robert W. Chambers, the author, was born in Brooklyn and used to draw pictures for the illustrated weeklies.

¶ Abe Erlanger, the theatrical manager, plays handball to keep in trim. But he doesn't get any trimmer, although sometimes trimmed.

¶ George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, wrote a trunkful of books while he was working on Indiana newspapers before he put one over.

¶ If any brash person should say that Colonel Roosevelt weighs more than two hundred pounds the Colonel wouldn't have the nerve to put him in the Ananias Club.

Convincing Facts

"OH, I never use condensed Soup!" said a lady to her grocer not long ago, when he recommended Campbell's Tomato Soup.

"And beside," she added, "how can it possibly be as good as you say it is *at that price?*"

Did the grocer argue the point?

No. He simply stated two or three convincing facts. And now that skeptical lady is one of his best customers for

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

"My most particular trade buy this soup right along," he said. "And they all say it is fine. You can prepare it in three minutes, with no bother whatever. And if you are not entirely satisfied with it I will not charge you a cent for it. The Campbell Company pays me the full retail price; no matter how many cans you try."

Those are the facts stated by this wise grocer. And, if you are missing the enjoyment and satisfaction of using this pure, wholesome, palatable soup—because of any doubts about its quality, we recommend the same facts to *you*.

They apply to all Campbell's Soups.

Could any argument be more convincing?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

You'll find Campbell's Menu Book a helpful companion.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

I love each pet
I left behind.
But better yet
Each *Campbell's*
"Kind."

THE PEER'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 5)

"I do love the country best, and—and everything connected with it." He looked at her intently, but she could hardly be expected to follow the train of reasoning and sat with her eyes before her, gazing into the shadows. "I'll tell Uncle Waterbury I'm hanged if I'm goin' to do what he's pleased to call my duty!"

But again she protested.

"But if he thinks it your duty! And it may actually be your duty. Very likely it is—and if it is you mustn't shirk it, Bertie. I won't hear of that—if you really insist on having my opinion."

He meditated for a minute and then put his hand in his pocket. With his air of gay recklessness returned more recklessly gay than ever, he said:

"I don't believe in these philosopher fellows who keep hesitatin' about things. Let's toss for it?"

"Oh, Bertie, you absurd ——" she began, but a half-sovereign glittered in the moonlight and clinked on the gravel path.

"Heads, I turn serious," he said, and picked it up. "Heads it is," he added. "Hullo! I hear the band; this is our waltz too. Come on and dance it, and then we'll come out here again and talk about something more amusing."

She shook her head, with a smile.

In Lord Fotheringay's character there were not many legacies from his maternal ancestry, but a trait of prompt thoroughness was surely inherited from the Twenty-mans. The next day Sir Waterbury received this brief note, written in the small hours of that same morning:

"*Dear Uncle:* Right you are. I've just hauled Jenkins out of bed and sacked him—said he smelt of drink, which was quite true. Send along the other fellow as soon as you like. I'll do an hour's serious thinking in bed if I can keep awake. The betting is fifty to nothing against, but it shows you I'm in earnest.

"Your affec. nephew,
"FOTHERINGAY."

II—THE SAPPHIRE PENDANT

"STOP, cabman!" shouted Sir Waterbury.

The cab drew sharply up beside the pavement of St. James Street, just opposite an elegant figure in gleaming hat and boots, buff waistcoat and immaculate trousers, striding fast toward Piccadilly.

"Herbert!" cried the alderman.

Lord Fotheringay stopped.

"Hullo, Uncle!" he said; "comin' to see me?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's all right; you go on and wait for me; I'll be back in a quarter of an hour. Grimes will entertain you."

"Where are you going?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, just to buy something. I say, I think you've found me rather a ripper. Much obliged to you."

"You mean Grimes?"

"Yes; capital fellow. Look at this hat; as good as a mirror any day. I'm goin' to use it for shaving. Must hurry on now—see you again in five minutes."

Sir Waterbury went on to the flat. This time the door was opened by what might almost have been his lordship himself—so superior was his appearance, so polished and gracious his manners. He was a man of an indefinite age, probably between thirty-five and forty; clean shaved and blue chinned; with smooth, dark hair, a singularly intelligent eye, and a straight, tight-shut mouth. He followed Sir Waterbury into his nephew's sanctum.

"Well, Grimes," said his patron, "I met Lord Fotheringay in St. James Street, and I am glad to hear that so far you give him satisfaction."

"It is entirely mutual, I assure you," replied Mr. Grimes graciously. "I find his lordship remarkably pleasant company."

"You think him intelligent, I hope, Grimes?"

"Quite averagely, Sir Waterbury—for a nobleman. He has very little to unlearn; that is the great thing."

Sir Waterbury eyed this superior person with an expression between deference and suspicion. He threw out his chest impressively and said:

"I hope I can trust you, Grimes, to make—ah—a good job of my nephew."

Mr. Grimes looked slightly bored.

"Implicitly, I assure you. You really need not trouble any further about him."

Sir Waterbury's impressiveness deepened.

"Under ordinary circumstances I naturally should not dream of intrusting his lordship's—ah—er ——"

"Education," suggested Mr. Grimes.

"Well, in a sense. The precise word I want escapes me for the moment."

"The correct word, sir, is the one I mentioned," said Grimes, examining his nails.

"Well, well, in any case I should not have intrusted it to a person in your position had it not been for the really remarkable—the positively astonishing—results you achieved with the poor Duke of Durwent. His Grace was practically an imbecile before you entered his service."

Mr. Grimes smiled.

"His Grace remained an imbecile. I merely palmed him off as a literary critic—an obvious enough idea."

Sir Waterbury looked severe. "Ah, you did, did you? Well, that kind of piffle might do for him. No one takes a duke seriously. But I want my nephew to be something solider—something more British."

Grimes regarded him with an air of infinite compassion. He inquired:

"May I ask whether you have ever read Lord Chesterfield's Letters, the works of Mr. Wilde, and the instructive dramas of Mr. Bernard Shaw, from cover to cover?"

"Me? I—ah—have had no time."

"I have made time," said Grimes quietly. "Eton and Oxford may give one a smattering, but I have studied my subject. Believe me, I propose to turn out his lordship on a very high-class model."

"Ah!" said the alderman, breathing heavily; "and what model, may I ask, do you suggest?"

The superior personage revealed by the gleam of his eye that the conversation had at last begun to interest him.

"That requires some consideration, Sir Waterbury. One might aim at something in the Sir Philip Sidney or Walter Raleigh line, if the material was good enough. A revival of the educated gentleman with emotional tendencies might be very effective at the present time. We have the emotions in a crude form among Welshmen and others, and we still have a few specimens of the educated gentleman. A blend should prove very palatable; but one can hardly picture Lord Fotheringay composing passionate sonnets, say, on the Suffrage question, can one, sir? Ha, ha!"

Sir Waterbury was exceedingly scandalized.

"Grimes!" he said sternly, "this is not respectful."

"Respect must occasionally be ameliorated by intelligence. I think you will admit that, Sir Waterbury."

Sir Waterbury felt himself incapable of comment.

"Another line would be the intellectually austere," continued Grimes, warming to his subject, "a kind of Lord Granville Galsworthy—very *chic* for a young nobleman; and really not at all a difficult rôle. One only needs a natural tendency to fear the worst and a knack of drawing morals from Blue Books. I could manage the thing very creditably myself had I been born on the other side of the blanket, as it were. I only mention it to you in confidence, Sir Waterbury, but my arms are really an admirable specimen of early fourteenth-century heraldry. The bend sinister rather adds piquancy than otherwise, I think."

"You mean ——" gasped the alderman.

"Strictly between ourselves, sir. But to resume: I fear his lordship's taste for sport would stand in the way of his taking this line. Altruism and nitro powders scarcely seem to mix, sir; do they?"

"N-n-no," stammered his patron.

"That being so, I think, on the whole, from what I have seen of his lordship so far, that something between their late Majesties, Charles II and George IV—only brought up to date, of course—would suit him best. A very ripping and tasty notion, I think. What do you say yourself, sir?"

"I—I say that—er—all this sounds most—ah ——"

"Oh, by the way, sir," interrupted Grimes without apology, but with perfect courtesy, "there is one question I wanted

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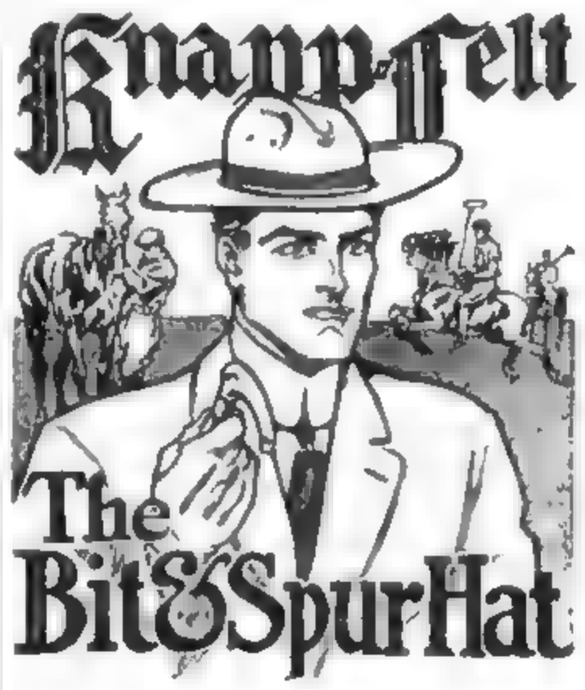

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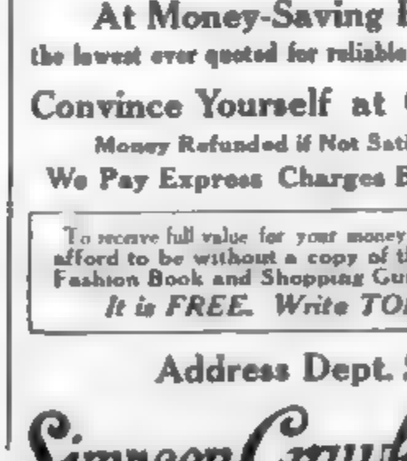

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to ask you. Who is Miss Nancy Wimberley? She is not in the Peerage, I find."

"Miss Wimberley? She is his lordship's cousin."

"First cousin?"

"Second."

"Ah, I don't believe in first cousins marrying, even among the aristocracy. I have known of several very bad results—his Grace of Durwent was one. But otherwise, sir, is she—desirable?"

"You mean as my nephew's wife?"

"You take me, sir, precisely."

"But—ah—why should you suspect anything of the kind?"

"His lordship is at present purchasing some trinket for the lady, and he is then going to see her off at Euston. Two and two still make four, sir."

"He told you all this, did he, eh?"

"His lordship is, fortunately, of a most confiding disposition. He is even capable of blushing."

Sir Waterbury looked exceedingly grave.

"She is not desirable, Grimes," he pronounced. "She has no money, no position, no anything. I admit she comes of a very good family, but that's not enough, eh?"

Grimes shook his head emphatically.

"We can most of us claim a bit of blood, sir; but what's blood without the ready? In fact, to put it quite plainly, I really could not undertake to remain in his lordship's service if he did anything so fatal—literally, sir, I could not. A sentimental marriage can only end in one of two things—domesticity or divorce, and one has no guaranty it will be divorce in this case. No, I could not risk it; we should have to part."

Sir Waterbury frowned at him intently. His sagacious mind was riveted upon the immediately essential fact.

"You say he is going to meet her this afternoon?"

Mr. Grimes shed him one of his rare smiles

"He was; but I think we can probably obviate that. If you will kindly leave him to me, sir——"

He stopped abruptly and became on the instant the very incarnation of a mute, well-disciplined man-servant as his master strode cheerily in.

"Sorry for keeping you waitin' so long, Uncle, but jewelers' shops are such deuced difficult places to get out of."

"Ah," said his uncle, "you have been at a jeweler's, have you?"

"Ask no more questions!" laughed Bertie. "It's a lady's secret."

He exchanged a glance of intelligent comprehension with Grimes. Immediately afterward a similar glance passed between that superior being and Sir Waterbury. The new valet then silently moved toward the door.

"What suit will you wear, my lord?" he inquired.

Lord Fotheringay seemed surprised.

"Why not go as I am?"

His valet looked at him reproachfully.

"To Euston, my lord, in a morning coat and silk hat? It is beyond the confines even of the Tottenham Court Road. But, of course, just as your lordship pleases."

"By gad, you think I ought to get into tweeds, even drivin' there in a cab?"

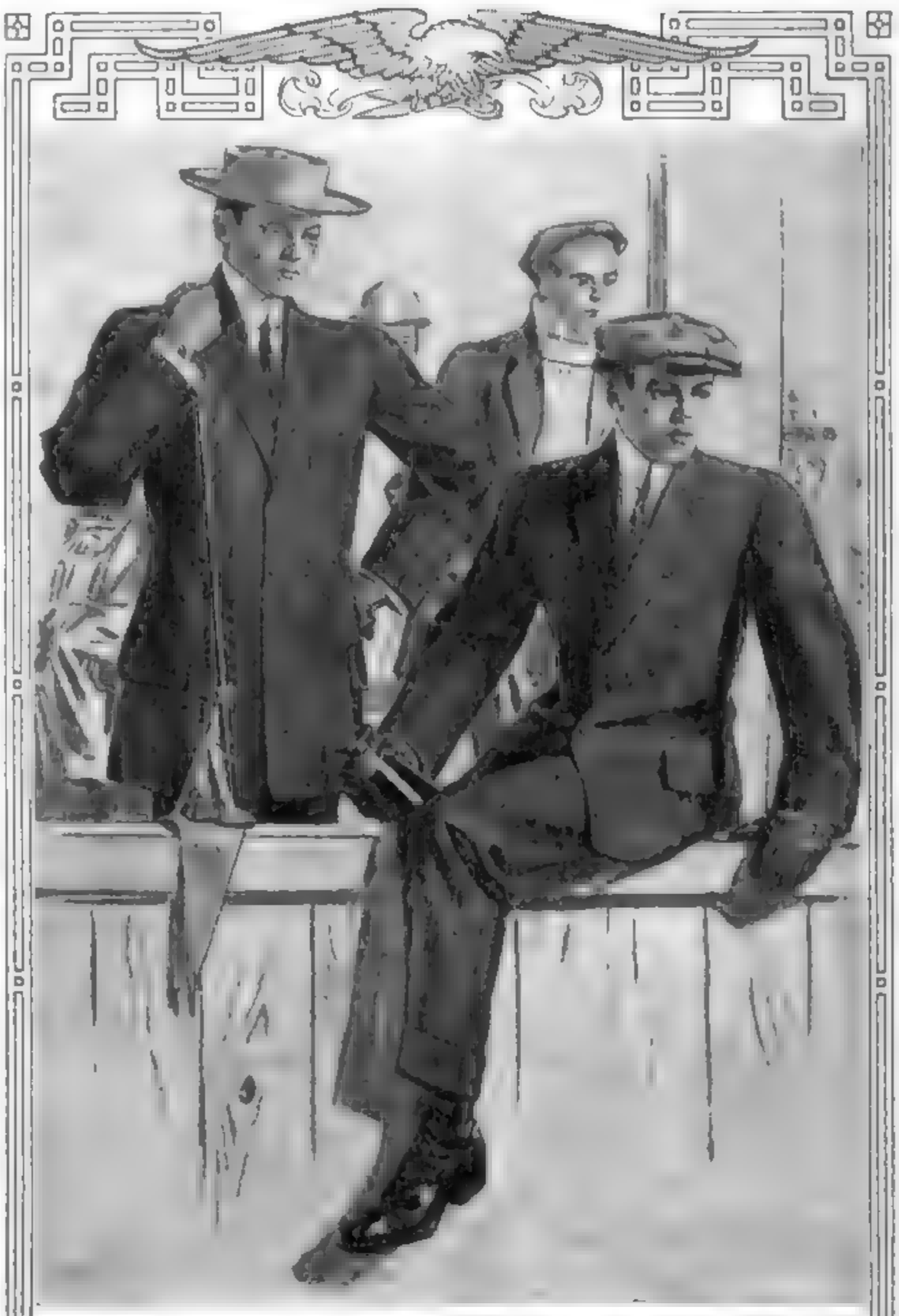
"Your lordship can hardly remain in a cab on the platform, and only royalty can afford to be seen dressed at a terminus. Your lordship would certainly be suspected of some connection with the city. Marylebone is so unfrequented that it might be risked, but certainly nowhere else. Besides, my lord, in the northwest purlieus you are out of your milieu. An affectation of incognito is essential. Your signet ring, for instance, should be concealed by a glove. People should divine that you are a person of distinction, but there should be no clew as to your identity. His Grace of Durwent even went the length of entering St. James Park underground station in mufti. That was, perhaps, an excess of refinement, but Euston leaves you with no alternative."

"Hang it," said his lordship, "then I'll have to hurry up. I'm very sorry, Uncle: did you want to see me about anything in particular?"

Again Sir Waterbury exchanged a glance with Mr. Grimes.

"No," he answered; "there's nothing else today."

He departed, and Lord Fotheringay went to his bedroom. He found his valet there before him, and immediately over Grimes' shoulder his eye fell upon a charming little silver clock that stood on the mantelpiece.



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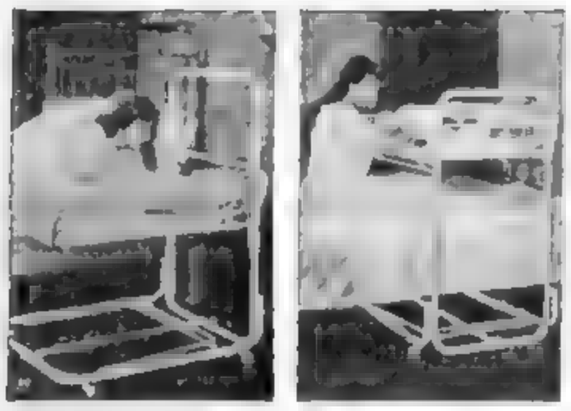

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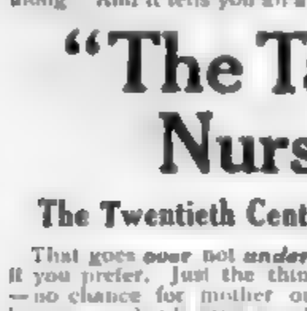

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"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "is that clock right?"

The waistcoat he was wearing was so delicate a creation that his tailor had strictly forbidden the carrying of anything heavier than a toothpick in the pockets; but the question was hardly off his lips before Grimes had taken out his own watch and answered:

"I make it exactly right."

"Good business," said his master; "I've loads of time, then. Funny thing, I thought it was a lot later than this."

Grimes smiled agreeably.

"Did you make a satisfactory purchase, my lord?" he inquired.

My lord forgot his odd miscalculation.

"What do you think of this, Grimes?" he asked.

It was a remarkably chaste diamond-and-sapphire pendant; a little thing, small enough to be accepted in a non-committal spirit as merely being what the young man would doubtless term a "trifling memento," yet valuable enough secretly to assure any maiden in the world that this description did injustice to the gentleman's heart.

"*Très joli*, my lord," pronounced the connoisseur.

"Eh?" said Lord Fotheringay. "Oh, I see—French. *Oui*. Er—do you talk that beastly language much?"

"Just as your lordship prefers."

"I prefer English. Of course, I can parley-vous after a fashion, but I always feel a bit of an ass when I'm doin' it."

His valet's inscrutable countenance assumed a pained expression.

"Really, your lordship must pardon me, but this attitude is a trifle, just a *soupçon*, too suggestive of the commonplace English gentleman. You will forgive me, my lord, for the suggestion?"

His lordship opened his clear blue eyes.

"What a rum beggar you are, Grimes! Don't you admire a good, sound English gentleman?"

"My lord, I admit candidly he is the backbone of our country, but there should be some difference between the backbone and the head. You crown him, my lord, as it were."

"B'Jove!" murmured Lord Fotheringay, and considered this aspect of the case for several moments. "You seem quite an intelligent sort of fellow," he remarked at length; and Mr. Grimes judiciously left it at this. He inquired:

"What suit will your lordship wear?"

On this important question he had so much intelligent advice to offer that its discussion consumed some ten minutes He protracted the selection of a tie by similar suggestions, so that when his master next glanced at the clock he was compelled to interrupt an essay on the principles of harmony with considerable vehemence.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed; "I mustn't be late. Tell the porter to call a cab, Grimes, and be quick about it."

Cramming the pendant into his pocket he rushed downstairs, only to find that a hansom had been hailed by mistake. Mr. Grimes blamed the porter entirely for the error. There was some more whistling, and at last his lordship buzzed off in a taxicab for Euston, bestowing a malediction upon all incompetent officials. Grimes watched his departure with a faint smile, then he returned to his master's bedroom and put the clock forward twenty-five minutes.

About three-quarters of an hour later an extremely agitated young nobleman burst into his flat.

"Grimes!" he shouted.

On the instant that well-trained domestic appeared as if dropped from Heaven.

"My lord?" he inquired smoothly.

"That infernal clock was nearly half an hour slow! I've missed her, Grimes—missed her, I tell you! I just reached the platform in time to see the train steaming off, and she wasn't even lookin' out of the window. I've never in all my life felt so ashamed of myself—I've never been so utterly disgusted! What the deuce will she think of me?"

Poor Bertie sank into a chair, distracted.

"Really, very unfortunate," murmured Grimes sympathetically. "I feared your lordship was cutting it rather fine, but it was not my place——"

"You feared I was cutting it fine?" shouted Lord Fotheringay, jumping up indignantly. "But you saw what the clock made it—and, by gad, you told me your watch was the same!"

Grimes gently shook his head.

"I'm afraid, my lord, there has been some misunderstanding. Suppose your

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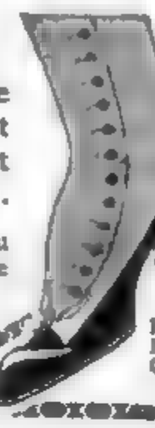

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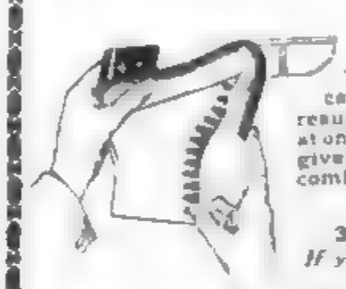

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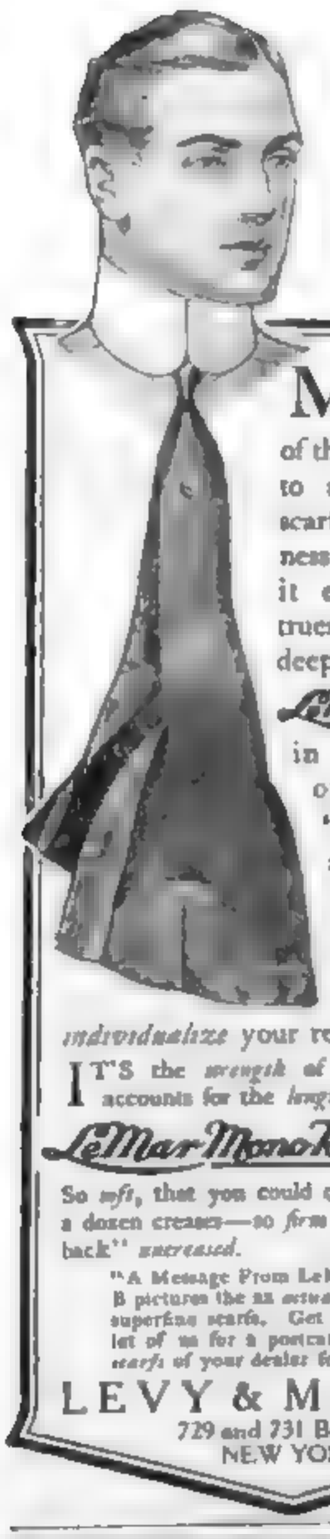

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lordship sees for yourself whether that clock actually is slow."

"Slow? It's half an hour slow!"

He rushed into the bedroom.

"Good gad!" he gasped; "it—it's exactly right."

Grimes murmured soothingly. His master turned to him sharply.

"What does your watch make it now?"

"Your lordship can see for yourself."

His lordship's bewilderment increased.

"It's not slow, either. I say—how the dickens? Oh, what a careless ass I am! I didn't look at the beastly clock very carefully, yet I could have sworn ——"

He sat upon the edge of the bed and brooded bitterly.

"There's only one thing I can do now," he said at last; "I must send her that pendant and a letter of apology."

"Send her the pendant now, my lord?"

"Of course."

"If I might advise—but perhaps your lordship would think it presumption."

"Go on; what do you advise?"

"Won't it be a little difficult, my lord, to convince the lady that the gift has not been purchased subsequently—as a peace offering, so to speak?"

"Oh, dash it!" murmured Lord Fotheringay. "But I'll explain that it hasn't been."

"The French have a little saying, '*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*' You apprehend me, my lord?"

"Oh, I see what you're drivin' at, and I admit it will sound a bit fishy—but Nancy will believe me, I'm sure!"

Mr. Grimes delicately shrugged his shoulders

"The lady has relations, possibly?"

"Of course; she lives with her people."

"They may not be so confiding, as it were; and the opinion of one's family—well, my lord, it does count."

Again Lord Fotheringay brooded.

"Perhaps I had better just write, and and keep the pendant meanwhile."

Grimes' silence was peculiarly expressive.

"What the deuce are you lookin' like that for?" exclaimed his master.

"I was merely thinking, my lord, that the explanation might be a little difficult to get across the footlights, as they say."

"Beastly difficult! But I must do something."

"Why not wire, my lord?"

"By gad, that's an idea!"

He snatched up a sheet of notepaper and scribbled:

"Hope you got home safely. Unavoidably detained. For Heaven's sake write me a line! BERTIE."

"Take that to the post-office, will you, Grimes?" he commanded.

Grimes departed, and presently returned with a suavely apologetic air.

"I had to alter one expression, my lord," he explained; "the post-office is very particular about profanity, so I took the liberty of changing 'For Heaven's sake.'"

"What did you put?"

"I think, my lord, that 'Please' was the expression I used."

"That'll have to do," said Bertie. "I hope to Heaven she answers by return! Then I can know what to say."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Grimes' memory was a trifle defective. The telegram Miss Wimberley received ran:

"Hope you got home safely. Unavoidably detained. Kindly write me a line."

The days passed and turned into weeks, but never a line did Nancy send in answer to this ultimatum. Meanwhile, her cousin's progress became so rapid that it soon left her memory like a ship hull down behind his widening horizon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Faithful Friend

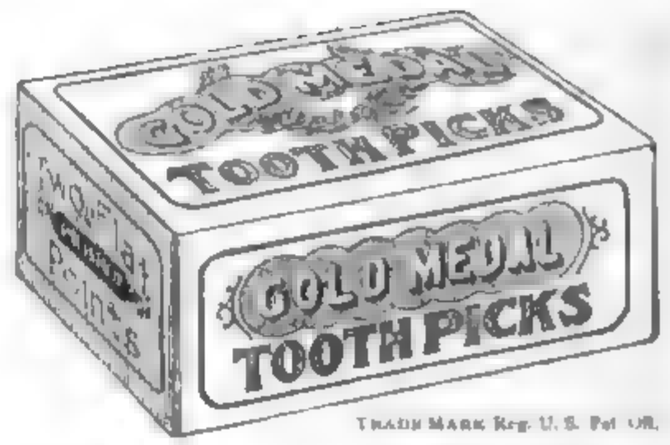
A PARTY of temperance women visited the Capitol and waylaid Uncle Joe Cannon.

While they were talking to the Speaker a Chicago Representative, noted for his unconventional manner of speech, came along. Uncle Joe grabbed him, introduced him and escaped.

The ladies besought the Chicago Representative to help them in their cause.

"I'd like to, ladies," he replied, "for I'm off the stuff myself and don't never touch a drop; but I've got a pal who wallows in it, and if you close the saloons he'd have no place to go."

Actual Size of Sample



TRADE MARK Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Let us send you FREE this sample box of improved toothpicks

—made from the sweet white birches of Maine.

This is the exact size of the sample.
It is one-quarter of the exact size of a full sized box.

GOLD MEDAL
TOOTH PICKS
Rounded at BOTH Ends
(Patented July 5, 1910)

These are the first toothpicks made to fill the requirements of use and cleanliness:

Scrupulously clean and sanitary—made from the sweet white birches of Maine—and handled from the tree to the box entirely by automatic machinery. Until you open the package, no human hand touches them.

Flat and thin—so that you can easily dislodge food particles from between close set teeth.

Rounded at both ends—so that they will not pierce the tender gums nor scratch the enamel of the tooth.

Highly polished—so smooth that they will not jag the flesh.

Flexible—so that you can bend them almost double and they will not break off nor splinter in the teeth.

Absolutely uniform in size and shape. All imperfect ones discarded by automatic machinery. In a full sized box there will be no bad ones—no waste.

Adopt this toothpick for your teeth's sake!

The ordinary toothpick is a clumsy piece of kindling wood that will splinter in the mouth or break off between the teeth.

The quill toothpick is unsanitary if used more than once, and is too stiff for fragile teeth.

The metal toothpick is positively harmful. It picks holes in the enamel.

Use a Gold Medal Toothpick and you avoid all of these dangers. You have a fine instrument exactly suited to its purpose. You will be surprised at how different it feels in your mouth.

Used by all the better class of homes, hotels and restaurants.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Get a 5c package from your grocer

If your grocer cannot supply you with Gold Medal Toothpicks, send us his name and we will send this Free sample package, and tell you where you can get them in the future.

Fill out and mail this coupon as indicated.

5c a package except in the far West

FORSTER MFG. CO.
Dixfield, Maine
Maurice W. Forster, Pres.

Fill out and mail this Coupon for FREE sample.

FORSTER MFG. CO.
Dixfield, Maine.

Please send me sample package

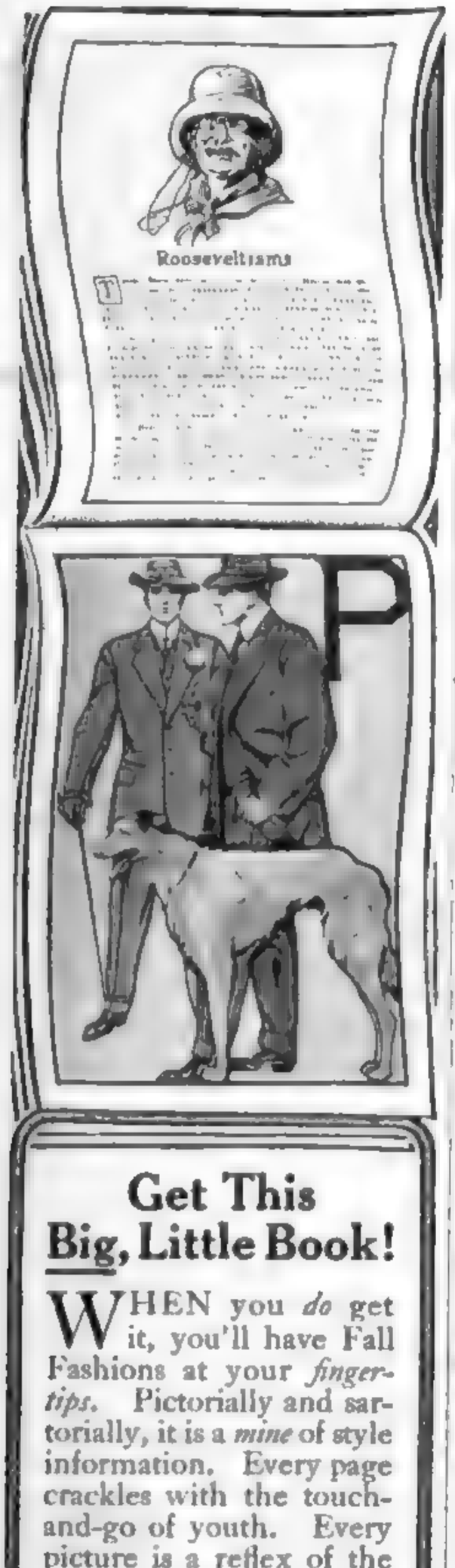
My grocer's name is

Street Address

My Name is

Street Address

Town State



Get This Big, Little Book!

WHEN you *do* get it, you'll have Fall Fashions at your *finger-tips*. Pictorially and sartorially, it is a *mine* of style information. Every page crackles with the touch-and-go of youth. Every picture is a reflex of the pulsing life of Young America.

This book is *free*. A postcard fetches it. Now—*this minute*, before your attention is distracted, send for this *counselor-at-fashion*, which discloses, without a fee, the style-secrets of two Continents.

R.B. Fashion-Clothes
TRADE MARK

are *not* for sale at *all* clothes-shops—only at the *best*. But—when you find a shop that *has* them, you've found the *premier* Young Man's Shop of your community.

They are clothes for *young* men from 15 to 50—real *youth* knows no "age limit"

Every garment is crested, "R.B. Fashion Clothes." It is the signet of *ultra-advanced* style. But,—get the book! Simply write for Booklet "B."

ROSENBERG BROS. & CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

PLAYING POLITICS

THOSE Kansans are a mercurial people," said Harry Loudenslager, secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, in seeking to find a reason for publication of what he and all the other Cannon folks in the House of Representatives have known for a year was sure to happen.

Looking at it from this angle it seems Harry did not overtax the explanation department of his institution when he set forth that cause for the Insurgent victories in the Sunflower State. It probably wasn't a good day for excuses, or all the rational ones were working elsewhere. There is nothing so remarkably mercurial about a people who sent out notices, put up sixteen-sheet stands, printed it in all the papers and advertised with dodgers, handbills, on phonographs, through megaphones and with kites, balloons and airships more than twelve months ago that it was their firm intention to swat Cannonism and all the rest; and then, when the primaries gave the opportunity, performed in exactly the manner set forth. From this side that looks like a premeditated performance, carried out strictly according to specifications, and about as mercurial as the Muir Glacier.

They may be mercurial, as Loudenslager says, those Kansas Republicans; but this time they acted with calm deliberation and with plenty of malice aforethought. They announced away last fall they intended to remove the hides of such of the Kansas Representatives as had voted for the Payne-Aldrich tariff and had stood for Cannon and his works, and they removed said hides and hung them on barbed-wire fences to cure.

Their dermatology was about seven-eighths good. They didn't succeed in the case of Anthony, but they got a lot of his cuticle at that; and they didn't expect to succeed with Campbell, who was beyond reach for zinc-tariff reasons; but what they did to those grand old warhorses, Reeder and Miller and Scott and Calderhead, was enough to make the regulars wish Uncle Joe had passed into history long ago as a hero of Bunker Hill instead of remaining in the present as the hero of the bunko bill of Messrs. Payne and Aldrich.

The Political Prophets at Sea

The real hallmark of a regular, organization, hidebound politician is his inability to read the signs of the times, or to interpret them even if he can spell them out. Witness Harry Loudenslager saying the Kansans, because they landed on Miller and Reeder and Calderhead and Scott, are mercurial. William B. McKinley, chairman of the Congressional Committee, would have said the same thing if he had thought of it, and both Loudenslager and McKinley are convinced that is the explanation. Now far be it from me to say the Kansans are not mercurial in their politics, remembering the Populist days and various other ebullitions; but this thing has been going on strongly for more than a year, and it isn't half over yet. Moreover, it had its beginning two or three years ago, and there isn't a political prophet in this country wise enough to predict exactly where the end will be.

The situation in Kansas is simple. The bulk of the Republicans of that great Republican state are firmly convinced they were bunkoed by the organization leaders in the House and Senate when the present tariff law was passed. They are firmly convinced Aldrich and Cannon and such of their own Representatives as remained regular and voted for the bill, and such of their Representatives as have stood by Cannon, voted and stood by the special interests the tariff bill protects, and they knew of but one way to show their disapproval. Indeed, there was but one way, and that was to retire the Kansans who they conceived had a part in the job.

They did some hefty work too. Scott has served since the Fifty-seventh Congress and Miller since the Fifty-sixth. Calderhead is on his seventh term and Reeder on his sixth. Scott is chairman of the big Committee on Agriculture. Miller is chairman of Elections, No. 2. Calderhead is on Ways and Means, and Reeder is

Hawes, von Gal HATS

It is now the fashion among smartly dressed men to wear a soft hat during the interval between the dethronement of the straw and the reign of the formal derby

During the early Autumn weeks more Hawes, von Gal soft hats will be worn than ever before. Ask your dealer for them—or for the Hawes, von Gal derby if you prefer the stiff hat. But, whatever the style or price, every Hawes, von Gal Hat is doubly guaranteed. Prices, $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

If not at your dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
1178 Broadway, New York

Factories: DANBURY, Connecticut
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An Alarm Clock Which Calls But Does Not Shock

The Junior Tattoo

Half size. Hardly larger than an ordinary watch.

This unique miniature alarm clock awakens you in an insistent, winning way. Its call is not too loud but just loud enough. Its "Good-morning," spoken every twenty seconds for five minutes (unless stopped), insists upon your arising.

At the present price two or three Junior Tattoos should be in every home. In the servants' rooms, they aid promptness. In your own room, they aid the will. No guest room is complete without one.

Hardly larger than a watch, 2¼ inches across the face, it fits nicely into a traveling bag. None of the parts are easily broken. Will stand travel with or without a leather case.

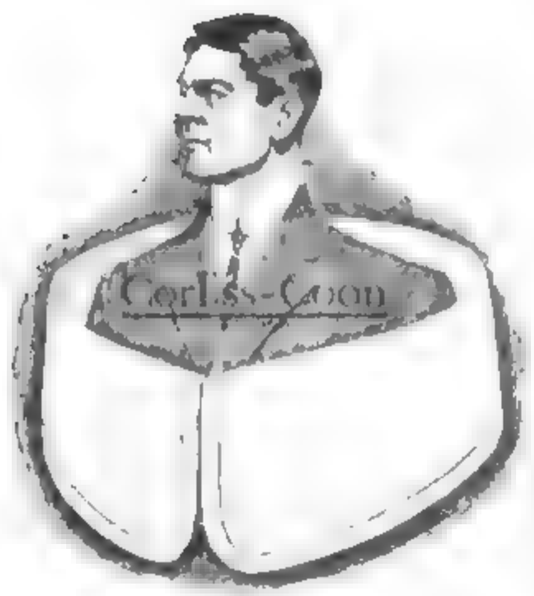
You can use it at any time as a guest in a house or hotel without awakening others. These clocks are excellent time pieces, made in our fine watch department.

Dealers everywhere sell them at $1.75; also with rich red or black leather cases at $3.00. If your dealer does not sell the Junior Tattoo, write us, enclosing the price. We will forward, postpaid, U. S., as many as you want, if you give us the name of your dealer.

Write for our interesting short story "The Uprising of John Hancock, Salesman." Free if you give your dealer's name.

The Junior Tattoo—the alarm clock for you

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.
139 Hamilton Street



"Field Club"
(Three Heights)
No. 1—2 in. No. 2—2¼ in. No. 3—2½ in.

THE close fitting fold Collar favored by well dressed men everywhere is a difficult collar to make. If you prefer this style, more than your casual attention should be given to the Brand.

Corliss-Coon
TRADE MARK
Hand Made Collars
15c each—2 for 25c

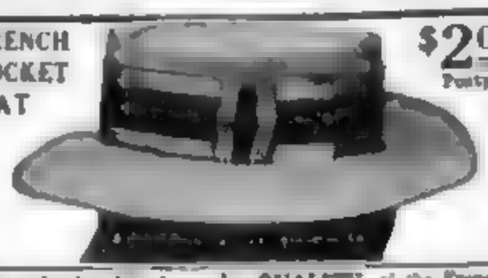
are Standard the Country over, and the purchaser has an unfailing guide to style, fit and wear in the Corliss-Coon Mark.

Your Furnisher will supply you.
Write for New Style Book.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V, Troy, N.Y.

"Ornatus et Bonitas"

EXTRA QUALITY
DUNLAP & Co
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
CELEBRATED HATS
For Fall and Winter
NOW ON SALE
New York
178-180 Fifth Ave.
367 Fifth Ave. | 181 Broadway
Chicago The Wellington
Philadelphia 914 Chestnut St.
Accredited Agencies in all Principal Cities of the World.

FRENCH POCKET HAT

$2.00 Postpaid
Everybody Admires the QUALITY of the French Pocket Hat—
No Serviceability, Lightness, Style, Distinctive Colors. Made of finest felt—½ in. outside band—all silk sweat band—
College Boys telescope them to 3½ or 4 inch crown
Sizes 6½ to 7¾. What Is Yours?
Small heads fitted Large heads fitted
Wire Fancy Bands 50 and 20c extra
French Pocket Hat Co. 20 South 6th St Philadelphia
Money Refunded if Unsatisfactory

Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?
THE CLENDENING 108 W. 103d St., N. Y. Quiet, Home-like, Economical
Rooms and Baths $1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet G with map of city

chairman of Irrigation. The elimination of four big men at one crack may be mercurial, but it also is memorable.

There was no fogging of the issue. The regulars ran on strictly standpat platforms, and they imported Uncle Joe Cannon to talk for them a short time before the campaign closed. Uncle Joe rampaged through the state and then the Kansans did their rampaging.

The two out-and-out Insurgents now in Congress from Kansas, Murdock and Madison, had no opposition. Philip Campbell won because the zinc industry is most important in his district and it was taken care of in the tariff according to the wants of the people in the district. Anthony, who had about seven thousand plurality two years ago, got in by a few hundreds this time in the primary.

Of course these were the primaries. Two factions of the Republican party were fighting in each instance. The Insurgents now have the task of electing their men at the November elections, and this may be more difficult if the regular Republicans should conclude to vote for the Democratic nominees. The feeling is bitter and the regulars may conclude to do this. In either event the regulars will win nothing, for if they help choose Democrats they will help get a Democratic House, and if they elect the Insurgents they will get four men who will be against Cannon and all that Cannonism implies to them from the start. It is as broad as it is long for the regulars. The point is that the Insurgents are much in the majority in the Republican party in the state and will continue in control, no matter what may happen in November.

Then there was Stubbs—Stubbs, the red-headed governor—who was a candidate for renomination, and who won by a bigger majority than he had two years ago. Stubbs made a strictly anti-standpat campaign. He went into action last March and spoke continuously, assailing the regulars and giving such aid as he could to the Insurgents. The first idea of the regulars was not to nominate a man against Stubbs, but to take it out of him on election day. They thought better of this and put up a bright, clean, able man named Wagstaff to oppose him. There was no clouding of the issue. Wagstaff made his campaign on a platform that the tariff is all right and that the regular Kansans in Congress deserve no blame for their votes and support of the Cannon crowd. They put eight speakers into the state to help Wagstaff, and the regular candidates for Congress appeared with him after their return from Washington. It was a fair, square, stand-up, knock-down-and-drag-out fight, and, as the results showed, the Insurgents did the bulk of the knocking down and dragging out. All of which undoubtedly interested certain eminent personages at Beverly, Massachusetts, and Oyster Bay, New York, in a great degree.

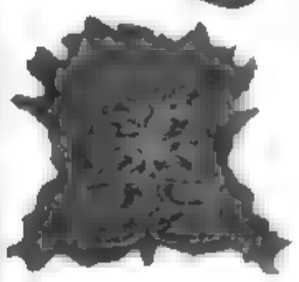
Insurgents Strong in Iowa

Mr. Loudenslager did not express a recorded opinion about what happened in Iowa. Perhaps he thought those Iowa Republicans are mercurial, also, but he did not say so. As a matter of fact, the Iowa Republicans are mercurial exactly as the Kansas Republicans are. The Iowa men announced, months and months ago, that they did not intend to stand for the Payne-Aldrich tariff, for President Taft, for Cannonism and Aldrichism, and they didn't stand for one or either or any when the time came for official pronouncement at their convention. "We do not recognize the revision of 1909 as a satisfactory fulfillment of party promise," they said, and they adopted that as the sense of the Republicans of Iowa by a vote of eight hundred and thirty-four to five hundred and forty-nine. The Insurgents controlled six of the Congressional districts and the standpatters five.

The two United States Senators from Iowa—Dolliver and Cummins—were present, and both spoke. Senator Cummins was temporary chairman and Senator Dolliver permanent chairman. Neither mentioned President Taft in his speech, and each was enthusiastically indorsed, together with the Insurgent Representatives in the Iowa delegation, in the platform. Some of those present thought they saw in Cummins' speech a bid for the Republican nomination for President in 1912. The standpatters tried to force Cummins to mention Taft, but failed. They failed with

(Concluded on Page 36)

THE "WEEKLY CATALOG" OF THE
RALSTON

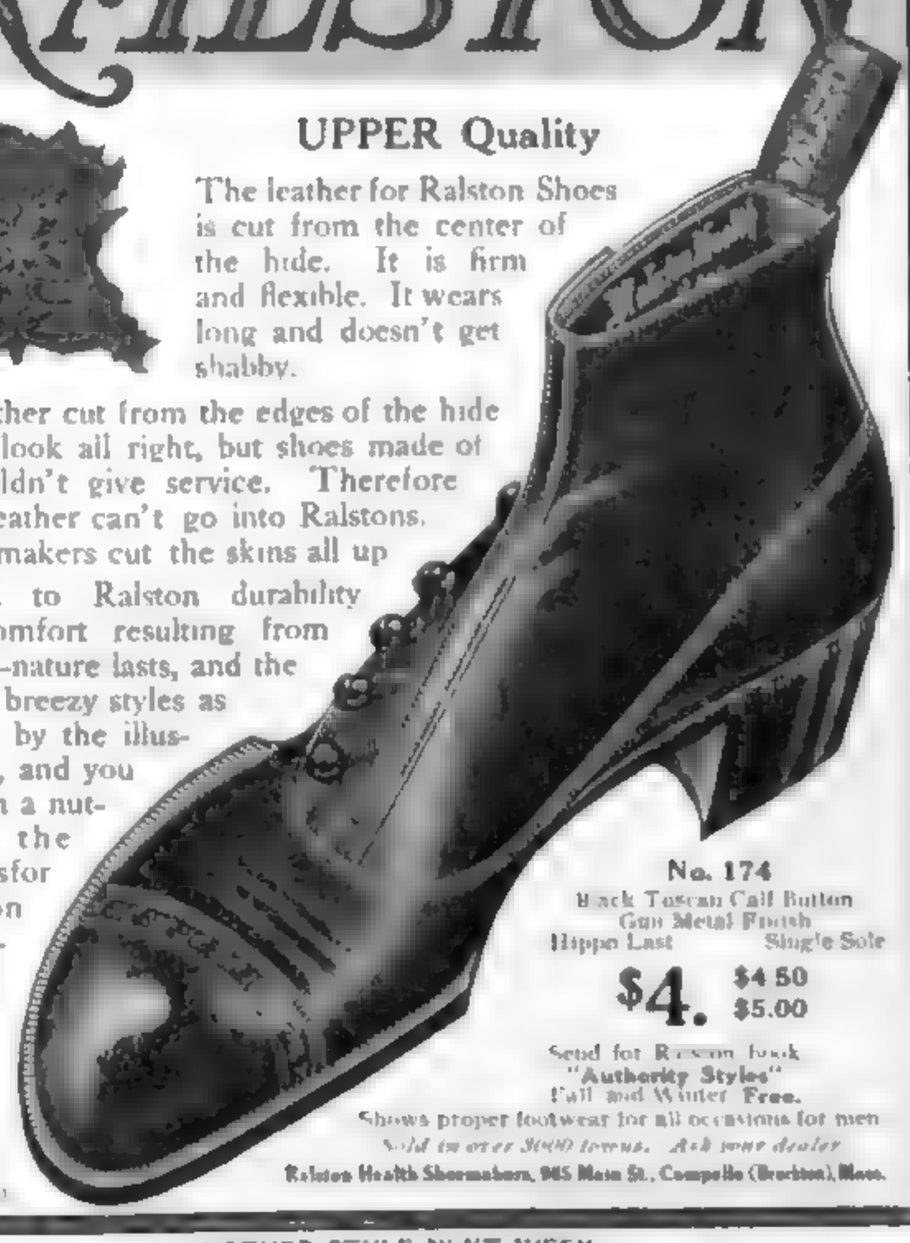


UPPER Quality

The leather for Ralston Shoes is cut from the center of the hide. It is firm and flexible. It wears long and doesn't get shabby.

Leather cut from the edges of the hide might look all right, but shoes made of it wouldn't give service. Therefore such leather can't go into Ralstons. Most makers cut the skins all up

Add to Ralston durability the comfort resulting from true-to-nature lasts, and the smart, breezy styles as shown by the illustration, and you have in a nutshell the reasonsfor Ralston superiority.



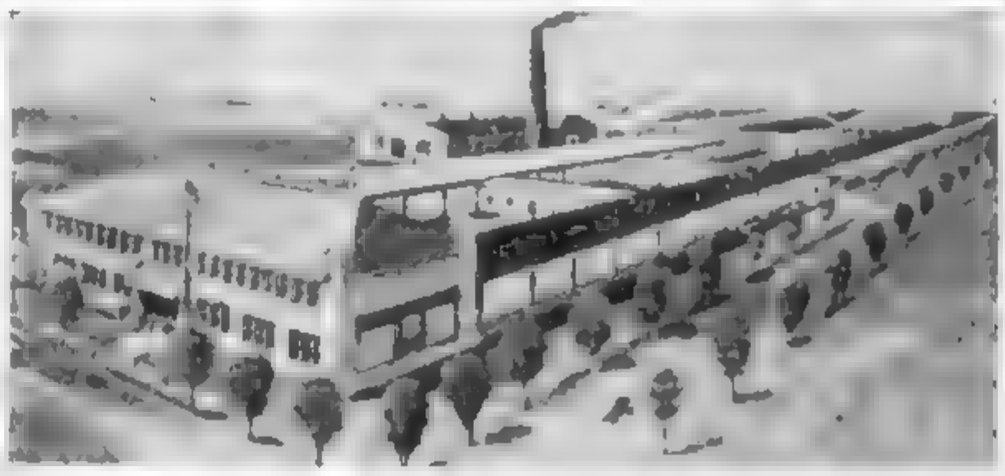
No. 174
Black Tuscan Calf Button
Gun Metal Finish
Hippo Last Single Sole
$4. $4.50 $5.00

Union Made

Send for Ralston book "Authority Styles" Fall and Winter Free.
Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men
Sold in over 3000 towns. Ask your dealer
Ralston Health Shoemakers, 985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

The New Home of
The Scale that buys itself



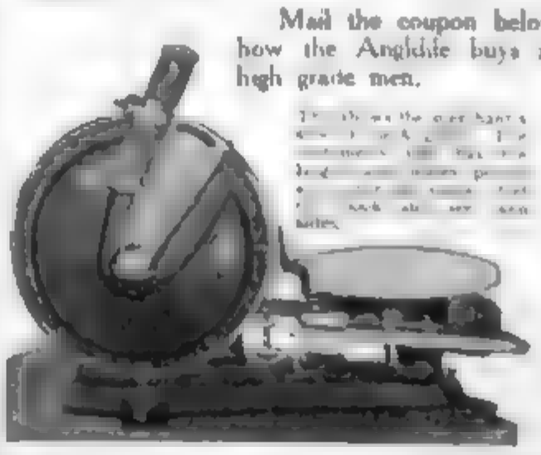
THE construction of this handsome building eloquently proves the extraordinary demand for Angldile Computing Scales. Our present plant outgrown in 33 months, we are now erecting the largest and most modern computing scale factory in the world.

The reason for the demand is the Angldile's marvelous accuracy and its superior computation chart.

It is the only scale which shows a plain figure for every penny's value. The merchant reads the price—he doesn't count hair lines or guess at dots.

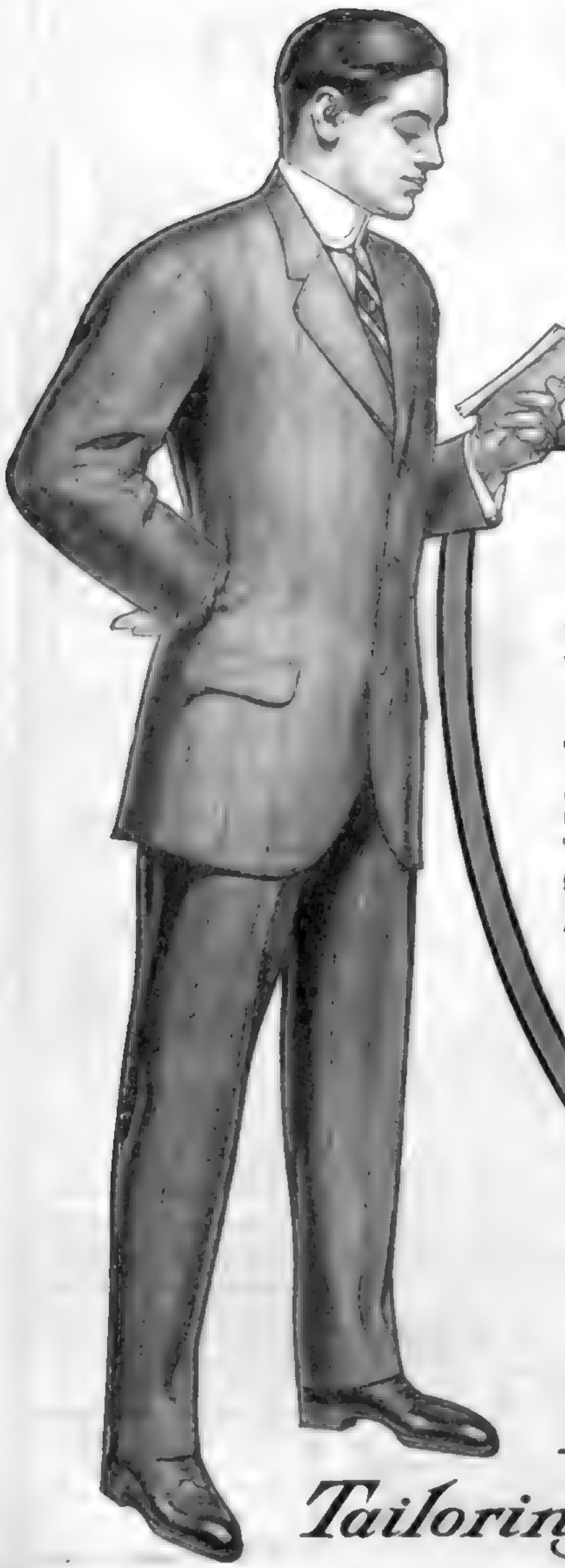
The Angldile is *springless*, thus requiring no adjustment for weather changes, and is sensitive to 1-64 oz.

Mail the coupon below to us at Elkhart, Ind., and let us tell you how the Angldile buys itself. Note—A little good territory left for high grade men.



Angldile Computing Scale Co.
111 Franklin St., Elkhart, Ind. 42 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.
8th Ave. and 23d St. New York

Angldile Computing Scale Co
Elkhart, Ind
Please send me the Free Angldile Book



K A Tailored-

"The Kind of Clothes

YOU may wear ready-made clothes but you cannot help grudging your better-dressed neighbor his *"tailor-made"* ease and poise. You may wear tailor-mades but be situated in a town or city where the *really fine* tailor is a price-forbidden luxury.

The "Crack" Tailor In Your Town.

THE authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* in your town is skilled in advising you and drilled in measuring you. He is a *practical* tailoring man, (even though he be also a clothier, haberdasher or general merchant) who has found that *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* have nothing in common with the commonplaceness of "ready-mades." He is looking out for *you* and for himself.

Our representative is always the "crack" tailor in his town because he is the agent for *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."* He'd rather *satisfy* you than have to pacify you. He'll count no trouble too great to serve you with foresight and forethought. He has *our* confidence and will win yours.

Be Measured To-day.

PAY small-town prices but get *big-city* tailoring. The one authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* in your community is ready to-day to shape the clothes not only to your person but to your *personality*. He has the *newest* custom-tailoring fabrics and the *rarest* custom-tailoring colors—hundreds of them. He will not only measure you but *counsel* you—take a mental photograph of what you ought to wear to make the *most* of your physical gifts and then send that photograph to us to be developed into clothes of unmistakable city-bred modishness—*"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."* Prices start at $20 and stop at $45.

To Every Man Everywhere Heedful of His Appearance!

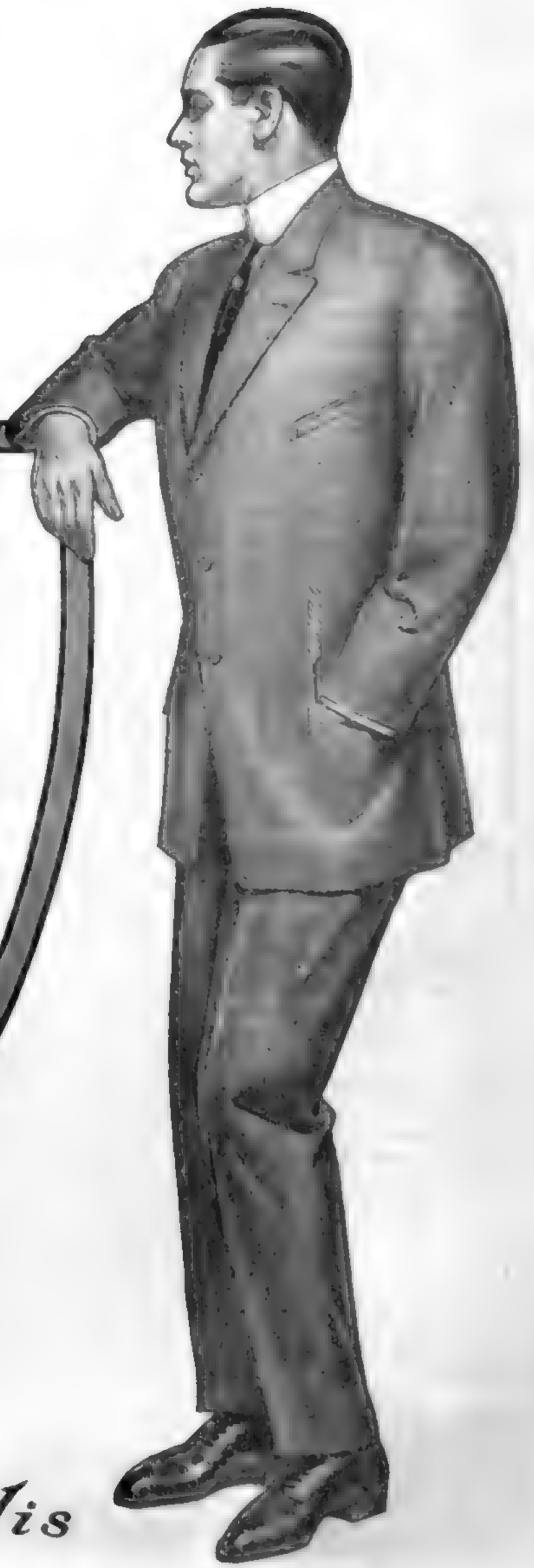
If you do not know the authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* in your town, be sure to write us for his name and for Edition No. 6 "The Drift of Fashion" containing good-form guide and life sketches of the newest London and New York modes.

Kahn Tailoring Company

This is the sign of our Representative in your town.

The Kind of Clothes — KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES — Gentlemen Wear

HN
-Clothes
Gentlemen Wear"



YOU want clothes tailored expressly for *you* and for *you* alone. You want clothes that mirror *your* taste and refinement. You want clothes that interpret *your* personality. You want clothes with *expression.* You want *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."*

Pure Wool and Sure Wool.

WE make no boast of many things that others plume themselves on, because what they are doing now we have *always* done, and done as a matter of settled *policy*, not temporary expediency. We use and have always used only *pure wool* and *sure wool* fabrics in *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes."* We use and have always used *pure mohair* linings. We deliver garments and have always delivered them with unswerving *promptitude*—when required in *four days.*

We shrink every yard of cloth—even the *canvases* and *edge tapes*—by the good old fashioned Cold Water Process, which takes out every iota of shrink and makes our garments *shape-keeping* to the last hour of wear.

Expression Plus Repression.

EXPRESSION is to tailoring what it is to music. The garment *without* expression is but lifeless cloth.

For twenty-five years *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes"* have united the *expression* of the foremost style with the *repression* of the utmost taste. They are guaranteed not as a matter of *advertising* but as a matter of *course.* They are tailored in model shops that other tailors visit to learn how better to equip and conduct their own.

It takes more than "want to" to tailor well. It takes the *will* to do it plus the *skill* of knowing how.

To Tailors, Clothiers and Haberdashers Keen for Prestige!

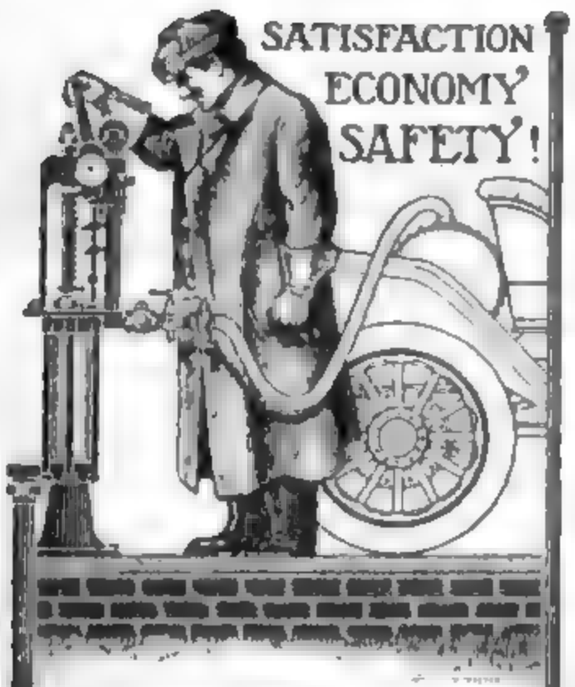
Why not put the highest class custom-tailoring *before* your customers and put competition *behind* you? By becoming the authorized representative of *"Kahn-Tailored-Clothes,"* you can hold the *best* custom trade of your community in the hollow of your hand. Our Information Book, sent on request, has a deep dollar-and-cents interest for *you.*

The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

This is the sign of our Representative in your town.

of

Indianapolis



Store your Gasolene at Home in an Underground Tank

This method maintains the gasolene at an even temperature, thus preserving all its original explosive power, and prevents the usual 10% to 20% loss from evaporation. In addition enables you to save 15% to 30% of the cost of each gallon used.

The "BOWSER WAY" provides for storing and pumping gasolene directly into your car without exposing it to the air, and insures increased satisfaction, strictest economy and perfect safety.

Seven hundred and fifty thousand satisfied customers now use Bowser Oil Storage Outfits—for storing oils of all kinds and meeting every imaginable requirement. If you use gasolene or oils of any nature we have *just the right outfit* at *just the right price* to fit your individual needs.

OUR FREE BOOK "G"

will interest you as it contains valuable information for the user of gasolene and oils. Write for it.

S. F. BOWSER & CO., INC.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
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BOWSER

SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING SUNLIGHT DOUBLE GLASS SASH CONSTRUCTION

Winter Gardening Without Drudgery

With Sunlight Double Glass Sash you never have to use any mats or boards for covering

The two layers of glass take their place
(See picture above.)

Between the two layers of glass is a ½ inch layer of dry, still air. This *transparent* blanket affords better protection to plants than mats or boards, never shuts out the light, saves expense and labor and gives the best possible results. Glass held by springs; no putty used; can't work loose; easily repaired.

Great profit and pleasure from hot-bed and cold-frame gardening

Under Sunlight Sash you can have plants for the table earlier and better than you can under single-glass sash. You can have fresh vegetables and flowers for your own use when they are luxuries. Lettuce and violets for instance all winter.

GET THESE TWO BOOKS

One is our reminder free of charge. The other is Mr. Massey's book of [illegible] Winter gardening [illegible] Send with a 2c stamp and your name and [illegible] and we will send you the two books. [illegible]

Sunlight Double Glass Sash Co.
964 E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

(Concluded from Page 33)

Dolliver, too, as they might have known they would before they began.

When it comes to speaking out in meeting effectively this man Dolliver is the king of them all. He made the great speech of the last session of Congress, assailing the tariff at its most vulnerable points, and assailing the President and Aldrich and all the rest of them. Great Congressional speeches are printed nowhere nowadays except in the Congressional Record.

Leaving out of the question the politics of it, the partisan bias of it, the reason for it, that speech of Dolliver's in the closing days of the last Congress deserves universal circulation for its merit as an oratorical production. Likewise it deserves universal circulation because Dolliver, who made it, is the only man in Congress who has the nerve to make a speech like that, and the only man with the mastery of ridicule, irony, satire and invective to give such a speech its proper and permanent value. There are plenty of men in Congress who can get up and talk effectively, but there is none other who can talk so effectively as Dolliver can, or be effective in so many ways.

At about the same time the Kansans and Iowans were putting up a few "Take Notice" signs for the perusal and warning of President Taft, the announcement came from Beverly that Mr. Taft had decided to cancel most of his speaking engagements, some twenty in all, and remain in semi-seclusion evolving ways and means for economy and for such legislation as he desires.

This may have been the result of the coaching of the new secretary to the President, or it may have come from the cautious and circuitous Murray Crane; but no matter who gave the President the advice, it was good advice. His attempts to popularize his Administration by his almost ceaseless speaking and traveling since he went into the White House failed. So far as he is personally concerned he needed and needs no popularization. Everybody likes Mr. Taft. But when, after he had signed the Payne-Aldrich bill, he started out to put a halo on Senator Aldrich and defended the tariff bill, he fanned the flame into a fire that has not yet ceased burning, and will not for some time. Silence is Mr. Taft's cue at present, and plenty of it. He should spend his time bracing himself for the shock.

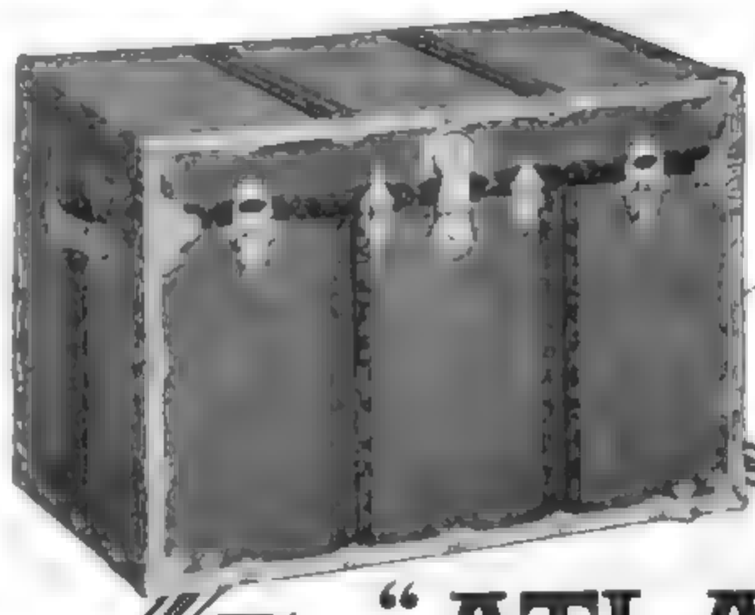
A Slumbering Volcano

When this was written the Colonel Roosevelt parade across the country had not begun. The Colonel was buffeted about a bit now and then after he got back, and such little essays as he made into politics were rather rudely sat upon. However, it takes more than an occasional rebuff to feaze the Colonel, and it is probably a good guess that, with his acute sense of what is going on throughout the country, amplified by what he has heard since his return, when he does get out and does begin to talk he will let loose some sentiments that will make the reactionaries think he was merely reciting the multiplication table when he was attacking trusts, corporations, plutocrats, malefactors of great wealth and such, in his presidential days.

I do not know anything about what the Colonel has in mind, but I do know the Colonel, and, merely as a guess, away outside the domain of prophecy, I venture the mild assertion that when the Colonel gets to going good in his speeches this fall he will be radical enough to suit the most fastidious.

It is my opinion he will cut loose and tear things wide open. This valuable information is herewith extended to Wall Street and all others who may need it in their business.

The skyrockets will begin going up as soon as the Colonel gets out on his trips. Watch out, you regulars and stand-patters and reactionaries! There's trouble ahead! T. R. is loaded with language to the ears, and he will touch himself off some time between now and election.



Note the Steel Binding clinched on the inside—No rivets to work loose or shear off

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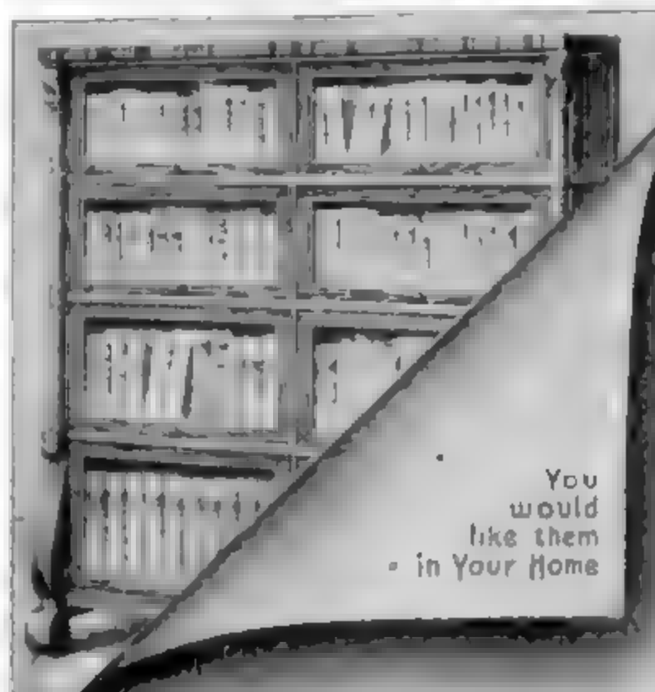

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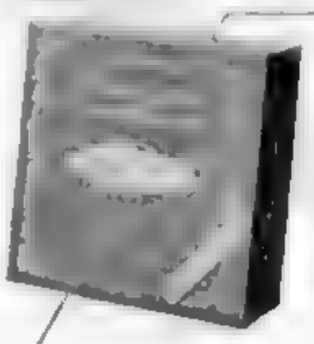

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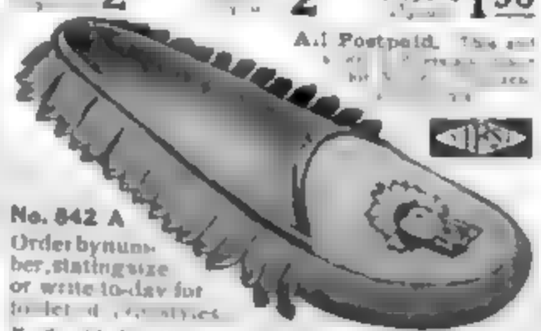

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Perhaps you can remember the time when a sip from "Papa's cup" seemed to possess some special flavour.

If the little folks can be given a rich, nourishing food-drink such as

POSTUM

it satisfies their desire to have things like the older folks, and at the same time gives them a drink they love and which makes them plump and rosy.

Childhood is the period when nervous activity is at its greatest. The brain is ever busy receiving new impressions. Brain, muscles, and the special senses are under a special course of training.

Children, as well as grown-ups, like a warm beverage for breakfast and it is well for them to have it if the drink is a food—not a drug.

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is made to supply a rich, nourishing liquid food with a snappy flavour similar to coffee. It contains the vitalizing elements from wheat which go to nourish and sustain the delicate nerve centres throughout the body and from which vital energy proceeds.

The success of child or adult depends largely upon proper nourishment of body and brain.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in packages.

"There's a Reason"

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THRIFT

Getting Into Business

A YOUNG German arrived in this country when he was seventeen years old. For two years he worked at odd jobs and studied English at night in the public schools. When the language was acquired he settled upon pharmacy as a vocation and saved every dollar that could be set aside to pay for a course. Among the friends he had made was a German physician, who advised him to begin his studies at once and lent him a little money to help him get started. As he was obliged to attend classes in the daytime, it was impracticable to continue his old employment. The doctor helped him secure a job as usher in a theater, for which he was to be paid seventy-five cents a night. Evening clothes were necessary. While the student was saving the first five dollars needed to buy a second-hand "claw-hammer suit" on the installment plan his medical friend lent him his own. The theater job brought him, with occasional tips, about seven dollars a week, upon which he managed to live decently. His income was swelled a little by giving German lessons. In summer, when the theater closed, he worked as a waiter at an Adirondack hotel. Hard study and a little scheming for support enabled him to finish the course high in his class, and at the same time pay off the doctor's original loan.

The first place he got as a duly registered pharmacist was in a suburban drug store. The duties were not hard, and he found time to study further. The proprietor of this store, an elderly druggist, made a practice of going South every winter for his health. He left the lad in charge, and the latter not only picked up business management, but saved most of his money. After three years the proprietor died. His clerk had five hundred dollars put away in a local building and loan association. The druggist's widow arranged with him to continue the business at a larger salary than he had been getting, plus a percentage on profits. The store prospered under this plan, and soon after the widow, anxious to move West among her own relatives, offered to sell the business, with the two-story building, for five thousand dollars. The clerk had one thousand dollars put away by this time. Investigation showed that the property was worth all that was asked, the land upon which the store stood—a corner site—being appraised at fifteen hundred dollars in itself. He bought the business, paying one thousand dollars cash, giving a first mortgage to the building society for three thousand dollars, giving the widow a note for five hundred dollars, and borrowing the remaining five hundred dollars on a second mortgage. Interest on the first mortgage, with the regular monthly payment to the society, came to thirty dollars a month. On his note to the widow he paid six per cent and on the second mortgage four per cent.

Druggist Turned Landlord

This purchase was effected ten years ago. Since then the young man has paid off all obligations, torn down the old frame store, erected a three-story brick structure costing eight thousand dollars, and built up the most substantial drug business in that locality. As the neighborhood developed, he found a demand for doctors' and dentists' offices, as well as lodge rooms, which were incorporated in the two floors above his store and brought rents aggregating twelve hundred dollars a year, giving him his store rent free. Half of the cost of his building is still carried on a four-thousand-dollar mortgage, at five and a half per cent. In addition he has purchased a house next door, remodeled it, and rents apartments for fifty-five dollars a month, carrying it on a three-thousand-dollar mortgage, an enterprise undertaken to protect himself from undesirable neighbors. Today, from a start with nothing, and working against the limitations in a suburban community, he has a profitable business, stock and good-will worth at least three thousand dollars, and equities in real estate amounting to perhaps ten thousand dollars more.

A clerk in a country general store, with a family of six, was told that he would have to move West if he expected to live more than a year or two longer. So he started out with his wife, five children, a team and fifty dollars, picking up a living along the road in various ways. Eventually they landed in Wyoming, which was then a cattle region. After working with his team until he had a little cash and some tools, he took up a claim of Government land, planted a small garden to keep the table going, and got some cattle to be raised for the owners on shares. In three years, with care and shrewd training, he had increased the herd from thirty head to more than a hundred, as well as improved the quality of the stock. When this stock was sold off he had enough to buy forty head for himself. By the time his claim had been proved up and deeded to him the land had been transformed into a comfortable ranch, with good buildings, and was rising in value. Six years later he sold out cattle and land for twenty-two thousand dollars.

What Two Sisters Did

Two sisters faced the problem of self-support. They had never earned money. One got a place in a big bookbindery, and the other became a sewer in a furrier's establishment. The bindery was not only large but growing rapidly. Starting in as a piece-worker, the first sister developed such speed that slower hands feared she would be instrumental in cutting wages. For the sake of peace, the proprietor made her forewoman at fifteen dollars a week, with the prospect of steady increases if she showed ability to manage. Within a year the second sister left the furrier's and came into the bindery too, and within three years the whole management of employees was divided between them, their combined earnings amounting to forty dollars a week. By living together and economizing they managed to save about half of their wages, putting away a thousand dollars a year. The growth of the bindery business kept them at work so constantly that they had no time to spend money foolishly. The proprietor appreciated their services and increased their wages from time to time, until finally, less than seven years after setting out to look for occupation, they had five thousand dollars in cash. At this point it became necessary to make some provision for their parents, who were getting old and had hardly any income. On the advice of their employer they purchased a stone-front residence in a good neighborhood. It had cost, with land, fully twenty thousand dollars, but could be bought for half that sum, because of the owner's need for a quick sale. Their five thousand dollars was paid down upon it, and the employer became surety for the remainder. Moving into the ground floor, they rented the upper apartments, and their parents kept house and looked after the property. Since then, a matter of ten years, they have paid off the debt, have two thousand dollars in the bank, and the property, in addition to being worth twenty-five thousand dollars, brings income sufficient to enable them to retire whenever they want to.

A Wall Street stenographer, thirty-five years old, developed a process for printing facsimile typewritten letters. He had no capital, but persuaded a friend to invest two thousand dollars in a plant to produce circular letters. Demand for the work was fairly good, and in a short time the little business was beginning to show profits; but within a year after its establishment the stenographer died.

His widow was plucky and intelligent. She went to the capitalist of her husband's enterprise, showed him that he would realize but a few hundred dollars if the printing plant was sold, and that he had no time to develop it himself, and asked for six months in which to demonstrate that she could continue it herself. This was granted.

Within six months the plant was on the road to prosperity. Work was well done. One order brought another and prices could be kept at a figure that gave satisfactory profits. For three years the mortgage on the home was kept on an interest basis while the widow paid off the indebtedness on her printing plant. Then the home itself was cleared.

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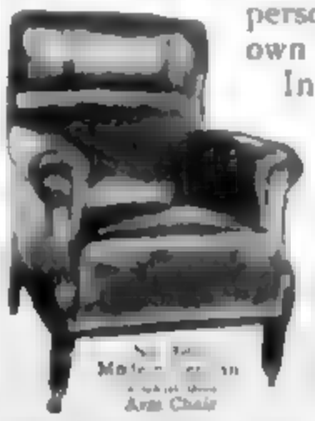

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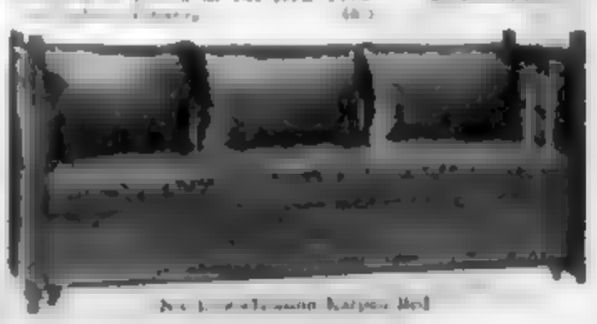

The New and Only W

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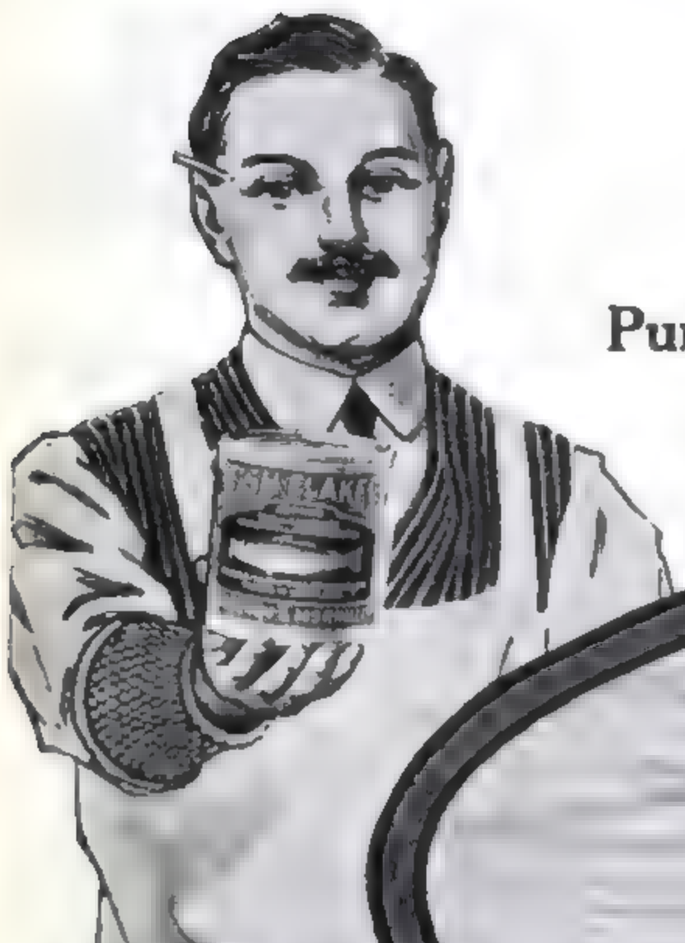

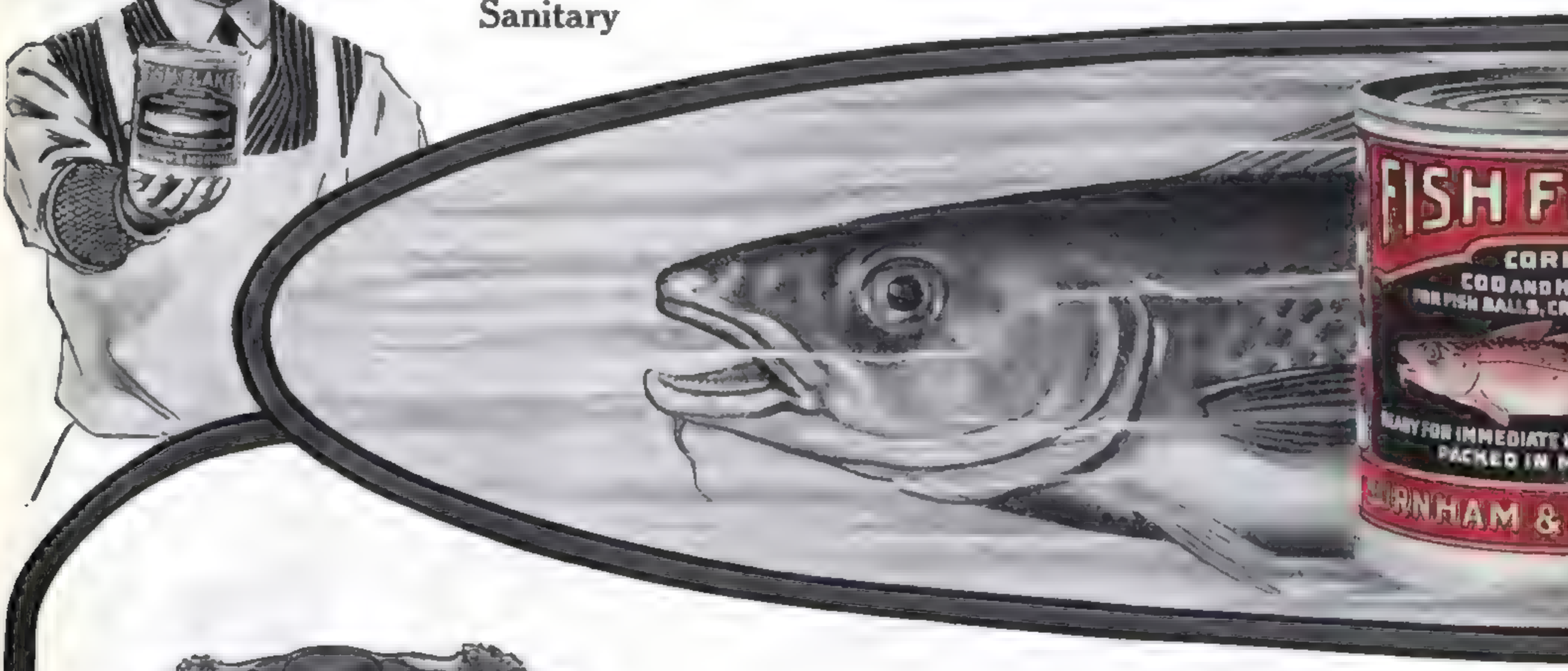

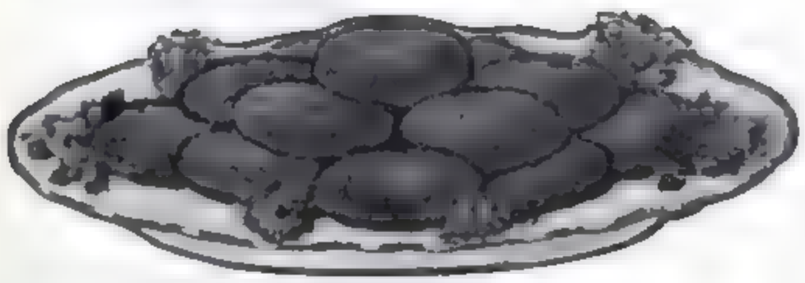

Codfish Balls

Cook three or four slices of bacon in a frying pan without letting either the fat or the bacon become discolored by heat. Cut enough pared raw potatoes in quarters to fill cup; cover with boiling water and cook until tender; drain, mash and add one can Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, two tablespoonfuls of cream sauce if at hand or two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper and a little hot milk; beat thoroughly, shape in cakes, dip these in flour and fry in the bacon fat. Cold boiled potatoes, quickly reboned, may be used in place of the fresh cooked potatoes.

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Entirely Different from "Manufactured" Codfish Once try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes and you will wonder how you could ever eat the dried, over-salted "manufactured" Codfish—the "soak-over-night" kind. Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes is entirely different: Boned, boiled and packed the day it comes from the sea. Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes is sweet, tender, seasoned just right. It's nice enough even to be eaten from the can.

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More Economical Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, although really fresh fish of the highest quality obtainable, is not expensive. No bones—no waste—no spoilage. Nothing but clear, solid fish, absolutely sanitary and ready for immediate use, without soaking. The 10c size is enough for four people—the 15c size plenty for seven. A real economy—a splendid food.

You can have in your home—no matter where y fish—just as fresh and flavory as the day taken fr container absolutely free from any preservative by Food Experts to be the most creditable an

For Making the Most Pe

Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fi

By our new and exclusive cooking method all the rich and delicate flavor of t and economical product. Every housewife will appreciate the time-savi

Ready for the Table

BURNHAM & MORRILL COMPANY, Port

ay To Buy Codfish

Convenient and Economical

Codfish Soufflé

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and one [illegible] pepper, add one pint [illegible] stir and cook until thick, add one tablespoonful of grated onion, a teaspoonful of celery salt, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one of Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, picked into bits with a silver fork, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Mix and cook thoroughly, then fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a greased dish in a very moderate oven until firm in the center, serve at once with or without cream or tomato sauce.

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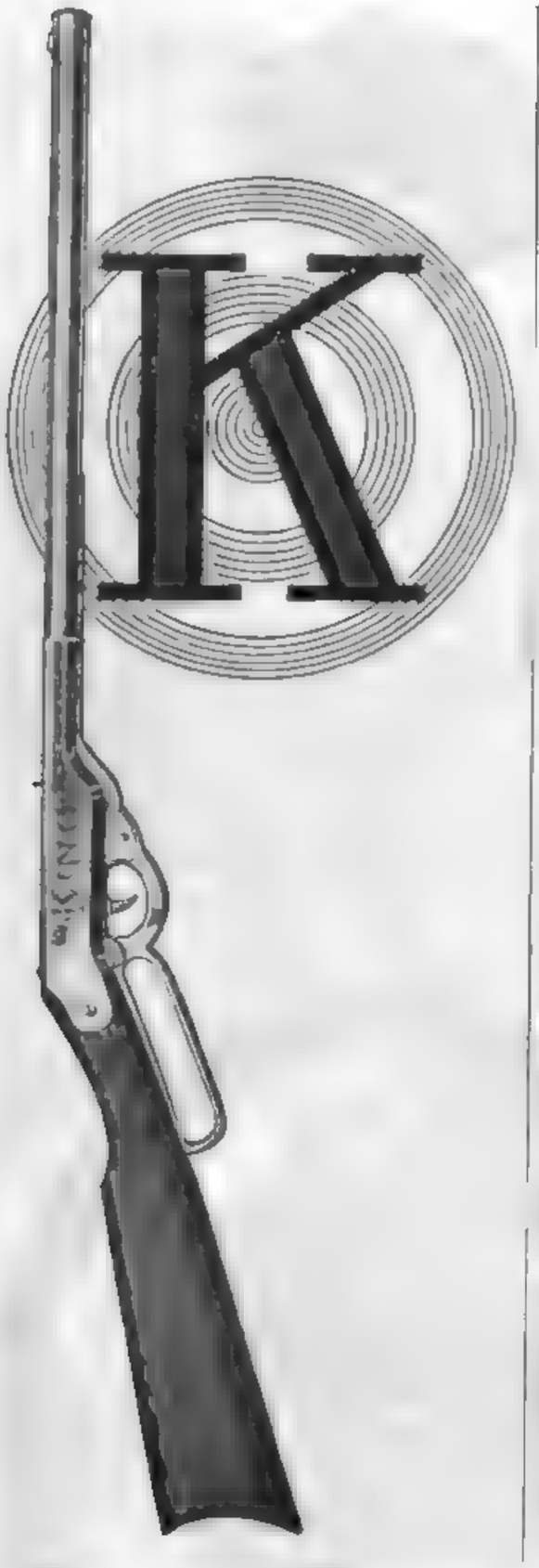
The valuable Recipe Book *Good Eating* was especially written for us by Janet Mackenzie Hill, the noted food scientist, Editor of the "Boston Cooking School Magazine." It tells how to make Fish Balls, Fish Hash, Creamed Fish, Escalloped Fish, Fish Chowder, Fish Salad, as well as many other original and practical dishes that will delight the family. *We send it free, on request.*

How to Obtain Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes has already been introduced into thousands of grocery stores. These Grocers are enthusiastic and say we have solved their Codfish problem. There are 180,000 Grocers in this country, however,—naturally there are many who have not yet stocked Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes, so if not in your Grocer's stock, just ask him to order of his jobber for you. He will be as much interested and pleased to supply Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes as you will be delighted and satisfied with this choice New England delicacy. He will be grateful to you, as well, because all of his customers will appreciate his making our new and perfect product known to them.

If your Grocer chances not to be supplied, in order that you may immediately try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes yourself, we will gladly mail you a regular 10c size on receipt of 10c from you. It costs us 18c to do this—postage alone being 11c. This shows our faith in our product.



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It shoots by compressed air, using air-rifle shot (BB shot can be used, but is less uniform in size); isn't a dangerous powder-rifle; will give you a fine enjoyable, out-door sport, and teach you caution, courage and self-reliance.

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Be sure you look for the word "KING" on the side-plate.

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RIGHT AND WRONG IN FIRE DRILLS

By John Mappelbeck

A CIGAR factory in the crowded section of a big city employs more than two thousand workers, chiefly women and girls. The six-story building was put up for a warehouse years ago. It is of brick and wood construction, cut up with light board partitions, and filled with inflammable materials.

The ordinary way of getting out is by means of the one open wooden stairway leading to the ground floor, where two doors give on to street and alley. Extraordinary ways of getting out would be through the windows, or up on to the roof, or down the fire escape. The place is surrounded by old three-story residences, however, so that the first two ways would not help those in the upper floors. As for the fire escape, it lies far to the rear, and employees hardly know where it is, much less how to use it in an emergency.

The proprietor of this factory is a considerate employer. He pays good wages for quality production, and holds his workers together by numerous little civilities of management. But, like a great many other well-meaning people, he seldom has occasion to think seriously about fire. The insurance men bring up the subject when they charge him a stiff premium, and occasionally some disaster chronicled in the papers leads him to investigate whether his fire pails are full and his fire alarm in order. But the fire engines are clanging around that part of town every day. His employees have grown accustomed to them.

"And, besides, we're very, very careful about fire," he says to himself. "It is only careless people that burn out. Then there's luck in an old building—why, this one has been standing forty years!"

Uniformed firemen often come to look over this cigar factory, in couples or threes, and sometimes bring a civilian with them. The manufacturer always gives them permission to inspect the place, and supposes that they come on some errand connected with their own business. They do. It might disturb him to hear one fireman say to another as they are walking past his place, "Jerry, just stop in this factory a minute; I want to show you a rotten risk."

A New Kind of Specialist

One afternoon a fireman brought around a stranger who, after quite a prolonged inspection of the premises, introduced himself to the manufacturer as an engineer who made a specialty of arranging fire drills.

"How long would it take you to get all your people out of this place in an emergency?" he asked.

"Oh, we could clear it in about ten minutes, I guess," replied the proprietor. "That's all they need at night, and we'd beat it if there was any reason for hurrying."

"This building would make an awfully quick fire," ventured the engineer. "Don't you think you ought to have somebody lay out a systematic fire drill and train your employees?"

"Fire drill!" exclaimed the manufacturer. "Why, we've got a fire drill of our own."

"Suppose you show me how your drill works," suggested the visitor.

"Well, this is a pretty busy day with us," said the manufacturer, "and there's no use ringing the alarm for nothing. But I can explain it."

Walking through the different rooms, he showed how he thought the employees on each floor would take care of themselves in an emergency, pointing out the various exits to stairway and fire escape, exhibiting his fire pails and axes. But his "fire drill" had the grave shortcoming of being laid out only in his own mind. Taking stock of possible exits on each floor, he had assumed that employees would have sense enough to use them if they had to. The system had never been explained to them, nor tried. Most of his plans had been made not to get people out of a burning building quickly but to fight an imaginary fire with pails and axes.

The fire-drill expert was tactful, and said the manufacturer's "drill" was good so far as it went; but it didn't go far, and could not be expected to. Arranging to get two thousand persons out of a fire trap in an actual emergency was a business in itself.

"All your employees on the two upper floors are supposed to go down the fire escape," said the expert. "They are all women and girls. If they got out of the building in a hurry that escape would be jammed in three minutes, and all crowding toward the bottom. Who would lower the ladder from the bottom of the escape to the street?"

"Why, they would," was the reply.

"That ladder is sixteen feet long, made of steel, heavy and rusty. If the strongest man you've got can put it in place in five minutes I'll buy you a box of good cigars," declared the engineer. "Suppose you get a man and try it."

The janitor, a muscular fellow, was sent on to the little platform at the bottom of the fire escape, a story from the ground. After ten minutes' struggle he gave up. The ladder was unwieldy, and to place it through the narrow opening in such close quarters called for two or three men.

Making the Factory Safe

The manufacturer was startled, and the engineer told him this difficulty existed with every fire escape of that type, and that at many fires where such escapes were used people jumped to the ground, sustaining injuries. He told the manufacturer other things as well. For instance, the factory fire alarm was a deafening gong, rigged to sound continuously when a button was pressed at any station, and it could be heard all through the building.

"That would have the same effect as a yell of 'Fire!' in a crowded theater," he said. "Your employees would be thrown into a panic because they could not tell where the fire was. Most of the danger in connection with a fire arises from panic. Panics are caused by the element of the unknown. You need an alarm system that will strike low signals in various parts of the building, indicate where the fire is, and then stop ringing when it has given the necessary information."

"How long would it take you to get our people out?" asked the manufacturer.

"If I couldn't get them out in less than two minutes," was the significant reply, "I shouldn't consider it of much use to get them out at all."

Ultimately the cigar man commissioned this expert to lay out a fire drill on sound engineering lines. After a study of the factory the expert made some alterations to provide more exits. The fire escape was given to the two upper floors, the ladder at the bottom being replaced with counter-weighted stairs that automatically swung to the ground the moment anybody stepped on them from above. Doors were cut in the wall on the fourth floor to let its occupants out on to the three-story building next door by means of stairs. The first-floor people were given the alley door, and that left the main staircase for the second and third floor workers. A suitable alarm system was also installed, and then, one evening, printed notices were given employees, to be taken home, read, thought about and discussed for at least two weeks, so that the system would be thoroughly understood before anything further was done. These notices contained few instructions, being chiefly an explanation of the fire drill, which was compared with that used in public schools.

When the employees had decided that the drill was rational and necessary, and that the boss had nothing up his sleeve, the expert brought around a drill-master to impart further instructions. This drill-master was simply a retired city fireman, who came in his uniform, and the work of instruction was given to him because a fireman in uniform is bound to command more respect than an ordinary engineer in a business suit.

Foremen in each department were made chiefs, and required to carry a list of their subordinates. A number of men in each department were told off to man the buckets and chemical extinguishers on the

New aids to ideal heating

The remarkable growth in popular favor of low-pressure Steam and Hot-Water heating has recently brought out greatly improved little adjuncts to the heating outfit, such as Radiator Valves and Air Valves, Temperature Regulators, etc.

Many a good heating outfit now giving good service can be made to do much better. These new devices bring about better heat control, fuel economy and long life of the outfit.

NORWALL VACUUM VALVES

are about the cleverest device, as they not only automatically vent the radiators of air, but when steam pressure ceases the air is automatically prevented from re-entering the radiators and piping.

Air is, of course, the enemy of heat—it must be expelled from the radiators before steam can circulate. The NORWALL lets out the air and keeps it out, and does this work steadily day and night like an automatic mechanical servant. Their use usually effects a fuel saving of 10 per cent or more.

Norwall Vacuum Air Valves on a heating outfit—either old or new—in conjunction with Norwall Packless Radiator Valves give the user a warming system which reaches the highest ideal of heating comfort.

Send for free booklet, "New Aids to Ideal Heating."

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. R : Chicago

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

Baby's needs are sometimes beyond mother's power to supply.

Fresh cow's milk, then, is the only substitute that satisfies and nourishes.

But the cow's milk must be brought down to baby's ability to digest it.

And nothing does this so certainly, so naturally, so perfectly, as

Mellin's Food

We will be glad to send you a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food with our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," if you will write us.

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

"Buy in the Best Shops"

Those that display this sign

Whitman's

They are connected by telegraph and express with the Whitman headquarters in Philadelphia and have fresh and perfect supplies of the famous **Fussy Package** Chocolates, Honey White Nougat, Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows and a hundred other distinctive Whitman packages.

Should you fail to find an agency convenient we will send by mail prepaid a Fussy Package at $1.00 a pound; White Nougat in 50c packages; Chocolate Peppermint Marshmallows in 50c packages; or Chocolate-covered Maraschino Cherries in 50c packages.

If you don't find the sign, write to us direct for what you want, and ask for booklet "Suggestions."

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Established 1842

Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate

The "Queen" Buffer

BARREL BRAND

Price $3.00 Complete

Removable Chamois

The Latest and Best Manicure Buffer

Packed in Fine Leather Case Convenient for Traveling

Containing all the necessary articles, Flexible File, Corn Knife, Cuticle Scissors and Cuticle Knife.

Compact Useful Complete
Quality Unsurpassed

For sale by all the leading Cutlery, Hardware, Jewelry, Drug and Leather Stores.

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Send Your

Old Carpet

We Will Make

New Rugs

Rugs, 50c and Up

Ours is the largest factory of its kind in America

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Old carpets are worth money

FREE

OLSON RUG CO
999 Madison St. Chicago

stroke of the bell, while all that was required of the main body of employees was to rise in their places when the fire bell rang, pile their chairs and stools upon the workbenches where the alleys were narrow, and look to the foremen for further guidance. Then the various divisions, following their chiefs in single file, were led out by carefully arranged routes that kept everybody on the move and prevented the movement of one division interfering with that of another. Where two lines of employees came out of opposite doors and joined on the stairs, one had instructions to hug the stair-rail and the other the wall until they actually joined, when the people in both lines linked arms for mutual support. Guards were stationed on the stairways to give assistance and check fright, and a number of searchers were told off to look into closets and dark corners to be sure that nobody had been left behind. On reaching the street the various divisions were led some distance from the building, and each chief went over his list, calling the roll to be certain that everybody was out or accounted for.

These measures, together with regulations for keeping the factory clear of rubbish—the usual cause of fires—comprised the drill in its essentials. When it had been put into practical operation, and tried once or twice, the entire building could be cleared in about ninety seconds, without hurry or confusion. One practice drill each month was enough to keep employees in training, and as new employees were given a printed slip, with a few oral instructions, the drill took care of itself.

Protection That Does Not Protect

Hundreds of stores and factories maintain some sort of fire drill, but the expert who laid out this one, and who makes a specialty of such work, says that very few indeed are planned on sound lines. He maintains that satisfactory results can be attained only by an engineer with considerable experience in making such studies and laying out drills, as conditions are never twice alike.

The first task of this sort that he ever undertook was in an oil-soaked factory with only a single staircase in the center of the building. In the event of fire probably not half of the employees would have gotten out safely. Many were women and girls. Even the notion of working there himself for a few weeks worried him until he hunted up the superintendent and asked what arrangements had been made for clearing the place in case of fire.

"Oh, we have a regular fire drill," said the superintendent confidently.

"I'd like to see it work," said the engineer.

The superintendent went to the nearest fire station and pressed the alarm button: a bell rang, and immediately some of the employees manned the fire hose, extinguishers, buckets and axes.

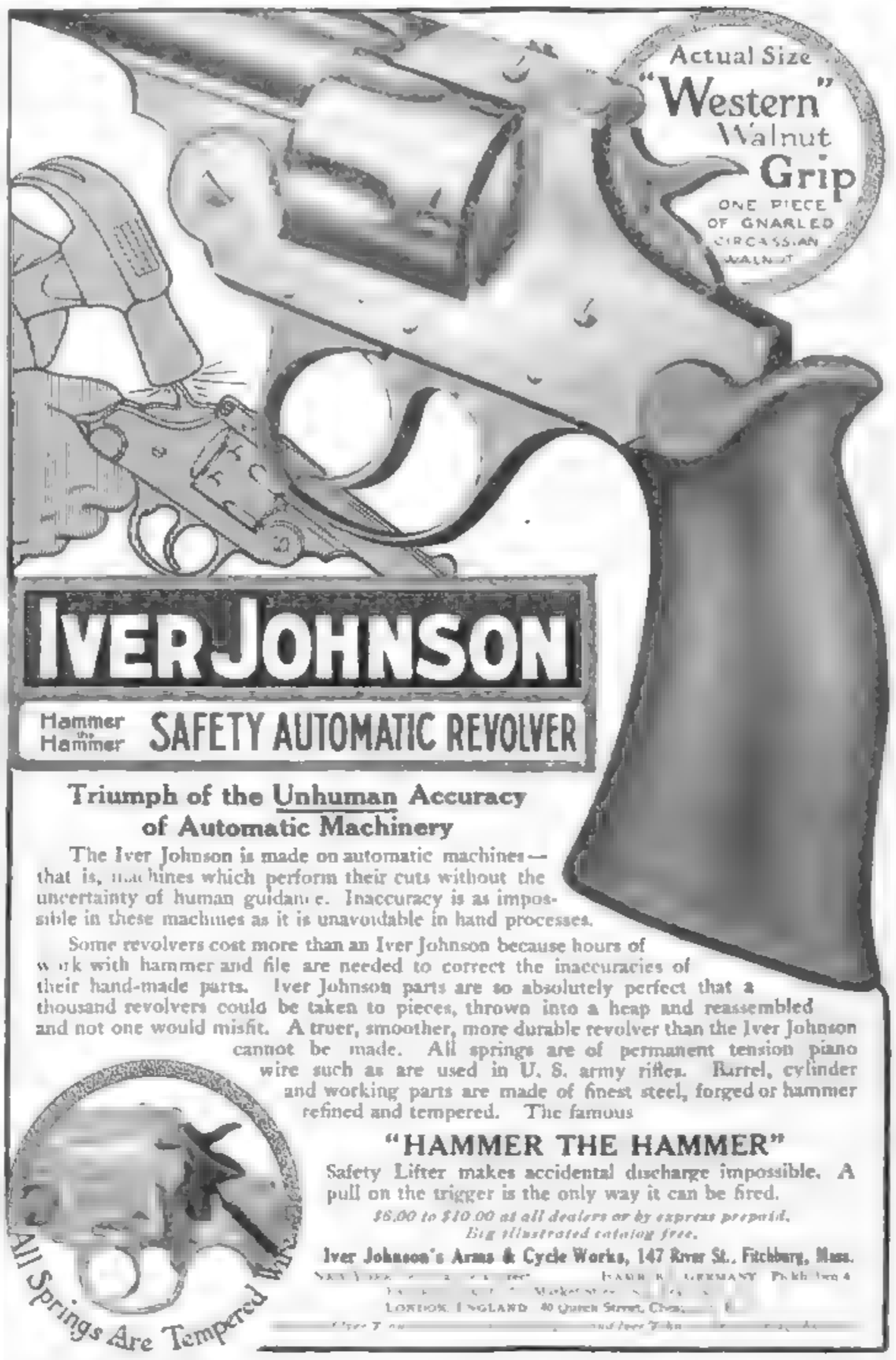
"There!" exclaimed the superintendent proudly. "That took only a few seconds—in case of fire we'd be on the job, you bet."

No precautions whatever had been made for getting employees out of the building, yet that was the superintendent's understanding of a fire drill, and it is the common one. You seldom find an employer who does not insist that he has a bully fire drill; but when you ask him to explain or show it you usually find that he has little idea of what is meant by the term.

When "fire drill" is mentioned most people think of fire-fighting measures, which are a very different thing. Long experience has led this engineer to disregard fire-fighting arrangements except for a few of the most rudimentary devices, as he believes that unless a fire can be checked by water buckets or chemical extinguishers in the first few moments it will have to be fought by professional firemen, and that most of the work in a crowded store, factory, hotel or public building should be directed to getting everybody out as soon as possible.

One day, in Philadelphia, he was asked to come and watch the operation of a fire drill in a large plant filled with women and girls, and to suggest improvements if he saw the need of any. When he arrived an alarm was turned in, and in an instant all the employees fell into line and began to pass into the street through various exits. The arrangements, on the whole, were very good.

Some minor changes were suggested, and a major one.



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Hammer the Hammer **SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**

Triumph of the Unhuman Accuracy of Automatic Machinery

The Iver Johnson is made on automatic machines—that is, machines which perform their cuts without the uncertainty of human guidance. Inaccuracy is as impossible in these machines as it is unavoidable in hand processes.

Some revolvers cost more than an Iver Johnson because hours of work with hammer and file are needed to correct the inaccuracies of their hand-made parts. Iver Johnson parts are so absolutely perfect that a thousand revolvers could be taken to pieces, thrown into a heap and reassembled and not one would misfit. A truer, smoother, more durable revolver than the Iver Johnson cannot be made. All springs are of permanent tension piano wire such as are used in U. S. army rifles. Barrel, cylinder and working parts are made of finest steel, forged or hammer refined and tempered. The famous

"HAMMER THE HAMMER"

Safety Lifter makes accidental discharge impossible. A pull on the trigger is the only way it can be fired.

$6.00 to $10.00 at all dealers or by express prepaid. Big illustrated catalog free.

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All Springs Are Tempered

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Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. **Millions** of women have found that

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush

has never failed to give the desired [illegible] All [illegible] By its use the blood is put in circulation [illegible] muscles [illegible] developed, the worry lines and dust caps [illegible] the skin is made clear and healthy. It makes keeps, restores beauty [illegible] the whole body receives this beneficial treatment [illegible] flat ended teeth remove the dead cuticle, leaving the skin in a healthy glow without irritation [illegible] are especially well adapted for bathing children. Our name is on every brush.

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Home Built Arts and Crafts

Made in Sections. Half Retail Price. Large Rockers, Chairs, Settees, Tables and Dining-room furniture

Send for Catalog "S" Address 23 Fulton St.

Grand Rapids Furn. Mfg. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

[illegible] gives a white light [illegible] casts no shadow [illegible] Agents wanted [illegible]

THE BEST LIGHT CO
828 E. 6th St. CANTON, O.

The latter covered the plant's standpipe system, by means of which fire hose in various parts of the building were supplied with water under constant pressure of a hundred pounds. When the alarm rang the expert saw men, appointed for the purpose on each floor, run to these stations, unreel the hose and point the nozzles at the imaginary fire.

"I'd abolish that," was his advice. "Let me tell you why. Suppose you had a gymnasium upstairs, and every afternoon those men were sent there to punch the bag under the direction of a boxing instructor. They might become very proficient. But fancy that, some afternoon, when they walked into the gymnasium as usual, the bag were taken down and there stood John L. Sullivan instead, ready for a prize fight with them. How do you think they would fare? Now, no matter how often they practice with that hose upon imaginary fires, when they get up against the real thing they will go to pieces. Fire is an awful enemy—sudden and terrifying. Novices naturally fear it. They will not approach close enough to find the source, but they will simply play water on the smoke."

In this engineer's opinion the best weapon to put into the hands of employees is the old-fashioned fire pail, containing simply water. That has doused many a blaze in its infancy. But practice is needed to do effective work even with a fire pail. Most persons try to throw a full pail of water on the blaze, with the result that it is spilled and wasted. The best method is to empty half the water and then dash the rest, a light handful, in such a way that it will spatter widely.

How a Museum is Safeguarded

The danger of relying upon fire hose and the general-alarm system is nicely illustrated in a great public art museum that was studied some years ago. Fire-alarm stations are located all through the large, scattered galleries, but if a blaze were discovered and one of these buttons pressed the only result would be an alarm turned in at the city's fire headquarters, starting the engines on their way. Meantime, visitors would gather in crowds or perhaps rush away in panic, interfering with attendants who manned the fire hose. This museum contains priceless art treasures. Pictures are hung on a false partition made of canvas, leaving a clear space of several inches between canvas and wall. Water under high pressure, turned on smoke issuing from this false partition, would do irreparable damage in a few seconds, while the real seat of the blaze might be several hundred feet away, the smoke merely coming out at the nearest convenient exit.

A modified system was suggested for this museum. Instead of the general alarm, loud enough to be heard all over the building, a series of low-ringing bells was recommended—mere tinklers, to be heard only by attendants. Fire is only one of many things that can happen in a public gallery. Attendants could be supplied with a code that would give them numbers for practically everything that might occur.

If a woman fainted in one part of the museum, and an ambulance were needed, the nearest attendant could walk to a fire station, ring a certain number in the code covering that precise form of emergency, and other attendants near by would know instantly what had happened and where, and hurry to the spot to clear that section and keep visitors out until the ambulance arrived. Also, attendants at more distant points would thus be informed that somebody had fainted in Gallery Fourteen, so that they could keep visitors away from that part of the museum until the signal system told them that everything was normal again. In case of fire, they would immediately lead visitors outdoors.

The general-alarm gong is very widely installed all over this country, usually by well-meaning employers and public officials, who congratulate themselves upon having taken one of the wisest precautions for dealing with fire. Perhaps the best illustration of the wrong principle upon which this form of alarm is based can be found in a great metropolitan hospital, where the loud gong is the only alarm provided, and if rung would simply serve to throw into a panic of fear hundreds of patients who are helpless in their beds.

The men who go about industrial plants installing fire drills often have amusing experiences. For example, an expert was commissioned to install an effective modern system in a large factory in the city of New York. One important detail in connection with such work is to allay prejudice against better methods. The superintendent believes that he already has an effective system, because he arranged it himself. The employees assume that the boss has some deep scheme that is going to work out to their disadvantage. The cost of cutting new exits, widening stairways, installing a proper alarm system, and so forth, may be high enough to displease the employer. In this particular factory the fire-drill man found the engineer decidedly hostile.

A Worthless System Tested

He was an elderly man who had had charge of that plant for years, and he openly resented an investigation or improvements that would, as he thought, cast discredit upon his own fire-fighting equipment. Several times during the preliminary study there were words between himself and the fire-drill expert, the steam engineer insisting that no fire could ever gain enough headway in that plant to do damage while employees were at work in every corner of it, and the civil engineer tactfully trying to show the old fellow that, though he had made excellent provisions according to his lights, he greatly underrated a very real danger. Finally the dispute wound up by the civil engineer challenging the steam engineer to a test of his pet fire-fighting devices, and the latter accepted on the spot, strode to the nearest fire hose, pulled it out and turned the cock. Not a drop of water came. He tried another with the same result, and another, until about all the equipment he had was found to be out of order. Then he disappeared, crestfallen, and let the fire-drill man install his system.

This particular factory furnishes a fair illustration of how necessary is the expert in such matters. It had a well-planned fire drill that was capable of emptying two large eight-story buildings of all occupants in about five minutes. A strong fire wall ran between the two structures, however, and the time was immensely shortened by the simple device of sending all the people from one building into the other and shutting the fire doors; for a fire originating in one building could not spread quickly to the other, and the chance that fire would start in both of them at once was remote. By this means either building could be emptied in a minute.

The chief difficulty in connection with a fire drill is to maintain it after it has been installed. Turning out every employee during working hours once a month costs money. A new management comes in and the drill is dropped. The chance of fire is always remote in the average mind, like the probability of death, and to keep on going through the fire drill year after year, without ever having a real fire, is likely to strike people as foolish; but a well-planned fire drill has its compensations, for it is an excellent preventive of fire. Inspection is part of it, as are regulations covering the disposal of rubbish and the care of inflammable materials. In a plant where the employer conscientiously protects his employees he has compensation in protection of his property, for the plant that has a good fire drill seldom has any fires.

Which Washington?

"OF COURSE," said Senator William Alden Smith to a constituent to whom he was exhibiting the Washington Monument, "you have heard the old story about the Monument?"

"No!" said the visitor, "I don't think I have."

"Well, it goes this way: A new hack-driver was taking two men around Washington and showing them the sights, and he got over by the Monument. One of the men asked him what it was. He didn't know, but he got off his wagon, asked another driver and then came back and announced: 'That's the Wash'ton Monament, sah.'

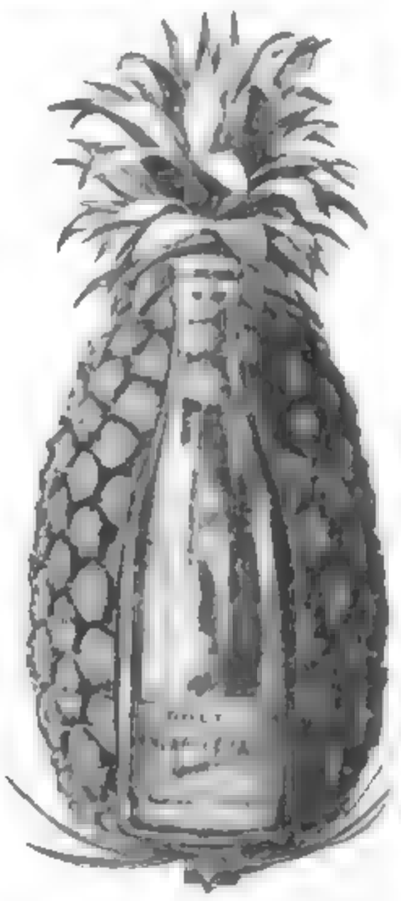
"'George or Martha?' asked the man in the hack."

The Senator waited for the laugh. None came.

"He asked whether the Monument was for George or Martha," he explained carefully.

"Well," asked the visiting constituent, "which one of them is it for?"

And *Now*
It's the Pure Juice!



Hawaiian Pineapple Juice
—a familiar fruit but

a **new product;** a new drink; a new appetizer; and a new healthful habit.

DRINK DOLE'S
Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice

THE DRINK DELIGHTFUL!

It's Dole's James D Dole

Be sure this name in red is on the label

Every bottle of Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice has his signature in red ink across the label. Look for it.

It's Pure—Drink it Pure

Nothing has been added to the juice at any stage of the refining process—no sugar, no water, no preservative—literally and absolutely nothing. We simply free the juice from such coarse matter as will filter out and then sterilize it in the bottle.

It's Hawaiian Pineapple

Grown under the tropical skies of Hawaii. The juice of a ripe Hawaiian Pineapple is just a mixture of dew, sunshine and oxygen. It is purer than spring water.

It's a New Juice

Clear as crystal, beautiful as liquid amber, smooth, mellow and satisfying to the taste; Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice is as much an appetizer as a cocktail, which, in fact, it can easily replace. Non-alcoholic of course.

Where to Find It

Ask the man at the soda fountain for a glass or a bottle; he will appreciate the opportunity of introducing to you this new and delightful drink, because he is the enterprising druggist or confectioner of your community. Or, ask your grocer for quarts, pints or smaller bottles. He will doubtless know about Dole's Pure Hawaiian Pineapple Juice, because he, too, is the man who is on the lookout for the best of everything with which to satisfy the palates of his patrons. If you should not easily find it, write us for booklet and directions where to get it. Send for this useful menu booklet anyway.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS CO., Ltd.
112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Young Men

This Is the Age of Distinctive Clothes Wear Those Made by Young Men's Experts

MOST all clothes makers and retail stores boast of the perfect fit, splendid materials and particular tailoring of the clothes they make and sell.

Young Men, these are mere details. There are set rules that all good makers know and observe in making a garment fit and tailoring it right. All can use materials of equal worth, woolens from the same mills. In these details the product of many good makers is equally desirable.

But when it comes to style, smartness, individuality, no two makers are equal. There are no set rules or laws for making Distinctive clothes. Few makers know how to give these qualities expression.

Appropriateness, fitness, tone and effect are the qualities you want, Young Men, if you've the least spark of pride in your clothes. Your clothes must fit your figure. But, more than this, they must fit your personality—actually be a part of you.

This is the principle on which Ederheimer-Stein clothes are made. They are designed to harmonize with Young Men's ideas and tastes. Foolish extremes are avoided; but every line of the garment contributes something in the way of smartness, distinctiveness, exclusiveness.

These are your kind of clothes, made your way; different clothes from the ordinary, distinctive clothes.

Write for Our Booklet of Fall Styles for Young Men

The book that's an authority on Young Men's clothes Gives you the very latest ideas in style from the Young Man's point of view. Contains "tips" on what to buy

Remember, these clothes are made altogether for Young Men by makers whose specialty is Young Men's clothes. You can expect and will get most satisfaction in buying them.

A good store in most every town sells Ederheimer-Stein Clothes. But if no dealer in your city has them, ask any retail clothier to order from us what you want.

Get This Great Football Poster Free of Ederheimer-Stein Dealers

September 10th to 17th is "Poster Week" at stores where our clothes are sold. It's an important event to all Young Men interested in making a collection of choice art posters

This poster is from one of McFall's greatest drawings—full of life, action, interest. It is reproduced in six colors; size, 18 x 26 inches

Should you not find an Ederheimer-Stein dealer in your town, ask any retail clothier to write us and get a copy for you

Ederheimer, Stein & Co. *Young Men's Clothes,* Chicago

THIS BRUSH IS AN UNHANDY BRUSH

BRISCO-KLEANWELL

The BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

Kleanwell

YOUR protection against the ailments arising from unclean and decayed teeth is inside the Kleanwell Display Case on your dealer's counter. The case contains ten shapes of the Kleanwell Tooth Brush, and *yours* is among them.

The Kleanwell will remove all tartar from the teeth and preserve their natural color. It will always hold its bristles, which are anchored in the back.

Select the Kleanwell shape that suits *you* from the samples shown. Your dealer will hand it to you fresh, clean, not "thumbed over," because it is

SOLD IN A SEALED BOX.

Be sure the Kleanwell box is sealed and that the name on the brush corresponds with the genuine. Adults' and children's sizes.

Put your preference in your hand for the Kleanwell tooth brush.

The BRUSH THAT IS BEST FOR THE HAIR

Brisco

THE best hair tonic is thorough brushing of the hair. Always use a Brisco Hair Brush. The bristles reach the scalp and will withstand vigorous usage. You'll find many Brisco styles in your dealer's Brisco Display Cabinet. The popular Brisco style shown here is No. 2, price $1.50.

The Name BRISCO is on Each Brush.

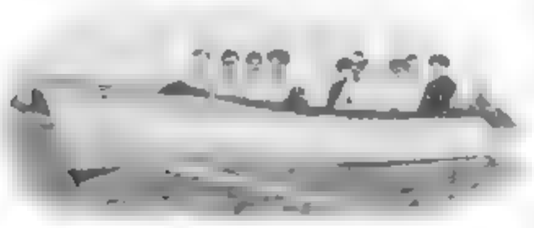
ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
34 Chambers Street New York

DEALERS: Write us. You can obtain the Kleanwell Display Case and Brisco Display Cabinet free.

THIS BRUSH IS A SANITARY AND HYGIENIC MEANS OF HANDLED BRUSH

BRISCO-KLEANWELL

This $500.00 Boat for $174.00



Length — feet beam — inches. Seating capacity — persons

YOU cannot duplicate this boat ready to run elsewhere for less than $500.00. We will ship you the complete boat knock down with all hardware, fittings, etc., together with 6 H. P. motor for $174.00, without motor $79.00. Only one of 50 remarkable bargains offered in our catalog, mailed free, which explains exactly how the enormous saving is made.

We guarantee that an amateur can put any of our boats together without previous tool experience.

Your money back if you are not satisfied. **Send today for catalog No. 24, it's free.**

Look over these bargains

Ready to run		K. D.
$1500.00	35 ft. cabin cruiser 12 h. p. engine	$479.00
350.00	18 ft. motor boat 4 h. p. engine	127.25
185.00	18 ft. sailboat for	52.50

Row boats and canoes at equally large saving.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 209 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.

NEVER MIND LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE WILL MEND IT

If a bottle of **LePAGE'S LIQUID GLUE** costs 10c. and you break an article worth $10 why not mend it with this wonderful adhesive ready for instant use?

Sold also in pin sealing tubes if you prefer it.

Insure slips with every bottle and tube

ARCO SPOTZOFF
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
First cleans
motor car brasses,
then polishes
to diamond brilliance—
all *so* easily—
so quickly.
Equally good for household use.
The Atlantic Refining Co.
Cleveland Ohio
We are looking for live merchants and garages everywhere, and we have an attractive and profitable proposition to offer them. Write today.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 17)

wanted I could have torn your muscles out of your arms and thrown them in the waste-basket there."

"Yes, sir," said Dave, and absolute conviction vibrated in his voice.

He opened the door and went out. The secretary looked at him interrogatively.

"Gosh!" was all Dave vouchsafed, and with this utterance passed out of the offices and the story.

III

JAMES G. WARD was forty years of age, a successful business man, and very unhappy. For forty years he had vainly tried to solve a problem that was really himself, and that with increasing years became more and more a woful affliction. In himself he was two men, and, chronologically speaking, these men were several thousand years or so apart. He had studied the question of dual personality probably more profoundly than any half dozen of the leading specialists in that intricate and mysterious psychological field. In himself he was a different case from any that had been recorded. Even the most fanciful flights of the fiction writers had not quite hit upon him. He was not a Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, nor was he like the unfortunate young man in Kipling's Greatest Story in the World. His two personalities were so mixed that they were practically aware of themselves and of each other all the time.

His one self was that of a man whose rearing and education were modern and who had lived through the latter part of the nineteenth century and well into the first decade of the twentieth. His other self he had located as a savage and a barbarian living under the primitive conditions of several thousand years before. But which self was he, and which was the other, he could never tell. For he was both selves, and both selves all the time. Very rarely indeed did it happen that one self did not know what the other was doing. Another thing was that he had no visions nor memories of the past in which that early self had lived. That early self lived in the present; but while it lived in the present it was under the compulsion to live the way of life that must have been in that distant past.

In his childhood he had been a problem to his father and mother and to the family doctors, though never had they come within a thousand miles of hitting upon the clew to his erratic conduct. Thus, they could not understand his excessive somnolence in the forenoon, nor his excessive activity at night.

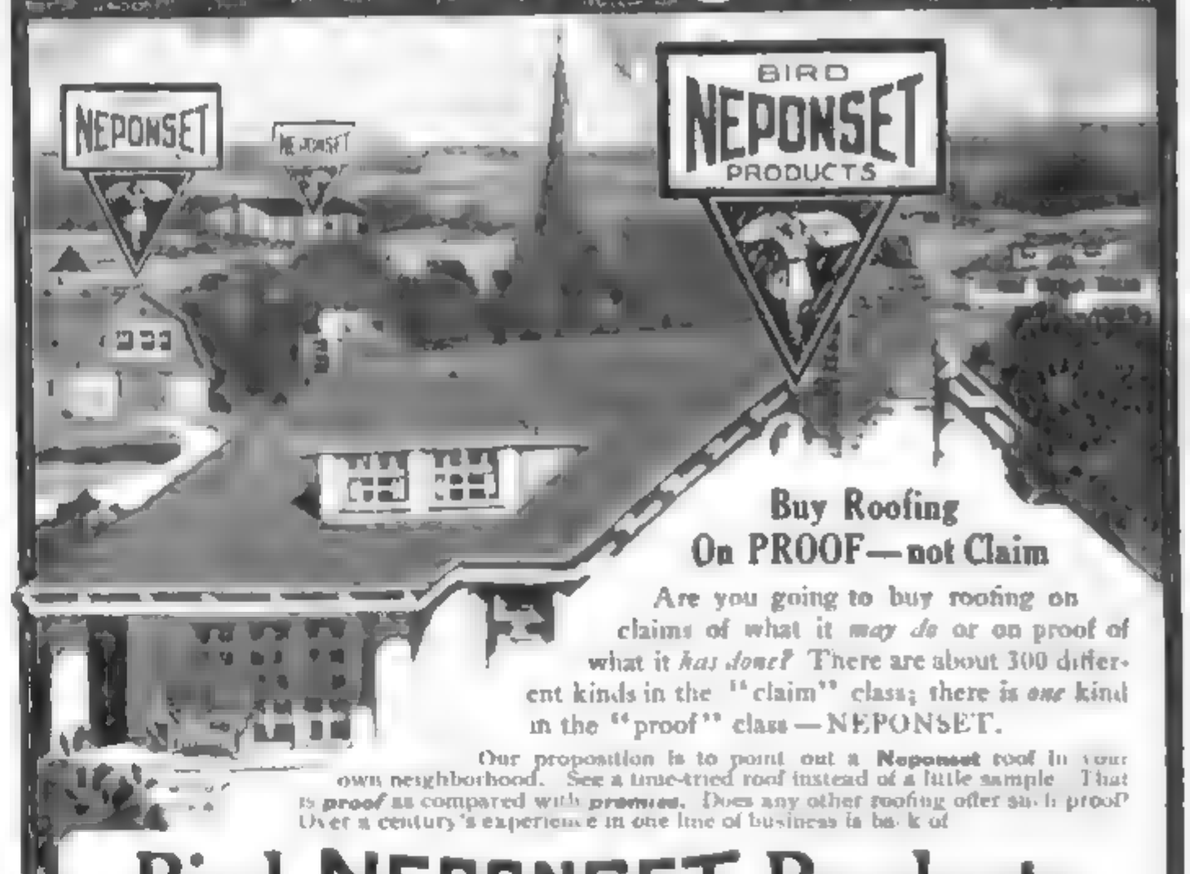
When they found him wandering along the hallways at night, or climbing over giddy roofs, or running in the hills, they decided he was a somnambulist. In reality he was wide-eyed awake and merely under the night-roaming compulsion of his early self. Questioned by an obtuse medico he once told the truth and suffered the ignominy of having the revelation contemptuously labeled and dismissed as dreams.

The point was, that as twilight and evening came on he became wakeful. The four walls of a room were an irk and a restraint. He heard a thousand voices whispering to him through the darkness. The night called to him, for he was, for that period of the twenty-four hours, essentially a night-prowler. But nobody understood, and never again did he attempt to explain. They classified him as a sleep-walker and took precautions accordingly—precautions that very often were futile.

As his childhood advanced he grew more cunning, so that the major portion of all his nights was spent in the open, realizing his other self. As a result, he slept in the forenoons. Morning studies and schools were impossible, and it was discovered that only in the afternoons, under private teachers, could he be taught anything. Thus was his modern self educated and developed.

But a problem, as a child, he ever remained. He was known as a little demon of insensate cruelty and viciousness. The family doctors privately adjudged him a mental monstrosity and a degenerate. Such few boy companions as he had hailed him as a wonder, though they were all afraid of him. He could outclimb, outswim, outrun, outdevil any of them; while

Are You Going to Build?



Buy Roofing On PROOF—not Claim

Are you going to buy roofing on claims of what it *may do* or on proof of what it *has done*? There are about 300 different kinds in the "claim" class; there is *one* kind in the "proof" class—NEPONSET.

Our proposition is to point out a **Neponset** roof in your own neighborhood. See a time-tried roof instead of a little sample. That is **proof** as compared with **promises**. Does any other roofing offer such proof? Over a century's experience in one line of business is back of

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Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers

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New York, Chicago, Washington, Portland, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Atlanta, Seattle and Offices, Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Montreal, St. [illegible]

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Des Moines, Certainty Talk No. 5

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• • •

THE per capita wealth of Iowa is $1,828; that of the whole United States is only $1,318. The farms of Iowa last year produced $621,000,000. The farm lands and buildings are worth more than those of New Jersey, Vermont, Connecticut, Kansas, Colorado and Oregon all together.

Iowa owns one-twelfth of the farm machinery and wagons of the whole country. These can be made in and sold from Des Moines. The corn crop of Iowa would buy the entire mineral production of Mexico. The poultry and eggs are worth more than the entire gold and silver output of Colorado.

A MERCHANT or manufacturer in Des Moines does not fret about Opportunities. He has Certainties. The Greater Des Moines Committee was organized to care for the natural influx of interests and industries. It is doing that. It is not selling town lots or factory sites or irrigation schemes or swamp land drainage dreams. Its work is to tell, not to sell.

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Whether you want suggestion or advice, write us. Tear out the Certainty Coupon, sign it, and send it. The Greater Des Moines Committee makes no charge for its services.

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GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa

Send me WEALTH

My business is.

S. E. P.

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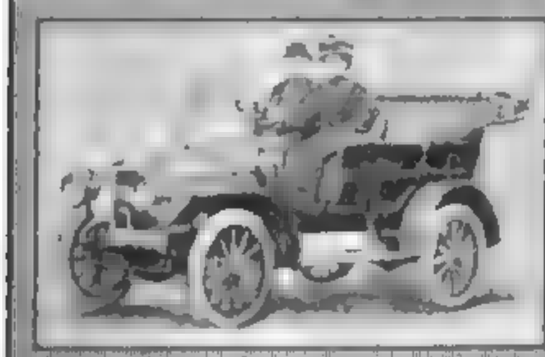

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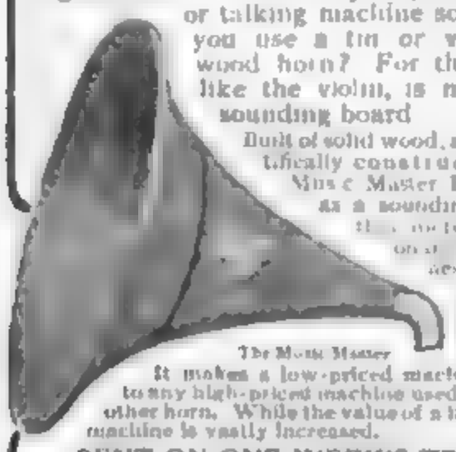
Built of solid wood, and scientifically constructed, the Music Master Horn ... as a sounding board ...



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It makes a low-priced machine equal to any high-priced machine used with any other horn. While the value of a high grade machine is vastly increased.

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for any style or make of machine. Choice of oak, mahogany or spruce. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.

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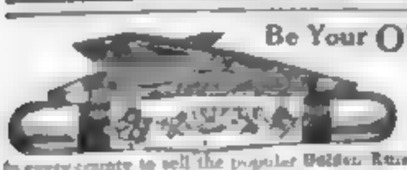

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none dared fight with him. He was too terribly strong, too madly furious.

When nine years of age he ran away to the hills, where he flourished, night-prowling, for seven weeks before he was discovered and brought home. The marvel was how he had managed to subsist and keep in condition during that time. They did not know, and he never told them, of the rabbits he had killed, of the quail, young and old, he had captured and devoured, of the farmers' chicken-roosts he had raided, nor of the cave-lair he had made and carpeted with dry leaves and grasses and in which he had slept in warmth and comfort through the forenoons of many days.

At college he was notorious for his sleepiness and stupidity during the morning lectures and for his brilliance in the afternoon. By collateral reading and by borrowing the notebooks of his fellow-students he managed to scrape through the detestable morning courses. His afternoon courses were triumphs. In football he proved a giant and a terror, and in almost every form of track athletics, save for strange berserker rages that were sometimes displayed, he could be depended upon to win. But his fellows were afraid to box with him, and he signalized his last wrestling bout by sinking his teeth into the shoulder of his opponent.

After college his father, in despair, sent him among the cowpunchers of a Wyoming ranch. Three months later the doughty cowmen confessed he was too much for them and telegraphed his father to come and take the wild man away. Also, when the father arrived to take him away the cowmen allowed that they would vastly prefer chumming with howling cannibals, gibbering lunatics, cavorting gorillas, grizzly bears and man-eating tigers than with this particular young college product with hair parted in the middle.

There was one exception to the lack of memory of the life of his early self, and that was language. By some quirk of atavism a certain portion of that early self's language had come down to him as a racial memory. In moments of happiness, exaltation or battle he was prone to burst out in wild, barbaric songs or chants. It was by this means that he located in time and space that strayed half of him which should have been dead and dust for thousands of years. He sang once deliberately several of these ancient chants in the presence of Professor Wertz, who gave courses in Old Saxon, and who was a philologist of repute and passion. At the first one the professor pricked up his ears and demanded to know what mongrel tongue or hog-German it was. When the second chant was rendered the professor was highly excited. James Ward then concluded the performance by giving a song that always irresistibly rushed to his lips when he was engaged in fierce struggling or fighting. Then it was that Professor Wertz proclaimed it no hog-German, but early German, or early Teuton, of a date that must far precede anything that had ever been discovered and handed down by the scholars. So early was it that it was beyond him; yet it was filled with haunting reminiscences of word-forms he knew and that his trained intuition told him were true and real. He demanded the source of the songs and asked to borrow the precious book that contained them. Also, he demanded to know why young Ward had always posed as being profoundly ignorant of the German language. And Ward could neither explain his ignorance nor lend the book. Whereupon, after pleadings and entreaties that extended through weeks, Professor Wertz took a dislike to the young man, believed him a liar, and classified him as a man of monstrous selfishness for not giving him a glimpse of this wonderful screed that was older than the oldest Teutonic tongue any philologist had ever dreamed of.

But little good did it do this much-mixed young man to know that half of him was late American and the other half early Teuton. Nevertheless, the late American in him was no weakling, and he—if he were a he and had a shred of existence outside of these two—compelled an adjustment or compromise between his one self that was a night-prowling savage who kept his other self sleepy of mornings, and that other self that was cultured and refined and that wanted to be normal and live and love and prosecute business like other people. The afternoons and early evenings he gave to the one, the nights to the other; the forenoons and parts of the nights were devoted

A Kahn Architect Ernest Wilby Associate

This 32-acre fireproof plant of the Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit — the large automobile factories for the Ford, Chalmers, Pierce, Thomas, Hudson, Lozier, Rapid, Garford, Alden-Sampson, Gram-Logan, Grabowsky, Detroit-Electric, Stoddard-Dayton, Cadillac, and 4,500 other important buildings testify to the extensive use and advantages of Kahn System construction. Kahn System buildings are fireproof and permanent—save insurance, repairs and delay—cannot burn down or wear out. Kahn System Products, Shop Facilities and Engineering Assistance mean success in building.

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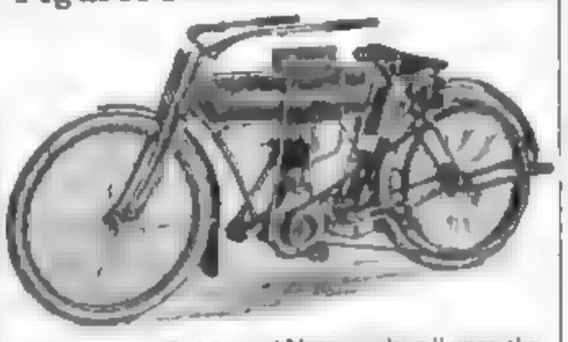

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to sleep for the twain. But in the mornings he slept in bed like a civilized man. In the night time he slept like a wild animal,—as he had slept the night Dave Slotter stepped on him in the woods.

Persuading his father to advance the capital, he went into business, and keen and successful business he made of it, devoting his afternoons whole-souled to it, while his partner devoted the mornings. The early evenings he spent socially, but as the hour grew to nine or ten an irresistible restlessness overcame him and he disappeared from the haunts of men until the next afternoon. Friends and acquaintances thought that he spent much of his time in sport. And they were right, though they never would have dreamed of the nature of the sport, even if they had seen him running coyotes in night chases over the hills of Mill Valley. Neither were the schooner captains believed when they reported seeing on cold winter mornings a man swimming in the tide-rips of Raccoon Straits or in the swift currents between Goat Island and Angel Island, miles from shore.

In the bungalow at Mill Valley he lived alone, save for Lee Sing, the Chinese cook and factotum, who knew much about the strangeness of his master, who was paid well for saying nothing, and who never did say anything. After the satisfaction of his nights, a morning's sleep and a breakfast of Lee Sing's, James Ward crossed the bay to San Francisco on a midday ferryboat and went to the club and on to his office, as normal and conventional a man of business as could be found in the city. But as the evening lengthened the night called to him. There came a quickening of all his perceptions and a restlessness. His hearing was suddenly acute; the myriad night noises told him a luring and familiar story; and, if alone, he would begin to pace up and down the narrow room like any caged animal from the wild.

Once he ventured to fall in love. He never permitted himself that diversion again. He was afraid. And for many a day the young lady, scared out of at least a portion of her young ladyhood, bore on her arms and wrists divers black-and-blue bruises—tokens of caresses which he had bestowed in all fond gentleness after nightfall. There was the mistake. Had he ventured love-making in the afternoon all would have been well, for it would have been as the quiet gentleman that he would have made love—but at night he was the uncouth, wife-stealing savage of the dark German forests. Out of his wisdom he decided that afternoon love-making could be prosecuted successfully; but out of the same wisdom he was convinced that marriage would prove a ghastly failure. He found it appalling to imagine being married and encountering his wife after dark.

So he had eschewed all love-making, regulated his dual life, cleaned up a million in business, fought shy of match-making mammas and bright and eager-eyed young ladies of various ages, met Lilian Gersdale and made it a rigid observance never to see her later than eight o'clock in the evening, ran of nights after his coyotes and slept in forest lairs—and through it all had kept his secret save for Lee Sing . . . and now, Dave Slotter. It was the latter's discovery of both his selves that frightened him. In spite of the counter fright he had given the burglar, the latter might talk, and even if he did not, sooner or later he would be found out by some one else.

Thus it was that James Ward made a fresh and heroic effort to control the Teutonic barbarian that was half of him. So well did he make it a point to see Lilian in the afternoons and early evenings that the time came when she accepted him for better or worse, and when he prayed privily and fervently that it were not for worse. During this period no prizefighter ever trained more harshly and faithfully for a contest than he trained to subdue the wild savage in him. Among other things he strove to exhaust himself during the day, so that sleep would render him deaf to the call of the night. He took a vacation from the office and went on long hunting trips, following the deer through the most inaccessible and rugged country he could find—and always in the daytime. Night found him indoors and tired. At home he installed a score of exercise machines, and where other men might go through a particular movement ten times he went hundreds. Also, as a compromise he built a sleeping-porch on the second story. Here

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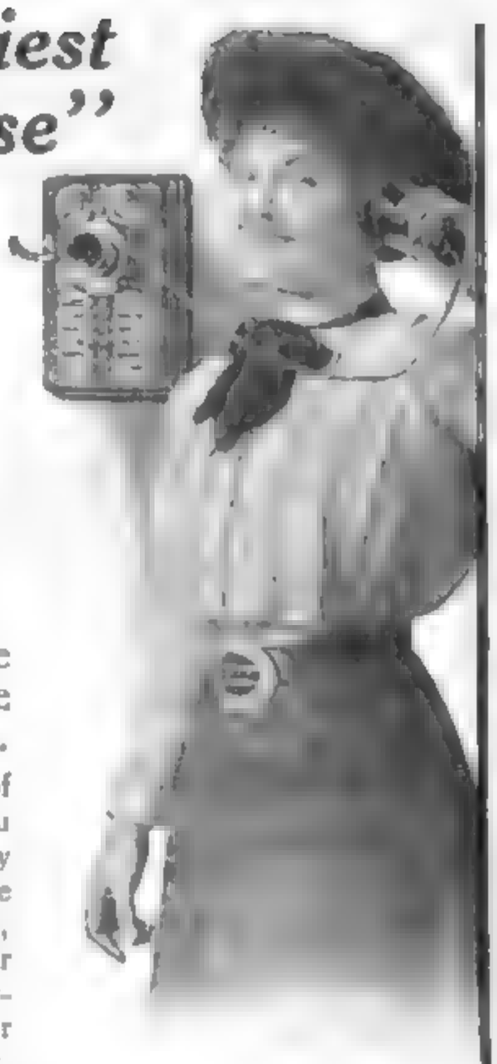

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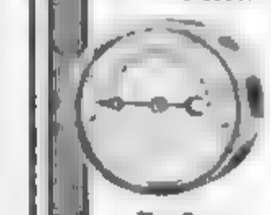

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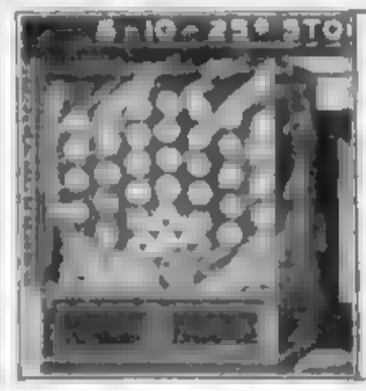

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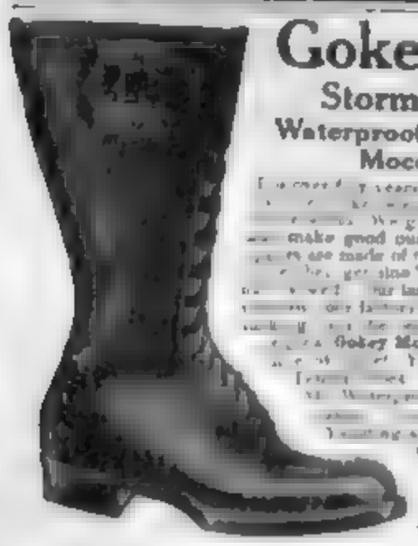

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Jamestown, N. Y.

at least he breathed the blessed night air. Double screens prevented him from escaping into the woods, and each night Lee Sing locked him in and each morning let him out.

The time came, in the month of August, when he engaged additional servants to assist Lee Sing and dared a house party in his Mill Valley bungalow. Lilian, her mother and brother and half a dozen mutual friends were the guests. For two days and nights all went well. And on the third night, playing bridge till eleven o'clock, he had reason to be proud of himself. His restlessness he successfully hid, but as luck would have it, Lilian Gersdale was his opponent on his right. She was a frail, delicate flower of a woman, and in his night mood her very frailty incensed him. Not that he loved her less, but that he felt almost irresistibly impelled to reach out and paw and maul her. Especially was this true when she was engaged in playing a winning hand against him.

He had one of the deerhounds brought in and, when it seemed he must fly to pieces with the tension, a caressing hand laid on the animal brought him relief. These contacts with the hairy coat gave him instant easement and enabled him to play out the evening. Nor did any one guess the terrific struggle their host was making, the while he laughed so carelessly and played so keenly and deliberately.

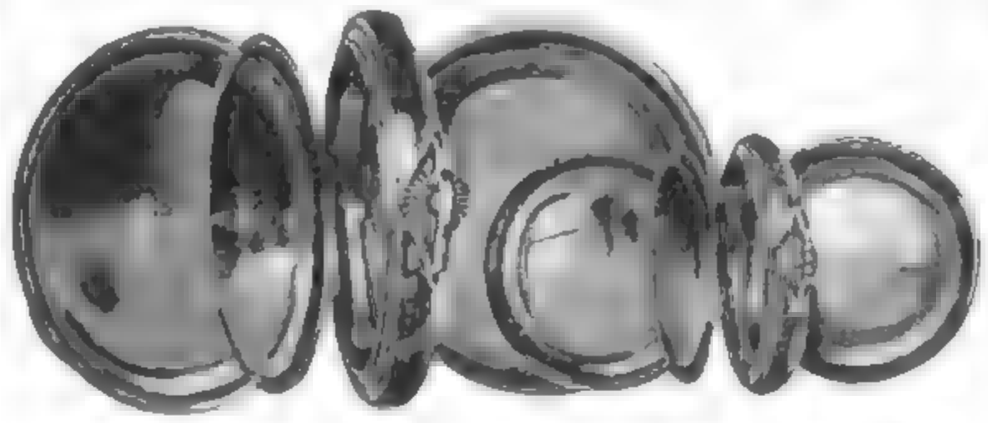
When they separated for the night he saw to it that he parted from Lilian in the presence of the others. Once on his sleeping-porch and safely locked in he doubled and tripled and even quadrupled his exercises until, exhausted, he lay down on the couch to woo sleep and to ponder two problems that especially troubled him. One was this matter of exercise. It was a paradox. The more he exercised in this excessive fashion the stronger he became. While it was true that he thus quite tired out his night-running Teutonic self, it seemed that he was merely setting back the fatal day when his strength would be too much for him and overpower him, and then it would be a strength more terrible than he had ever known. The other problem was that of his marriage and of the stratagems he must employ in order to avoid his wife after dark. And thus fruitlessly pondering he fell asleep.

Now, where the huge grizzly bear came from that night was long a mystery, while the people of the Springs Brothers' Circus, showing at Sausalito, searched long and vainly for "Big Ben, the Biggest Grizzly in Captivity." But Big Ben escaped and, out of the mazes of half a thousand bungalows and country estates, it selected the grounds of James J. Ward for visitation. The first Mr. Ward knew was when he found himself on his feet, quivering and tense, a surge of battle in his breast, and on his lips the old war-chant. From without came a wild baying and bellowing of the hounds. And sharp as a knife-thrust through the pandemonium came the agony of a stricken dog—his dog, he knew.

Not stopping for slippers, pajama-clad, he burst through the door Lee Sing had so carefully locked, sped down the stairs and out into the night. As his naked feet struck the graveled driveway he stopped abruptly, reached under the steps to a hiding-place he knew well, and pulled forth a huge, knotty club—his old companion in many a mad night adventure on the hills. The frantic hullabaloo of the dogs was coming nearer, and, swinging the club, he sprang straight into the thickets to meet it.

The aroused household assembled on the wide veranda. Somebody turned on the electric lights, but they could see nothing but one another's frightened faces. Beyond the brightly illuminated driveway the trees formed a wall of impenetrable blackness. Yet somewhere amid that blackness a terrible struggle was going on. There was an infernal outcry of animals, a great snarling and growling, the sound of blows being struck and a smashing and crashing of underbrush by heavy bodies.

The tide of battle swept out from among the trees and upon the driveway just beneath the onlookers. Then they saw. Mrs. Gersdale cried out and clung fainting to her son. Lilian, clutching the railing so spasmodically that a bruising hurt was left in her finger-ends for days, gazed horror-stricken at a yellow-haired, wild-eyed giant whom she recognized as the man who was to be her husband. He was swinging a great club and fighting furiously and calmly with a shaggy monster that was bigger than any bear she had ever seen. One rip



Your Money's Worth in a Watch Case

The reliable watch case, with its tight-fitting caps and neat joints, is a mighty fine piece of workmanship. There are a dozen ways to cheapen it—in amount of labor put on it, in skill, in weight, in fineness.

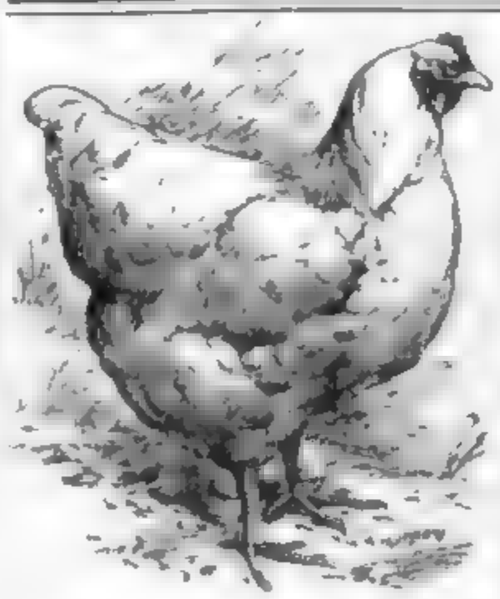
The *genuine* watch case is made not merely to please the eye and to sell, but to protect the wonderfully fine and delicate mechanism of the watch movement or "works."

You know how it is in buying anything: if you take things for granted and don't know what to ask for you get an adulterated article—a substitute said to be "just as good" as the genuine.

The trade marks illustrated on this page are your safeguard. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case. Be sure to find them. Every good jeweler in this country knows the marks and carries the cases. They are made for ladies' and men's watches—plain, engine-turned, engraved or enameled. All sizes, all patterns.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Philadelphia

CRESCENT GOLD FILLED
KEYSTONE 14K SOLID GOLD
JAS. BOSS GOLD FILLED



$11,347.13 on the Side.

Mr. F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in the past twenty-two years has cleared $11,347.13 from hens. This is a remarkable record, when it is known that Mr. Dunlap is employed ten hours a day in a store and all the time he has to put in with his hens is what he can get morning, noon and night. This $11,347.13 was all made on the side. Nor does Mr. Dunlap get fancy prices for what he has to sell. He ships to Boston, and takes current quotations from the commission men there. Mr. Dunlap began in 1887 with twenty hens. Last year his poultry profits figured out $853.69—and this is all on the side. Mr. Dunlap's hens have bought him a beautiful home, purchased a horse and carriage, are sending three boys to school and college, besides giving something for a rainy day. Can others do equally as well? "Sure thing," says Mr. Dunlap, "if they will wear out the soles of their shoes faster than they do the seat of their pants." The story of Mr. Dunlap's success and his methods is told in the book, "$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs!" and it is only one out of a score of things to set the blood tingling and make one resolve to get next to the $600,000,000 spent in the United States each year for poultry and eggs.

$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs

In the name of a new book [illegible] Price 50 Cents [illegible] paper is handsomely illustrated, 64 to 92 pages, 50 cents per year. 3 months trial, 10 cts. Sample free. Catalogue of poultry books free.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, 3 HODGKINS BLOCK, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for FREE SEARCH. Books, Advice, Search and Big List of Inventions wanted. WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C. FREE

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 3 [illegible] postpaid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa. $1.00

A Dog's Foot

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

Embody this principle and ***insure*** ease and safety with every step. The tread, constructed with flexible "U" shaped ribs, together with flat-ended rubber studs, makes these heels positively ***non-slipping*** on ice or other slippery surfaces.

Mailed upon receipt of price

35 Cents Per Pair

For Men or Women

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot.

Dealers, write for prices

¶ Bailey's Rubber Heels were invented by Mr. C. J. Bailey, the inventor and patentee of Bailey's Rubber Brushes, "Won't Slip" Crutch Tips and "Won't Slip" Tires.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,
22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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Steel blades for cutting steel. Simonds steel has just the right degrees of toughness and hardness for this exacting work. Buy a gross of Simonds blades and let them speak for themselves.

Carpenters, send for a copy of "Guide Book for Carpenters"

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Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Ask for "Esterbrook's," and you get the best pens—easiest writing, longest wearing.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.

of the beast's claws had dragged away Ward's pajama coat and streaked his flesh with blood.

While most of Lilian Gersdale's fright was for the man beloved, there was a large portion of it due to the man himself. Never had she dreamed so formidable and magnificent a savage lurked under the starched shirt and conventional garb of her betrothed. And never had she had any conception of how a man battled. Such a battle was certainly not modern; nor was she there beholding a modern man, though she did not know it. For this was not Mr. James J. Ward, the San Francisco business man, but one, unnamed and unknown, a crude, rude savage creature who, by some freak of chance, lived again after thrice a thousand years.

The hounds, ever maintaining their mad uproar, circled about the fight or dashed in and out, distracting the bear. When the animal turned to meet such flanking assaults the man leaped in and the club came down. Angered afresh by every such blow, the bear would rush, and the man, leaping and skipping, avoiding the dogs, went backward or circled to one side or the other. Whereupon the dogs, taking advantage of the opening, would again spring in and draw the animal's wrath to them.

The end came suddenly. Whirling, the grizzly caught a hound with a wide-sweeping cuff that sent the brute, its ribs caved in and its back broken, hurtling twenty feet. Then the human brute went mad. A foaming rage flecked the lips that parted with a wild, inarticulate cry as it sprang in, swung the club mightily in both hands and brought it down full on the head of the uprearing grizzly. Not even the skull of a grizzly could withstand the crushing force of such a blow, and the animal went down to meet the worrying of the hounds. And through their scurrying leaped the man full upon the body, where, in the white electric light, resting on his club, he chanted a triumph in an unknown tongue—a song so ancient that Professor Wertz would have given ten years of his life for it.

His guests rushed to possess him and acclaim him, but James Ward, suddenly looking out of the eyes of the early Teuton, saw the fair, frail twentieth-century girl he loved and felt something snap in his brain. He staggered weakly toward her, dropped the club and nearly fell. Something had gone wrong with him. Inside his brain was an intolerable agony. It seemed as if the soul of him were flying asunder. Following the excited gaze of the others, he glanced back and saw the carcass of the bear. The sight filled him with fear. He uttered a cry and would have fled had they not restrained him and led him into the bungalow.

. . . . . .

James J. Ward is still at the head of the firm of Ward, Knowles & Co. But he no longer lives in the country, nor does he run of nights after the coyotes under the moon. The early Teuton in him died the night of the Mill Valley fight with the bear. James J. Ward is now wholly James J. Ward, and he shares no part of his being with any vagabond anachronism from the younger world. And so wholly is James J. Ward modern that he knows in all its bitter fullness the curse of civilized fear. He is now afraid of the dark, and night in the forest is to him a thing of abysmal terror. His city house is of the spick-and-span order, and he evinces a great interest in burglar-proof devices. His home is a tangle of electric wires, and after bedtime a guest can scarcely breathe without setting off an alarm. Also, he has invented a combination keyless doorlock that travelers may carry in their vest pockets and apply immediately and successfully under all circumstances. But his wife does not deem him a coward. She knows better. And, like any hero, he is content to rest on his laurels. His bravery is never questioned by those of his friends who are aware of the Mill Valley episode.

A Wakeful Night

A RATHER imaginative Washington lady decided she had insomnia. She couldn't sleep, she said. One morning she was more than usually depressed.

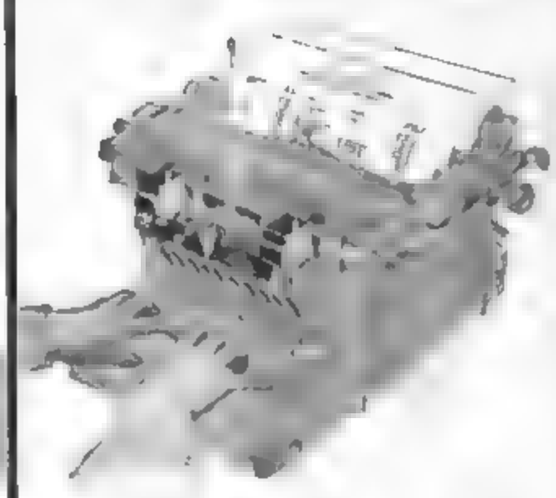
"What's the matter, dear?" asked the husband. "Another sleepless night?"

"Worse than that; oh, much worse than that!" she replied gloomily. "I did manage to drop off to sleep, and I dreamed all the time I was asleep that I was awake."

30 Years ago

we said:

"You cannot afford to **Write** in the old way."



To-Day

we say:

"You cannot afford to **Add** in the old way."

NEW conditions create new needs. When writing was limited the pen would do it. When adding was limited the head would do it. But thirty years ago the Remington Typewriter removed all limitations from writing. As the world's writing grew its adding grew, for writing created more business and business created more adding. Thus when we solved the writing problem, we created the adding problem. Now we have solved the new problem of our own creation.

For thirty years we have sold you writing machines to build your business. Now we sell you combined writing *and adding* machines which build your business and at the same time *record* your business.

We will gladly send you on request a copy of an illustrated booklet which tells you all about the **Model 11**

Remington Typewriter With Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment

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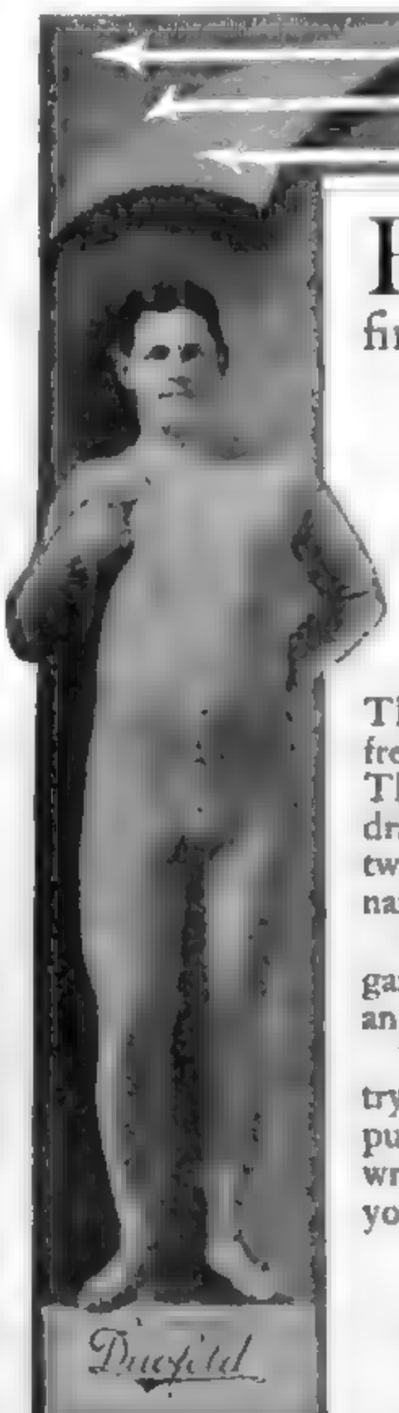

ROBUST or delicate—it makes no difference: You will find complete satisfaction in

Improved
Duofold
Health Underwear

Two light-weight fabrics in one; with air-space between

This scientific combination adapts itself both to the wearer and the weather. The smooth, finished inner fabric is always fresh and dry and soothing next your skin. The outer fabric protects you perfectly against drafts, chills or sudden changes. And the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Your dealer will supply you with single garments or union suits in various shades and weights; for men, women and children.

There is nothing else like *Duofold*. Don't try to make some substitute "answer the purpose." It can't. If you have any difficulty write to us; and we will see that you get what you want. Your money back if not satisfied.

Ask for the *Duofold* style booklet. It gives information valuable to every careful dresser.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.
Robiachon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents
349 Broadway, New York

Sense and Nonsense

New Comers in Eden

THE infant class in the Sunday-school was studying the mysteries of creation.

"Now, children," said the young lady teacher, "whom did I tell you were the first man and woman?"

Every hand was raised, but one little boy seemed bursting with eagerness to tell.

"Well, Harry," said the teacher, "who were the first man and woman?"

"Odd and Even," shouted Harry.

The Ghost of Pete McCluskey

The ghost of Pete McCluskey came aknockin' on the door.
"Come in; come in," I says to him; "but do not thrack the floor—
'Tis newly washed this afthernoon"—an' then I shuk wid fright,
For Peter stud before me an' the door still fastened tight.

"Recoomin' av our argyment the night before I died."
Said Pete McCluskey then to me, aattin' by my side,
"I've wandhered round the universe in spiritual guise,
An' since I died I find I am particularly wise;
An' I have thought av argyments that certainly is strong,
An' so I came to talk to ye an' show ye where ye're wrong."

I thried to speak, but not a word wud issue from me lip,
While Pete McCluskey opened up an' let his language rip.
He may have sailed the universe, but what he didn't learn
Wud fill a library or two, with stuff besides to burn;
His argyments was futile rot for all he was a ghost.
I hope I'll have more brains than Pete when I am with the host.

But nary word cud I put in while he went on an' on,
Explainin' foolish argyments till I was pale an' wan;
He shuk his finger, slapped his knee, an' talked an' talked some more,
An' though I am a patient man I sure was gettin' sore;
His postulates was very bad, his premises was worse,
An' yet I cudn't shut him up or answer him or curse.

As dawn came on he started off, asayin' as he went:
"Now this is what I surely call a pleasant argyment.
You haven't had a word to say; I take it you agree
With all I've said?—to argue thus is Heaven enough for me.
Why shud I tap at Heaven's gate when this is just as well?"
"It may be Heaven for you," I says; "but, Pete, for me it's hell."

Then Pete he smiles an' disappears; but when he came again
I had a dozen Socialists to help me out, an' then
They put poor Peter on the blink; it was a bitter cup.
But even ghostly sophistries cud never shut them up.

It broke his heart, an' though he comes an' knocks upon the door
He sits an' never says a word, while I—I have the floor.
An' if you happen round at night you probably will see
The ghost of Pete McCluskey always listenin' to me!
—*Berton Braley.*

The Judge's Joke

JUDGE EMORY SPEER presides over the Federal Court in the Southern Georgia district.

A prisoner was brought before him for sentence and the Judge gave the man fifteen years in the Atlanta Federal prison.

"Your honor," said the prisoner's counsel, "I beg that you will reduce that sentence. As you can see, my client is in very poor health. He cannot live for fifteen years. He can live but a short time. He is dying now, your honor, and I beg that you will not be so severe in your penalty. I ask you to be merciful. I beg of you to reduce my client's sentence, in the name of humanity, for he cannot live fifteen years."

"Very well, sir," said the Judge; "I will commute the sentence to life imprisonment."

Ye Vaudevillain

Oh, he was a Vaudevillain who was looking for a job.
He'd a voice that was a mixture of a thunderbolt and sob.
He was tall and he was slender, he was bald as to the pate,
And suggested both the camel and the ostrich in his gait.
"I can do a lot of funny stunts," said he, addressing me.
"I can whistle like a siren, I can warble like the sea.
I can sing sweet as an oyster, I can yodel like a clam,
I can copy Mary Garden, I can imitate a ram—
But
My best impersonation
Is a clever imitation
Of the girl who imitated Faversham."

He threw a fit upon the floor—
I never saw its like before.

"I can do such acrobatics as will terrify your soul.
I can balance on my eyebrows on an empty finger-bowl.
I can juggle, I can jiggle, take a rabbit from your hat.
I can change a shining chignon to a common garden rat.
I have comic songs by dozens, and a half a hundred glees,
And I'd make a good ringmaster for the Educated Fleas.
I can turn a piece of rubber to a steaming oyster-stew;
If you want a human rooster I can cock-a-doodle-doo—
But
My best impersonation
Is a clever imitation
Of the girl who imitated Mr. Drew."

He straightway stood upon his head
To prove the truth of what he said.

"I am a perfect wonder of an operatic kind:
When I sing Santa Lucia you will simply lose your mind.
I can do the whole of Carmen, taking every vocal part,
Male or female, in a fashion that is simply perfect art.
You would think I was Caruso when I tackle Pagliatch,
And the critics say my Romeo has never met its match.
My Siegfried is a dandy, my Brunhilda is a joy,
And never was a Marguerite so femininely coy—
But
My best impersonation
Is a ripping imitation
Of the girl who imitated Eddie Foy."

He stuck his tongue into his eye—
Such genius rare who could deny?

"I have rivaled Booth and Irving as the Melancholy Dane,
I can make up like the Kaiser, or the Kings of Greece and Spain.
I can make up like Bill Bryan, Mr. Taft or Uncle Joe.
I can make up like our Teddy with his countenance aglow.
I can roar you like a lion, I can coo you like a dove.
I'm a corker when it comes to scenes of tragedy or love.
I can do the noble suitor, I can do the wicked rake—
Indeed there's not a role that I'm incompetent to take—
But
My best impersonation
Is a clever imitation
Of a hungry man attackling of a steak!"

I took him out to a café,
And found his claim was quite O. K.;
In fact, as far as I recall,
That steak act was the best of all.
—*Horace Dodd Gastt*

Gladys Snodgrass had a mole on her nose and three layers of chin.

She answered a matrimonial advertisement and mailed a portrait from which all wrinkles were erased, the chin reduced and the mole painted out. She missed and is still a miss.

She had submitted samples of goods which she could not deliver.

We want you to answer this advertisement, and send for the new Sincerity style book (free) which shows real clothes as they really look on real men—actual photographs of suits and overcoats without a wrinkle rubbed out or a shoulder widened—every detail of every garment precisely as you will find it when a Sincerity dealer puts a Sincerity garment on your back.

We have not altered the pictures because we will not show samples of goods which we cannot deliver. On sale almost everywhere. Supplied anywhere. If you can't find a Sincerity shop, write to us and we'll set you right. Our guarantee is on every garment.

Sincerity clothes for men and young men.

Kuh. Nathan & Fischer Co.
MAKERS CHICAGO

Sincerity Clothes

Copyright 1920 by National Cloak & Suit Co.

Have You, Reader, Secured Your "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book?

It will be sent you free upon request

There are three reasons why you should write today for YOUR "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book, which we have reserved for YOU.

First Reason: It shows you all the new desirable styles in all kinds of apparel for Women, Misses and Children.

Second Reason: It places all these new garments within your reach—enables you to secure exactly the ones most becoming and pleasing to you.

Third Reason: This "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book will save you money—by enabling you to buy at much lower prices than you will have to pay elsewhere.

Now we don't ask you to take any one's word for all this. We simply say let us send you free a Style Book, and then see for yourself if the "NATIONAL" doesn't offer you all these advantages—these opportunities

We say this to you: One Style Book is intended for you—is here reserved for you. Give us your name and address so that we may send you this book free and without obligation. Examine it at your leisure and if it does offer you advantages—if it offers you increased pleasure in your apparel; if it saves you money—you will be the gainer. ***You will have profited by taking the time now to write for your "NATIONAL" Style Book.***

Five New "NATIONAL" Styles

Do these styles interest you? Are these sample pages from the "NATIONAL" Style Book interesting? Will you look at Fashion Plates of hundreds more styles? May we send you free our complete "NATIONAL" Style Book showing all the new and desirable Fashions for Fall? It shows

"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits $10 to $40 Made to Measure . . . .

Samples of Materials Sent Free if Requested

These are the most famous, the most satisfactory suits ever made. Because each suit is cut and made to order. Your suit will be cut to your order, tailored to please you, trimmed as you wish it trimmed, and made in your own choice of our 450 different materials. You have every new style to choose from—every desirable weave and shade of fabric for your selection—and your suit will be made subject to YOUR approval at OUR risk. You are the one to say if it is perfect, if it fits perfectly, if it is perfectly satisfactory, and if you wish to keep it. If not, we will *cheerfully* refund your money without quibble or question and pay express charges both ways.

"NATIONAL" Money-Saving Opportunities

Your Style Book will show you how to save money and at the same time secure the most becoming and beautiful styles in all kinds of apparel.

Waists 98 cents to $9.98
Sweaters $1.98 to $7.98
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Raincoats $8.98 to $14.98
Veils and Scarfs 49 cents to $4.75
Plumes 98 cents to $19.98
Kimonos and House Dresses 79 cents to $5.98
Ladies' Dresses and Costumes $11.98 to $29.75
Petticoats 98 cents to $7.98
Ladies' Coats and Capes $7.98 to $31.98
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Fur Pieces, Fur Coats $2.25 to $59.75
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NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY, 239 West 24th Street, New York City

Mail Orders Only. **No Agents or Branches**

Samples of Materials for "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits, Made to Measure, will be sent you with your Style Book if you state the colors you prefer. Samples will be sent gladly, but only when asked for.

THE "NATIONAL" POLICY

The "NATIONAL" prepays express, postage and postage to all parts of the world. Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag, our signed guarantee attached. This tag says that you may return, at our expense, any "NATIONAL" Garment not satisfactory to you, and we will refund your money.

We Are the Most Experienced Makers of Men's Nightwear in the World

For nearly a generation we have studied the making of comfortable and attractive nightwear with the same care that an architect gives to the designing of a palatial house. The result is that "Faultless" Night Shirts and Pajamas are favorably familiar everywhere.

"Faultless" garments are made of soft, smooth fabrics that caress the skin and absorb moisture. They fit faultlessly.

Every detail of the "Faultless" garment has expert attention. The buttons are sewed on with a final loop stitch which keeps them on. The colors are tested and are guaranteed to last. The seams are flattened down so as not to chafe the skin. Every "Faultless" garment is absolutely sanitary—made under the most *cleanly conditions*.

More Than 6300 Dealers Sell "FAULTLESS"

Day Shirts, Pajamas and Night Shirts

"Faultless" Day Shirts are made with the same care and skill that are used in making "Faultless" nightwear.

Your haberdasher knows all about "Faultless" garments. Ask to see them and judge for yourself as to their quality.

The variety of "Faultless" designs is very large; the garments are made in various weights of fabric for both winter and summer.

There is a wide range of prices depending on the style and fabric.

When Buying Be Sure to Look for the "FAULTLESS" Label

"Faultless" SINCE 1881

Write Today For Our "BED-TIME BOOK"

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us direct for our attractively illustrated "Bed-Time Book" and make your own selection. The "Bed-Time Book" contains illustrations of many styles of pajamas, night shirts and day shirts, together with full information about "Faultless" garments and directions for ordering.

E. Rosenfeld & Company, Dept. E, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Equal to Six Ordinary Mantles

The Block Innerlin Gas Mantle is made so strong that jars and vibrations which crumble other mantles have no effect on it at all.

One Innerlin Mantle outlasts **six** ordinary gas mantles. An Innerlin Mantle burns, usually, 500 nights, figuring six hours light per night.

The reason lies in the construction.

An Innerlin Mantle—upright or inverted—is made as two separate mantles, one fitting neatly inside the other. The two sections are then united into **one strong** mantle.

It's the simple principle of reinforcement.

It not only doubles the strength, but prevents shrinking, absolutely.

Such a mantle gives 50% **more light** because there's more incandescent surface. Yet it burns no extra gas.

BLOCK INNERLIN LINED MANTLES

To make Innerlin Mantles takes twice as long and nearly twice the material.

Yet the price is but 25c each at your dealer's.

But you can get one to try without cost by saving the covers of the boxes containing Block "Vy-tal-ty" Mantles—our 10 and 15-cent unlined grades—the very best mantles made for the money.

The inverted "Vy-tal-tys," like inverted Innerlins, have our patent cross-cut seam, which does away completely with bunching at the lower end. This, in itself, allows **more light.**

Block **Innerlin** Mantles at 25 cents are far too good to give away broadcast as samples.

That's why we're making this special offer.

Start saving "Vy-tal-ty" covers today, if you do not yet want to pay as much as 25 cents for a mantle. Such an offer can't last very long. Present the covers to any dealer or send them in to us.

Or better, buy a dozen "Vy-tal-tys" at once, turning in the box covers then and there for the "Innerlin."

Ask the dealer to show you, also, the Block "Vy-tal-ty" Light, which sells complete for $1.

You can't afford not to know these superior mantles.

Always look on the box and the mantle for "Block." All dealers sell Block Mantles.

The Block Light Co.
107 Wick Ave.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

(9)

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Old Order and the New

IF DANIEL BOONE or his old college friend David Crockett should by any chance come to life today and have a glance around him he would take to the woods in terror—if he could find any woods to take to. We call those long-legged gentlemen Americans, and apply the same name to ourselves; but, as the French say, behold a difference! We are as far from the real thing in ancient Americanism as are little painted and befeathered boys playing behind the barn and longing, oh! so much, to engage in the real game of Indian, buffalo and bear.

The difference is not altogether our fault. We must charge something of it off against civilization in general. America seems to have been elected to be the meal ticket of the world, and when a man starts in life with his eye firmly fixed on his meal ticket, he has not time for anything else until he has got the meal-ticket habit so badly that he doesn't want anything else. The daily bread of Boone and Crockett ran around wild, and they could combine business and pleasure in gunning for it. In our own time we are more occupied in gunning for each other, in one way or the other.

It was the destiny of America to be devoted to business. We are still young and savage enough to smile at the sport of England and other old-world countries, but we have no right to smile, because in America we have not yet learned to take thought for the future. What we desire we will get, and we desire business. Lucky the man, therefore, who lived early enough to have a taste of the out-of-doors that once existed on this continent. And most unfortunate of all is he whose life lapped over those days and these. The coming generation, not having known anything better, will be better content with the quarter-loaf than we are with the half-loaf that remains now as our portion.

A Forest Raised by Hand

Perhaps the saddest thing Mr. Boone or Mr. Crockett would have to face would be the changed physical appearance of America itself. They would miss the forests that once they knew. It is a mighty slow work, the building up of a forest, as we may say advisedly. One experiment of private nature, made in the old-time country of Michigan, comes to mind. It was undertaken some years ago by a few wealthy lumbermen, who from time to time have put something like fifty thousand dollars into the experiment of planting seedling pines on a tract some miles in extent where little pine is left today. Natives and visiting anglers have smiled many times at seeing the gangs of laborers planting these little pines out in the sandy waste, where nothing now seems to grow. The laborers themselves felt guilty in taking the money. This year the smile seemed to be justified, if there be justification or content in calamity. For a time it looked as though, in spite of all, the enterprise would succeed. The loss of the little trees averaged only ten per cent here, twenty there, thirty per cent at the outside anywhere. The fires were kept out and the experiment seemed to flourish. This summer, however, came yet another long and severe drought. One of the backers of the enterprise writes disconsolately as to the outlook:

"We have bad news from our forest farm. The drought has killed fully eighty per cent of the Norway and white pine seedlings that we set out this spring, about half a million. This throws a good deal of doubt upon the possibility of making young seedlings live long enough to get their roots down into the moist ground. We have had three of these dry summers in succession. The clearing of the ground cover in order to make the planting possible and safe from fire has the disadvantage of enabling the ground to dry up sooner, and of destroying the shade that the young tree needs while struggling for a foothold. Our loss will be several thousand dollars, the price of replacing the seedlings, and it will take a year or more to do the work. Then the question comes up, shall we have better luck with those that we plant next year? To us it seems that the way to reforest this country is to protect the forests that we already have against fires, taxes and trespassers. We ought to maintain these as permanent forests, only lumbering the large trees, or those imperfect or injured by accident. No matter if you do have a drought, the shade and moisture of an old forest rears the new crop more quickly and cheaply than it can be done in any other way. I don't believe you can go out and plant a field that is bare, as you would if you were planting corn, and make the little trees live. They must have shade and moisture to start with. They mustn't have fire. Neither should a man public-spirited enough to undertake such an affair be harassed by moss-backed supervisor's assessments, backed up by unfair state laws that tax anything that resembles a lumberman."

It would seem that Mr. Crockett and Mr. Boone were wise in departing this life before it became necessary to reconstruct our forests. It is a long, slow and doubtful game. There will be oaks in England long after ours are gone. We do not really care for trees, hence the time will be when we shall not have them.

What Hunting Costs in Human Life

As to the game that once was abundant in our forests, did our long-legged friends drop in today with their long-barreled rifles, for a little deer hunt, one fears that they would be less discouraged than frightened, bold men though once they were. A deer hunt of an autumn in our pine forests is apt to show a loss of human life bigger than the American loss in the battle of New Orleans, or in the entire Cuban campaign. Last fall, in a space of a little more than a couple of months, eighty-seven men were killed in the hunting field in America. It is considered very good form to lose your life in the hunting field in Great Britain, and it reads especially well in a novel dealing with the nobility. The American method is less romantic but more effective. With the best intent in the world you stroll out into the woods to see if you can get a porcupine for supper, since you have seen no deer. Ping! Your wife is a widow, and neither you nor she knows just how it happened.

Besides the deaths from gunshot there were sixty-eight men injured last fall, most of them dangerously. Wisconsin had twenty-six men killed and Michigan fourteen, in the deer fields. For some reason Maine killed only one man last year. Now all these men were killed because they were out pathetically trying to do what Boone and Crockett used to do as a matter of course. Behold a difference! You read a great deal about ambushes, and man hunts, and Indian killings, and killings by Indians in those old days, but you shall not find in any page of history of that time one instance of a man shot down because he was taken for a deer. When an Indian imitated the call of a wild turkey, and tried to decoy D. Boone, the latter was just that careful about shooting that he treed up, waited till he saw the paint on his Indian, and then plunked him where he wanted, taking no chance shot into the brush where he saw something move.

Uncle Davy and his friend Daniel would, perhaps, open their eyes today at beholding our system of guides, which after all is one of the most amusing things in sport. To pay another man for being manly, sportsmanlike, and skilled in outdoor accomplishments is more or less absurd on the face of it. Yet a big game hunt today usually must fall within such lines for the average man. With its useless lumber of equipments, its fads and luxuries and foolishnesses, an ordinary big game hunt is licensed to be called a farce even today, and a hundred years ago could not have existed even as a farce. But that is sport today, and that is how we risk our lives and our sacred honor when we attempt deeds of dare-and-do. Business is business. We have thirty days and must get back. We have not time to learn to know a country, or to learn the art of hunting. The guide cannot afford to teach these things for nothing. So there you are.

The greatest difference between sport of the old days and that of today lies in the matter of localization. Davy and Daniel counted it ill fortune when they could not

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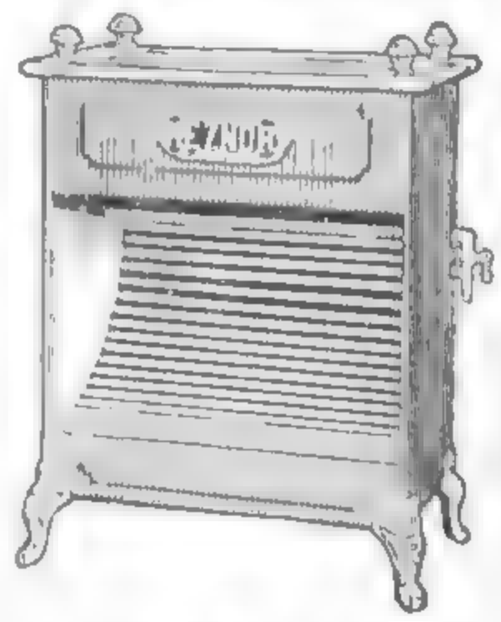

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Never before have you been offered a stove on the liberal terms under which we invite you to try the Reznor.

Your dealer—if he has the Reznor in stock—will gladly let you have a stove for a week's free trial at home upon presentation of the coupon printed herewith

If he has no Reznors, he will not hesitate to order when you tell him our plan or show him this advertisement.

Our plan for the distribution of 100,000 Reznors provides that the dealer who has never carried the Reznor may order as many as he requires to comply with his customers' requests for free trials; and we will not bill him for 30 days.

As Reznor trials invariably mean sales, he will collect on his stoves before the time arrives to settle his account with us.

The Reznor itself, through its remarkable efficiency, enables us to make an offer which would doubtless prove disastrous were the stove itself less perfect; or less certain to sell itself during the week's free trial.

We have unlimited confidence in the stove, and in the co-operation of the users and dealers to aid us in successfully carrying out our plan.

The success of the Reznor heretofore has been so universal that it really guarantees the sale of the 100,000 Reznors which we propose to distribute on the free trial basis.

When you get the Reznor into use, you will understand why half a million homes will never again use any gas heater but this.

You have never had a gas stove which really reflected heat like the Reznor does; or that sent the heat so far out into the room, or distributed it so evenly, or that gave such generous heat from so little gas.

You will know the Reznor by the trade mark in front or the name stamped in the metal back.

Sign the coupon now and take it to your regular dealer.

Begin the trial without delay.

Reznor Manufacturing Co.
WEST MAIN STREET, MERCER, PA.

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Authorization for Reznor Free Trial

To the Reznor Dealer:

This authorizes you to deliver to the home of the undersigned one (1) Reznor Reflector Gas Heater for one week's free trial

The undersigned agrees at the expiration of the week, either to pay you the purchase price or, if not perfectly satisfied, to notify you to call and remove the heater.

If you do not carry the Reznor in stock order one dozen, to be billed to you for payment thirty (30) days after the receipt of the invoice.

Reznor Mfg. Co., West Main St., Mercer, Pa.

*Name*_____

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get breakfast with a shot from the front stoop of a morning. When the game got scarce they moved the house and family, because, in their scheme of life, a man must get home from his hunting every day to count up the scalps still remaining on the heads of the loved ones at home. Today the average distance of travel necessary to get a deer or a bear may be anything from one thousand to two thousand miles. Distance is annihilated in sport as well as in business.

So far from being a local proposition today, your enterprising guide is really an international figure. Just the other day one was reading about a steamship that is outfitting to take a party of sportsmen all around the world. If you want to have a hunt in Africa it is feasible to invite your guide to come to New York and talk it over with you. The average Rocky Mountain guide spends part of his winters in the East. Most Western guides and outfitters do not travel without visiting cards, and one was but recently heard inquiring the way to a tailor who could really cut evening clothes. We have in the East associations of high-class sportsmen, such as those of the Camp-Fire Club, the Boone and Crockett Club, the Lewis and Clark Club, and so on. At one of the banquets of one of these associations, as one recalls, the two best-looking and best-dressed men present were a pair of guides from the far Northwest. It's all right. But what would Davy have done when the man at the door asked him for his coonskin cap? Do not smile. The year 1836 is not so long ago. That was when Davy died. Around him were a lot of fighting Americans who learned the art of weapons in fashion somewhat different from the dependent and helpless methods that our sportsmen of today perforce employ. Behold a difference in times! One wonders, may there not also be a difference in men?

Probably Davy and Daniel never spent eight dollars in all their lives taking their wives and families ajunketing at summer resorts. Today, just to show how pathetic is our eagerness to get somewhere out-of-doors after all, we can show figures running up to millions of dollars annually spent in distant imitations of life in the real open. The little state of New Hampshire, in one summer, received in nice, cool, summer-visitor cash, $7,549,375. In railroad and steamship fares, hotel and cottage improvements, and the like, it handled enough more to make the total nearly ten and one-half million dollars. The Adirondacks, part of New York's summer country, in one summer received in wages paid out to guides and others, $993,630. As to cash taken in for livery, board, and so forth, the figures are reported to have been $5,213,210. Transportation expenditures amounted to $875,990 more. Not counting money spent in building cottages and the like, the summer disbursements in the Adirondacks alone were about seven million dollars, more money than any dog in Crockett's time could have jumped over. What would Davy think if he saw that sort of thing now? What would Daniel say if he contemplated the enormous capitalization engaged in making things used out-of-doors—power boats, for instance, churning up the spawning beds on a thousand lakes where once the canoe was the only craft.

Disappearing National Resources

At present, Uncle Sam is counting the pine trees growing on the national reserves in Arizona, New Mexico, Florida and Arkansas. We are counting these trees to know how many we can afford to cut. Daniel and Davy did not cruise forests. They simply voyaged through them, each man fending for himself, in a time when there was no need to count the trees. Behold a difference!

One has seen a pitying smile over the statement that the government of Roumania makes $200,000 a year for operating its fisheries on the Danube. Such a picayune business for a state! But Roumania protects the spawning beds, does not allow the use of explosives or other unfair methods of taking fish. We are not even that far along, far as we are today from the old times James Fenimore Cooper described in his novels, when he wrote so graphically of the abundance of fish in the lakes of central New York when Leatherstocking was a boy. Perhaps the richest stream in the world in fish life is the Illinois River. Hundreds of thousands of tons of carp—not game fish today, but carp—annually are shipped from this rich and wasteful district.

Daniel and Davy knew no such thing as closed seasons for shooting or fishing. They ate in the summer as well as in the fall. Yet they were natural protectors and preservers of game. They did not waste meat, did not kill in excess for sport alone, nor did they respect any man who did so. We have changed all that. From time to time we have enacted a vast series of amusing game laws, which have not been respected. The idea of the average sportsman today is to go to a ducking club on a preserved marsh and kill the last duck he can, if there is no legal limit. If there is a legal-bag limit, some of the club members do not scorn to shoot "on the guide's license," as it is termed.

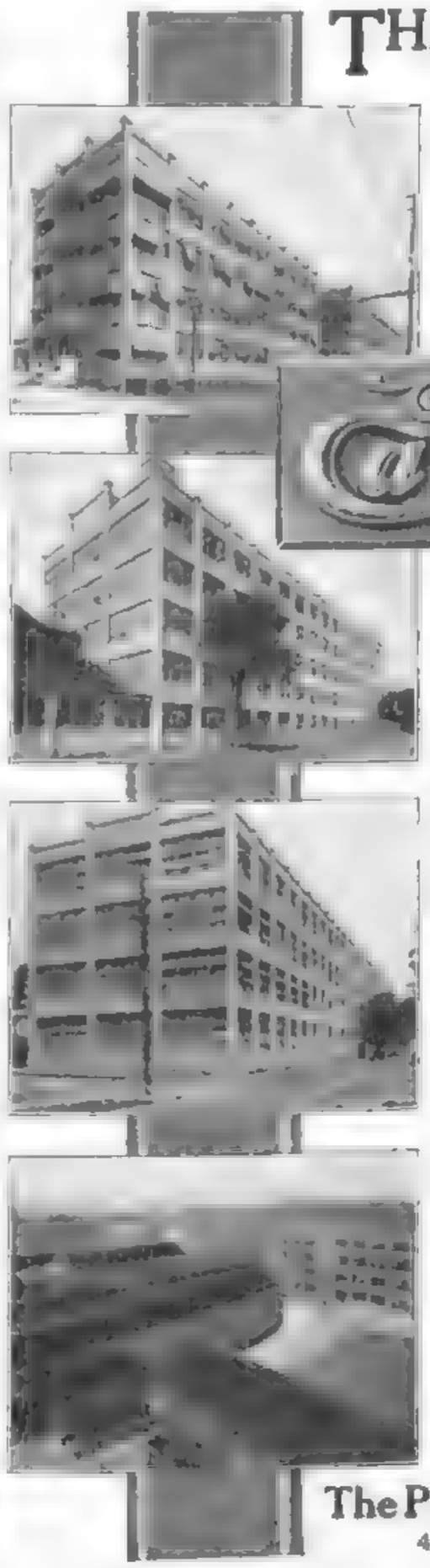
Better Times in the Future

Being wholly selfish, hence savage and childish, our only theory of wisdom in game protection is one of punishment, of revenge on the other fellow for doing what we should like to do. We have asked of our game wardens that they should be policemen, that they should arrest somebody, punish somebody. But we have never, in grown-up fashion, faced the problem of actual protection of our out-of-doors. Indeed, almost the first move of that kind is recorded in a chance summons of a sportsmen's association in a Western state to its members: "Our game-wardens' department in this state ought to disseminate literature telling farmers of the value of the birds. It should be an auxiliary to the private movement of the Audubon clubs. Our wardens' department should teach the people how to increase game and to care for it, and should aid in this work itself. In unusual seasons that department should come to the aid of wild life, protecting it from storms or floods, planting food in favored localities, scattering food where necessary during severe weather. It should lend its aid and advice, should take the advance in the establishing of game refuges, the propagation and distribution of game. Indeed, it should do everything that modern science and the knowledge acquired by years of experience in other countries can suggest for the betterment of conditions in our out-of-doors. The conception of the game-wardens' department has been too narrow. We have run in a rut too long."

Those are rather broad-gauged words, and they seem to betoken a wish, at least in some quarters, for a readjustment of humanity to the changed conditions of today. But where one man utters such words, how many there are who content themselves with a shrug of the shoulders or a hasty "too bad," and who then go to the club and shoot "on the guide's license" when the flight is good. Did it ever occur to you that corrupt politics, corrupt business, corrupt sport and corrupt private morals all come out of pretty much the same source? Our government is just as good as we want it to be, our business just as clean. In the future our sport is going to be just what we actually desire it to be as a people.

Certain middle-aged fogies who are so old-fashioned and foolish as to idealize and theorize a bit now and then, at times are almost willing to kiss the American out-of-doors goodby, and to say to those who wish yet further to ruin it: "My children, have your way. Help yourselves while it lasts." That is not good counsel. It is better for Americans to hope high and clean, and then to live up to that hope, as we are big enough, wise enough and strong enough to do.

Our old friend D. Boone is, perhaps, better in his grave today. Davy is, perhaps, better where he is, on his lips the smile of a man who, in the American out-of-doors, had learned to be master of weapons—a fighting man, a warrior. Somehow, as the ages pass, the times don't seem to change in regard to such men. All through the centuries we have admired such men, and we always will. Sometimes of late we read the printed complaints of our militiamen, that in their play campaigns the weather has been horrid, that the tents leaked, that the army shoes chafed their feet, that their leggings did not fit. Is there, then, this difference also between the old order in America and the new—a difference in the manliness of our men? Let us hope not. Nonetheless, the answer is not under any roof, but in the open.



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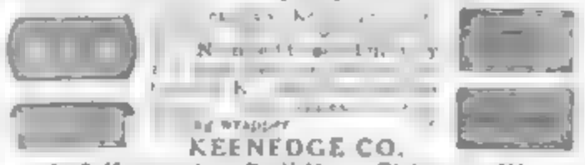

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Hay Fever and Asthma

Sufferers from these two afflictions can be greatly relieved by the use of a little device which we will send to any address to be tested 7 days before you decide to keep it.

This device filters the air. The dust, pollen and other foreign matter, which produce irritation that causes Hay Fever and the paroxysms of Asthma are eliminated. Relief is immediate. The delicate membranes of the nasal cavities are rested and protected so that the affected parts have an opportunity [illegible]

Send name and address so that we may let you have a 7 days' test of this little device—The Nasal-filter Company, 430 Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Snider PROCESS Pork & Beans

QUICKLY and conveniently prepared and the housewife takes *pride* in serving them because

Snider Process Pork and Beans are Delicious

THEY are so carefully and so thoroughly prepared, in the special Snider way, before putting into the can, that they are like a different food from the pork and beans most people know. Snider Process Pork and Beans not only have a more delicious flavor, but they are *readily* digested, even by those whose digestion is delicate. The Snider process renders them tender, mealy, thoroughly cooked and flavory.

Besides you know there is no more nourishing food than well-cooked beans, richer in proteid (the strength and vigor builder) than any other vegetables, meats or cereals; and beans cost less than meat, although so enjoyable and nourishing.

ABOUT the pork used—it is the sweetest obtainable. A luscious piece of *jowl* is used in each can of Snider Process Pork and Beans.

The jowl is the cheek, you know, a rich, choice morsel that seasons the beans as no other part of pork can do.

Then we add a just-right portion of the most savory tomato sauce ever put together which is prepared from Snider's Tomato Catsup.

Serve Snider Process Pork and Beans on a rosette of crisp lettuce leaves—done in a moment—a delicious dish for luncheon—good enough for the best.

* * *

ANYTHING you buy is as good as you *can* buy if you insist that it be Snider's.

The Correct Lobster Cocktail

Try this tempting way. For each person allow two tablespoonfuls of Snider's Catsup, one teaspoonful finely grated horseradish, a pinch of salt and a dust of Cayenne pepper. Serve lobster meat on heart lettuce leaves in champagne or individual compote glasses, pass the sauce in a dainty relish dish.

* * *

THE Grocer is a great "testimonial" for us, ask him for Snider's the food of quality.

Just for variety, order a bottle of Snider's Chili Sauce and sample it on a sirloin steak, some chops or cold meats.

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY

CINCINNATI, OHIO *"All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World"* U. S. A.

"It's the Process"

Many CADILLAC sales are made to users who have been accustomed to buying much higher priced cars.

You will find, no doubt, that this has repeatedly occurred in the sphere of your own observation. And, in the same connection, other interesting phenomena have manifested themselves which bespeak universal satisfaction.

A Seeming Contradiction

What could be more significant, for instance, than the seeming contradiction of these two facts:

First, that *Cadillac owners almost never change.*

Second, that a majority of each year's buyers have *never owned a Cadillac before.*

This is literally true.

If you'll stop and think, can you recall a single Cadillac owner who transferred his allegiance to some other car?

And yet, we know, as we have said, that most of this year's Cadillac buyers have never owned a Cadillac before.

The Explanation

What is the explanation?

The very pleasing one that the Cadillac buyer gets *more than a season's use out of his car*—that most of last year's Cadillac buyers are driving the same car this year.

Speaking broadly, Cadillac cars *do not deteriorate.*

If they are sold at the end of a season, they are sold for a high price. If they be exchanged, the exchange is usually generous.

Some Everyday Records of the Cadillac "Thirty"

NEW YORK—75 Cadillac "Thirty" users drove their "Thirty" cars an aggregate of 398,884 miles at a total expense for mechanical repairs of $53.21, averaging 71 cents per car for the season.

DAYTON—50 Cadillac owners drove their cars an aggregate of 168,580 miles at a total repair cost of only $5.71, or an average of but 12 cents per car for the season.

INDIANAPOLIS—66 Cadillac users drove their cars an aggregate of 252,599 miles. Total repair cost, $71.30, averaging $1.08 per car.

NET TOTAL—191 cars—820,063 miles—cost, $130.22. Average cost of 69 cents each or less than 16 cents for each thousand miles.

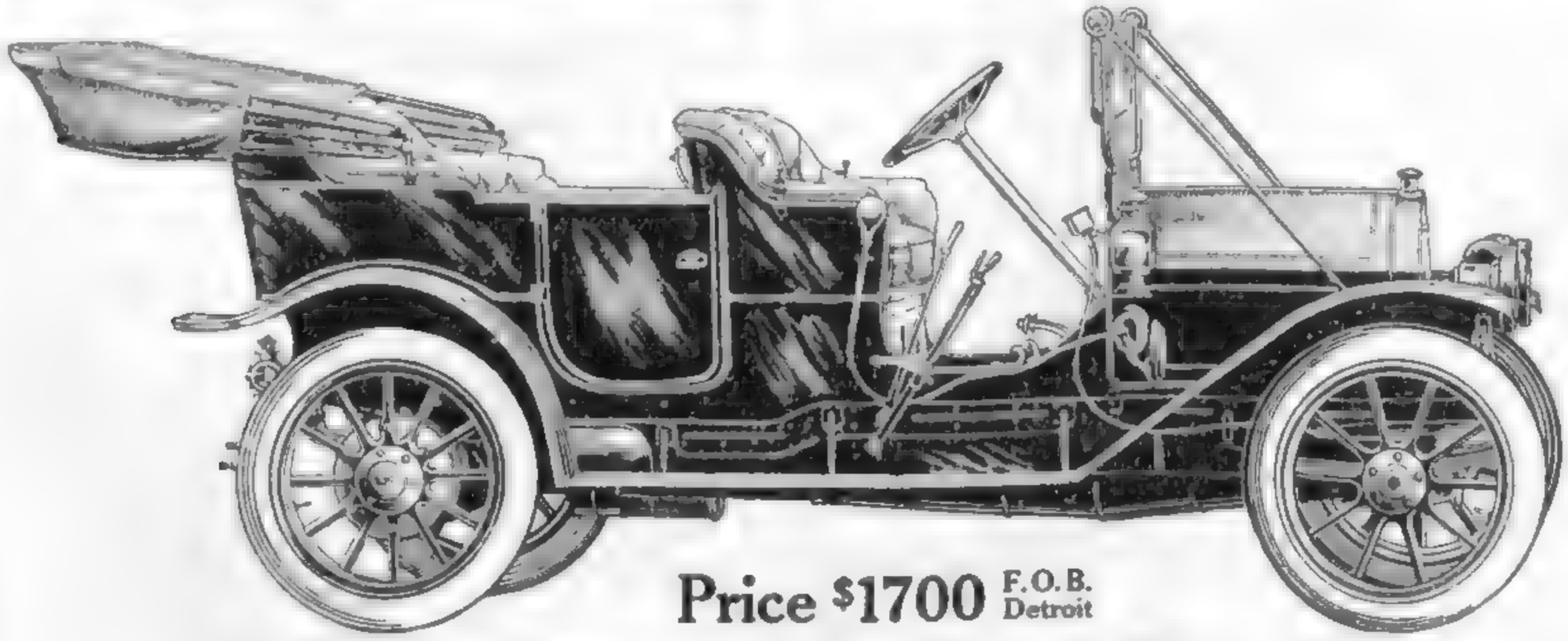
Last year's Cadillacs are in actual demand this year, in addition to the demand for the 1911 Cadillac. This year's sales will eat up each day's production as fast as completed and shipped.

Gather all these facts together and they will spell their own explanation. And that explanation is:

Standardization

The Cadillac does not deteriorate because of the high state of standardization which exists in each part and in the union of all the parts. That is why so many Cadillac owners use their car a second season and a third and a fourth and continuously. That is also why so many who have owned cars of a higher price buy the Cadillac—a case of equal efficiency and greater economy. That, too, is why so large a proportion of new buyers choose the Cadillac. That is why the Cadillac owner says:—"If I had it to do over again, I would buy a Cadillac."

Standardization.—Perfect alignment of all the parts. Consequent removal of friction. The economy that results therefrom. That is the entire story of the success of last year's Cadillac, the Cadillacs of the years before, and the magnificent Cadillac of 1911.



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Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau and Roadster (Coupe $2250. Limousine $3000)

Prices include the following equipment—Bosch magneto and [illegible]. One [illegible] lamps and generator. One set side lamps and tail lamp. One bottle and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires. [illegible]

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Licensed Under Selden Patent)

The Rank and File of Lawyers

(Concluded from Page 19)

and irregular earnings, I could hardly make both ends meet. As rents increased we moved farther and farther from the center of the city. Nominally we kept a servant, but, dependent as we were upon low-priced immigrant girls and forced to pay wages a little below the market rate, we were without a servant most of the time. My youngest daughter showed extraordinary musical abilities, but we were never able to give to her more than a rudimentary training. My wife, who before her marriage had contributed an interesting article on Edgar Allan Poe to a literary magazine, now attempted to eke out my slender earnings by writing for these periodicals, but all her contributions were returned as "not available." For my part, as the struggle became more severe, I tried ever harder to make a success.

In those days I thought often of Schoolcraft's advice. "Make friends, get business." But one does not make friends so easily at forty as at twenty. One prefers his Dickens and his Thackeray and the quiet talk at home to the political meetings and the various places where friends and business are to be picked up. I realized of course that there were tens of thousands of lawyers who neither made large fortunes nor starved, who were not spoilt favorites of fortune nor intellectual proletarians, who secured business, worked steadily, earned a fair living, educated their children and contributed to literature or to public affairs. But business did not come to me and I did not go to it. I gradually grew self-conscious. I noticed how lawyers of a certain stripe sought constantly to ingratiate themselves with business men of prominence, and I often had the dismaying thought, when speaking to an acquaintance, "Perhaps he thinks I am seeking his business." Moreover, I became conscious of being badly dressed. I could not spend money on my own clothes while my wife and my children stinted themselves. What would have paid for a satisfactory suit twenty years before would not begin to pay for it after the new standards had come in. I slowly began to realize that I was being judged as a lawyer not by what I had read or thought but by the clothes I wore. For a lawyer with poor clothes, by common belief, is a lawyer with few clients, and a lawyer with few clients is a poor lawyer.

Mr. Schoolcraft to the Rescue

I remember a certain spring day in court five years ago being engaged in a traction case. It was a warm, listless day, and the judge seemed somnolent, the jurors uninterested and restless, the only active person in the courtroom being the florid interpreter, who was repeating to the Polish witness for the twentieth time the question of the attorney for the defense as to how, in view of the witness being near-sighted, he could positively swear that the car was only ten feet and not forty feet away when the motorman clanged the bell. The case, I knew, was won in the lower court; and so, while I listened, I let my eyes wander out of the window to the trees in the great square outside, then to the bare furnishings of the room, and finally to the face of the opposing counsel. He was a blond young lawyer, with an overhanging lip and an intensely self-confident manner. I was dully wondering what made him so confident, for, like necessity, he knew no law. At last I discovered that it was his immaculate blue suit, for which, as I later overheard him tell his associate, he had paid sixty-five dollars.

Sixty-five dollars! I looked at my own suit, for which I had paid twenty-five dollars four years before. It was a non-committal gray, a color which ages gracefully because it makes no pretensions in youth. But the foreman of the jury, a butcher, was ever so much better dressed, and as I arose to take an exception I suddenly wondered if the judge were not asking himself why I did not dress better. As I mechanically repeated my "irrelevant, immaterial, incompetent," the lines of the Briefless Barrister came to my mind:

An attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest,
His coat, it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

Even the poet had judged the lawyer by his clothes. Even I who should know better—was more likely to consult a prosperous-looking doctor or engineer than one who was dressed as poorly as I was.

Out in the corridor, after the jury had withdrawn, I met Schoolcraft. I had heard of his astounding rise, of the noted victory of the firm of Schoolcraft & Manheim in the case of the American Gas and Electric Corporation versus the People of New York; and I had also heard of his political affiliations and his political prospects. But for twenty years I had not seen him, and here in the darkened corridor, with the new consciousness of my shabby clothes, I sought instinctively to avoid him.

But he came up to me directly.

"Hello, Patrick Henry!" he cried exuberantly. "I'm awfully, awfully glad to see you. What! Married? Two girls—too bad. Well, well! I was talking about you only yesterday with a client—Gunton the coffee king—you remember. Do come to my office tomorrow. I have a plan."

I went. For two long hours I waited in the anteroom and was weighed in the balance—and, I fear, found wanting—by innumerable office-boys, stenographers and legal clerks, in one of whom I recognized a former fellow-student at the law school. At last I was admitted to Schoolcraft's room. He was just finishing a conversation with the junior partner, Mr. Manheim, a short, stout, quiet, scholarly looking man.

Back to a Clerkship

"It's just it. It's the real dope," cried Schoolcraft enthusiastically. "You're a perfect wonder, Jake. We've got 'em coming and going. I'll put it up to Gunton tonight at the club."

Then he turned to me. He immediately dropped the effusive manner of the day before, and curtly proposed to me that I take a clerkship in his office at thirty dollars a week.

While I hesitated he looked at his watch as though he had only thirty seconds to spare. For a time I could think of nothing but this smooth-shaven, rosy-cheeked, youthful-looking lawyer, his creased trousers, his Panama hat on the table, his automobile coat rumpled on the chair, the photograph of the overdressed lady on his desk. At last I forced myself to consider his proposal. I hated to give up my independence in law—but, to a lawyer like me, what was such independence worth? I had made exactly eight hundred dollars in the last twelve months—as compared with the fifteen hundred offered. If I accepted I should have no more worry. I should be poor, but I could at least pay my bills. I should never rise in my profession, but should I rise in any case? My illusions were gone. I saw that the rank and file of lawyers did not become Marshalls and Kents and Storys; that the solid army of two hundred thousand lawyers were not united in a great common work, but for the most part were hard-driven men, honestly striving to make an honest living. I saw the law dwindle from the noblest profession to a business, to a *métier*, in which lawyers aided and abetted contesting litigants in a multitude of intense, petty squabbles. I still wished to become a great jurist or a great tribune, but I wanted rest. I wanted some security for my wife, some assurance that my two girls would complete their education, and either marry or prepare themselves to earn a livelihood in some honorable and suitable manner. Above all, I wanted no more temptations. For a moment the face of Schoolcraft vanished and I saw the pallid features of the intending bankrupt—the consumptive who was in "the last ditch."

"I am very much obliged," I said, hesitating whether to call him Schoolcraft or Mr. Schoolcraft. "You see," I went on, blushing, "I talk all these things over with my wife. I'll—I'll let you know."

"Oh," replied Schoolcraft carelessly, while he dismissed me with the slightest of bows, "there's no hurry, no hurry whatever. It is now eleven o'clock. I'll tell our chief clerk that the place is open for you till four this afternoon."

At a quarter to four that afternoon I returned to Schoolcraft's office, on the twenty-second floor of the Minotaur Building, and informed the chief clerk that I was the new man of whom Mr. Schoolcraft had spoken.

YOUTH is not a matter of *years*, but of *spirit*. The "youngest" man in the United States is an ex-President.

"Sampeck" Clothes are *correct* for men of any age, but especially for men of life-long youth—for *ambitious* men, who have the *inward* make-up to do big things and want the *outward* make-up to help do them. We sew this label:

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New York

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THAT those interested in funeral arrangements may have opportunity for judicious casket selection, this Company places at the disposal of funeral directors and their patrons superbly fitted showrooms in the cities below. Thus is assured the most suitable purchase in each particular case.

From the most costly to the moderate in price, including caskets of solid bronze, richly carved African Mahogany, quartered oak and other staunch woods, and wide variety of cloth covered caskets, NATIONAL productions represent the highest memorial character, dignity of design, suitability and worth.

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National Caskets are obtainable from regularly established funeral directors everywhere. We do not sell at retail

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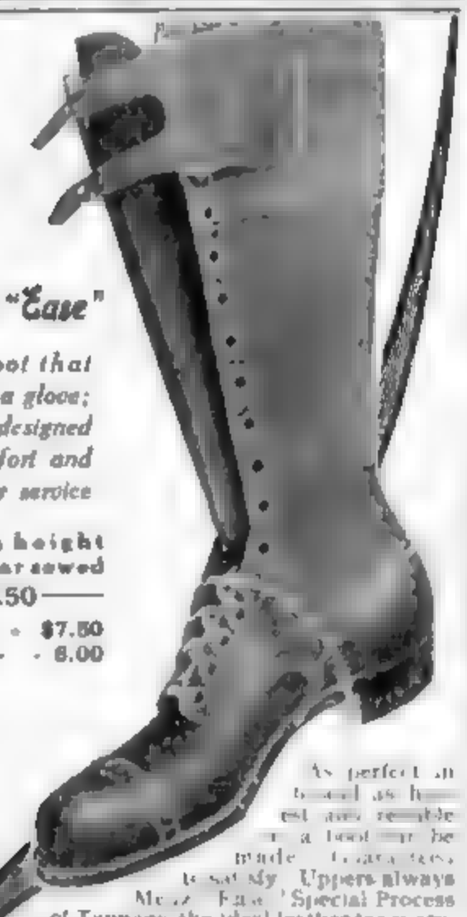

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The boot that fits like a glove; that's designed for comfort and built for service

16-inch height
Goodyear sewed
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As perfect an [illegible] as has ever been made. Guaranteed to satisfy. Uppers always Mens "Ease" Special Process of Tannage, the ideal leather for everyday knock-about wear.

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If your dealer hasn't Mens "Ease" and "American Boy" shoes we deliver prepaid direct to you at regular retail prices

Name always on sole and yellow label.

MENZIES SHOE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

English Knock-about Hat $1

Colors Black Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture Dark Blue, and White

State size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 130 Broadway, New York

THE BELGRADE BULL

(Concluded from Page 7)

"Say, it makes me tired sometimes to read stories in the newspapers an' the Eastern magazines about the superiority of this here Anglo-Saxon race. The only Anglo-Saxon that's any good is the Irishman, an' I pause to remark that even a Irishman ain't in the same yard with a Greaser when it comes to ridin' things that has hair on 'em.

"The Greaser don't put on no frills ner make no announcements whatever. He's got a theory, an' it's pretty much the same as mine, though he don't say nothin' about it. He's got it all figured out that the only safe zone is at one end or the other of this here Tommy-critter. He knows instinctive that no matter how much that Tommy-critter's hide turns around on him, his tail don't turn around at all! It's bound to be there all the time, permanent. Funny, but I never thought of that at all.

"Juan Maria Jesus Pedro, he lands, spurs and all, far back on Tommy's backbone, an' with a simple turn of the wrist he passes the long flowin' tail of said Tommy over his right shoulder, pulls it down in front, gives it a wrap or so under his right leg, sets his spurs in good, and folds his arms. After which a deep silence falls fer ten minutes, exceptin' what the said bull is remarkin', low and pained.

"Well, he done it fair after all, because they had handed it out to him that no holts was barred; an' the Greaser didn't ask even a strap to hold on to. Al he asked was that simple flowin' tail of Tommy. Wherefore, he rid Tommy, not only casual and occasional, but permanent and continuous, for the course of fifteen minutes by the town clock in the front of Kid Johnson's First National Bank. If anybody was distressed it wasn't this here Castilian, neither. At the end of twelve minutes an' a half he inquires casual for a cigareeto, same as me. Slim, my partner, who is standin' there on his crutches—not yet recovered sufficient for to leave town after his last attempt to ride this here Tommy-critter—he passes Juan Pedro Jesus Maria a cigareeto an' the Greaser he not only takes it but lights it then an' there bein', scratchin' the match on his chaps, an' later dustin' off the ashes with his little finger.

"There was some that didn't call that ridin'. I dunno as I do, after all. I just call it science, an' science carried out to a logercal conclusion. Anyway that was the logercal conclusion of Tommy, an' also of his owner, Kid Johnson. There always comes a time when any critter loses his nerve. There wasn't a Sabbath-school teacher in Montana that couldn't have rid Tommy with perfect safety after that. His proud heart was broke, same as mine.

"Well, anyhow," concluded Curly, rising and starting uncertainly toward the automobile, "that's how I come to be a sheepherder, an' from that you might have hoped the worst. When old man Wright cut up this here valley into apple orchards, an' begun to hang out the last high sign of 'Help, help!' to Eastern capital, he come along an' offered me the job of shofaring. Of course I never had saw one of these things, but I allowed I could git the hang of it before long, so I looks up into his face with a bright, glad smile, an' says I, 'Colonel, I'm a born rider. I can ride anything that ain't got hair on it.'

"'Get in the game, kid,' says he to me. 'You draw down eighty each month while you're alive.' So here I am.

"I'm goin' down to old Mexico City next winter," continued Curly. "They're goin' to hold one of them avvytation meets down there. The old man tells me that next year he's goin' to cut up all these here orchard tracts into tulip patches an' sell the ground to Eastern folks at a hundred dollars a front foot. We'll take 'em around in airships then. I ain't afraid of them. They ain't got hair.

"But, kind friend, let us hasten. There is a few more of our five-acre tracts left. What's the use of bein' downhearted? The deeper you git in, the more future you seem to see ahead of you. Ain't it the truth? You ought to see this Littlest Girl's new hat—it's big around as one o' them wheels. When her blond-haired spouse gits to be a avvytator she'll maybe be runnin' a electric brogum of her own among the tulip farms."

EDUCATOR SHOE

$7,200.00 FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

The Shoe:

The EDUCATOR SHOE is the right shape. It has room for five toes, "lets the child's foot grow as it should" and ensures comfort, health and graceful carriage. ***Durable***—because made with infinite care from best materials—quality and ***satisfaction*** guaranteed by the reputation of RICE & HUTCHINS.

Remember Educator Shoes are made for the whole family.

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The Scholarships:

48

$150.00 EACH

The conditions are simple. The contest is open to all. 48 winners (one in each State) will be educated for one year by the EDUCATOR SHOE.

You do not have to buy anything. You do not have to sell anything, to compete.

Ask your shoe dealer or write direct to

RICE & HUTCHINS
WORLD SHOEMAKERS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Dept. A, BOSTON, U. S. A

The Best Plans of Our Champion Boys

A County Fair

In Missouri was in full swing. High above the stock show were four huge kites flying from one string, which ran down to a booth below. On one was a big letter P, on another a big O, on a third S, and on a fourth T—P-O-S-T.

While hundreds of people were asking the meaning of the kites, several small boys were distributing small slips of paper on which was printed: "Bill wants to see you—at the end of the string."

From all directions people began following the kite strings to the booth, where they found William Bailey, mounted on a chair, telling the assembled crowd about his magazine.

"Now I am through talking and ready to sell," said William. Before he could get down off the chair the people began to buy. As fast as he served one group another group came up. In this way he sold five hundred copies within two days.

No brighter, more interesting boys than those who sell THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be found anywhere. Have you a boy? Would he like to try it?

Send a postal card, giving name and address, and upon request we'll tell your boy how thousands of others just like him are earning from fifty cents to $5.00 a week selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sales Division, Circulation Department

The Curtis Publishing Company, Box C, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Costs no more than an Ordinary Umbrella

Folds and Fits Suit-case

You will want to buy the **BEEHLER** umbrella as soon as you know about it.

It can be packed in your suit-case out of the way when you travel. No chance of losing it and always ready when you want it. Made for men and wome in all fabrics and styles of handles.

Or you can use it as your every-day umbrella, because you cannot detect the folding feature unless it is pointed out to you. *Yet some time you may have to go away.* It will pack in trunk or suit-case—the most convenient umbrella made.

You can have your name and address worked into the fabric of this **BEEHLER**, making it a NAME-ON and insuring it against loss. This is **Double Value** in umbrellas.

For **BEEHLER** umbrellas cost no more than the ordinary kind. Always look for the name "William Beehler" stamped in the rib.

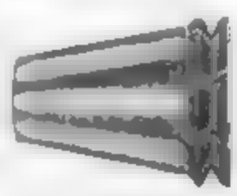
Beehler of Baltimore

Three Generations of Beehler

Step by step, since 1828, three generations of **BEEHLER** have evolved the highest umbrella perfection. And just as **BEEHLER** was the first known of all umbrella manufacturers in America, so **BEEHLER** is the first to make a simple and serviceable suit-case umbrella at no advance over the price you've always had to pay for a non-folding umbrella.

How It Was Done

The **BEEHLER** re-inforced joint is the first feature of the **BEEHLER** Folding Umbrella. All **BEEHLER** umbrellas are made with this Re-inforced Joint—the **BEEHLER CLUTCH** it is called. The **BEEHLER CLUTCH** is our patent. The Government restricts its use to **BEEHLER** umbrellas.



Here is a picture of the **BEEHLER CLUTCH**

What the Beehler Clutch Is

It consists of solid brass nearly an inch long. The folding end screws into this **CLUTCH** and is held in a vise so the end cannot be broken off even if you catch it in a crack. The **CLUTCH**, therefore, makes the **BEEHLER** folding rod stronger than the non-folding rod. But it adds no extra weight or bulk. It is not complicated. The umbrella construction otherwise is identical and the ribs fastened to the **BEEHLER CLUTCH** can't pull out. It is a remarkable invention and especially so as it adds nothing to the cost of making the umbrella

Popularity of the Detachable Handle

This is the second feature of the **BEEHLER** idea. Handles that could be instantly removed or exchanged have grown more popular every year. Some people have two or three handles for their umbrellas; others but one handle and two umbrellas—one good and one medium priced. The **BEEHLER** detachable handle doesn't wobble, but is strong and rigidly held until you touch a cleverly devised spring—then off it slips.

You toss the handle into your suit-case, fold over the end of the rod, slip your umbrella into your suit-case and off you go ready for any weather. *And one umbrella in the suit-case is worth two left in the train.*

To Umbrella Dealers: Here is a suit-case umbrella that you can retail at the same price as non-folding umbrellas. Your customers are reading this advertisement. If you are not ready with **BEEHLER** umbrellas to supply the demand, wire your order. Then write for catalog.

NAME-ON

NAME-ON means your name and address worked right into the fabric of your **BEEHLER** umbrella. Not conspicuously; not in view [illegible] but always there identifying the umbrella and bringing it back to you when you forget it or a borrowing friend takes it.

BEEHLER Folding Umbrella with the recipient's name in the fabric. Put NAME-ON on your Christmas list.

BEEHLER Suit-Case Umbrellas are $1, $2, $3, $5 up to $25

$1 [illegible] **BEEHLER** [illegible] at any price. Yet this folding [illegible]

$2 For a close-rolling, snappy **BEEHLER** Suit-Case Umbrella [illegible] **BEEHLER** [illegible]

$5 [illegible] **BEEHLER** [illegible]

How to get a **BEEHLER** Suit-case Umbrella [illegible]

Write for the **BEEHLER** Book today [illegible]

Umbrella Hanger Free [illegible]

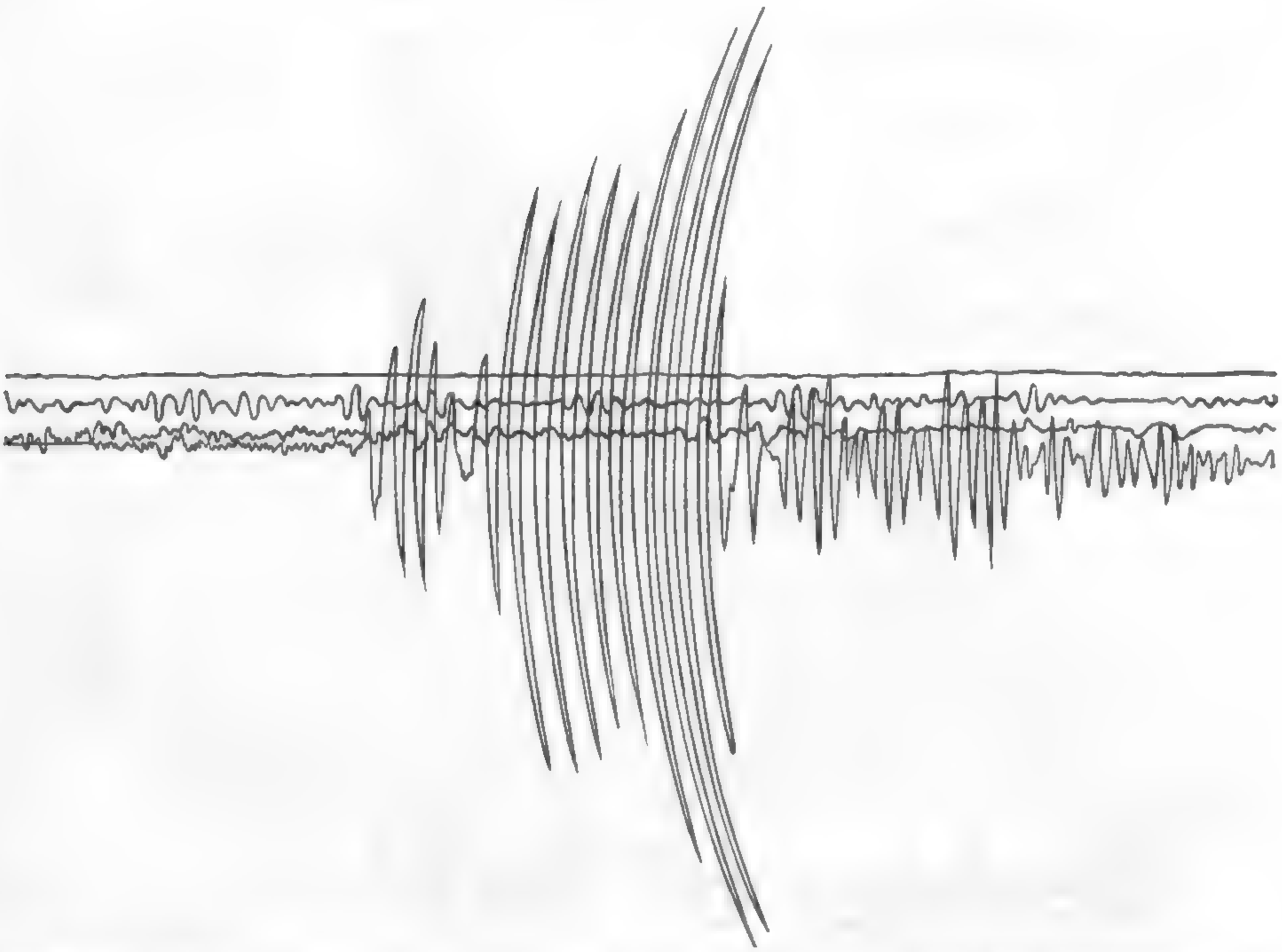
COUPON William Beehler Dept P Baltimore Md

Write for the Beehler Book of Umbrellas, Free.

William Beehler, Dept. P, Baltimore, Md.

The Oldest Umbrella House in America

Founded 1828



THE seismograph is a marvelous and delicate instrument. It records the slightest tremor in the surface of the earth, even though many thousand miles from where the shock occurs. When Messina was swallowed by an earthquake two years ago, a seismograph in Washington caught the fluttering evidence of the convulsion 3,000 miles away. When Java was torn by shocks which buried thousands, it was known instantly wherever scientists were reading the seismograph that the earth somewhere was in tumult, although it was long before the news of the catastrophe reached the civilized world. Yet with all its exquisite perception, the seismograph cannot foretell an earthquake or warn people of its approach. It cannot even show exactly where the trouble lies. The seismograph works miracles, yet of how little real service to mankind.

The seismographic record pictured here was caught at Osaka, Japan, August 17, 1906. It tells of two distinct earthquakes; one in Chile, the other in the Aleutian Islands, and it serves a useful purpose now by giving us an opportunity to draw a contrast and point a moral.

The shoe machines which constitute the Goodyear Welt System are also marvelous in their conception and exact in operation, and they possess the further virtue of having done great service to the world. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that the sandal-makers of Herculaneum and Pompeii plied their craft with tools and methods hardly more primitive than the shoemaker of your own early years; yet it is so. Until the Goodyear Welt System of shoe machinery came into use a few years ago, you could not buy a comfortable and well appearing shoe which had not been sewed with implements about as antiquated as those employed before the birth of Christ. The Goodyear Welt System has changed all that. Within our own time it has revolutionized the making of the shoe.

Your parents used to pay from $12.00 to $20.00 to have their shoes hand sewed. You pay a third of the price for shoes of corresponding quality and style, made by the Goodyear method, which now brings within the reach of millions one of the comforts of yesterday's millionaire.

The Goodyear method duplicates on machines the process of sewing shoes by hand. A thin and narrow strip of leather, called a welt, is sewed to the insole and upper, and the outsole is sewed to this welt, thus leaving the heavy stitches on the outside, where they cannot tantalize the foot.

The Goodyear System has been brought to its present high state of perfection within the past ten years by the United Shoe Machinery Company. It consists of a series of more than fifty machines, each as intricate as a watch, as true in beat and rhythm, delicate as eyesight, through which every shoe must pass in making. They are used by every manufacturer who makes a good welt shoe. No matter under what trade name it may be sold it is a

GOODYEAR WELT

THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 23)

to be found in so many of his type and that the irony of his words might have led one to expect. On the contrary it was a cruel, sneering face, with small, swinish eyes and thin, straight lips, smooth-shaven, and of the expression that one associates with the witchburners of earlier days.

The man carried no gun, but held in one hand a stout cudgel. His costume was that of the vicinity, but above the vizor of his battered ship's cap were the letters "S. H. G. & F. C." Hermione understood at once that he was a gamekeeper.

The blood rushed to her face. It is always embarrassing to be taken in the act of conscious wrongdoing, but particularly so when one happens to be a young lady in a very syncopated bathing-suit. Moreover, there was a quality in the man's regard that angered and embarrassed her; a sort of sneering contempt, such as a brutal officer of the law might direct toward some depraved unfortunate who was quite outside the social pale. Hermione suddenly felt as one does in some silly dream, where one finds oneself in the middle of a ballroom or addressing a public meeting in a nightgown. Worst of all, she knew that she was quite in the wrong.

The gamekeeper looked her up and down slowly and with insulting deliberation. Hermione felt her embarrassment and fright give way to anger.

"Well," said she, "what do you want?"

"What do I want, hey? Wa'al, fust off, I want that gun o' yourn and them birds. After that, I want you to take a leetle walk with me and talk a mite to the sup'ntendent. That's what I want, young woman."

Hermione stared. She had had a vague idea that if discovered by any of the club people the worst that could happen would be the indignity of getting "warned off." Even this, she had thought, would probably be done politely and with due apologies. But to be haled like a thief before the superintendent, and that in her bathing-suit, was so extreme a measure as at first to arouse only her ridicule.

"Indeed!" said she scornfully. "You don't want very much, do you?"

The man scowled. "I don't want no more than what I'm agoin' to git!" he answered.

Hermione's eyes began to darken. The rich blood glowed through her clear olive skin.

"You think so?" she retorted. "Then let me tell you that you will get nothing but my name and address. I am Miss Bell, and my father is Captain Bell, of the schooner-yacht Shark. If the club wants to do anything about this it can go ahead and do it."

The gamekeeper gave her a sullen look.

"The club is goin' to do somethin' about it," said he, "and it's goin' to do it right naow and through me. I'm the gamewarden and I got my orders. You'll hev to come along o' me to the sup'ntendent, and that's all there is about it. Like's not he'll let ye off with a warnin'—that's none o' my affair. So hand over that gun and come along, quiet and peaceable."

"Look here," cried Hermione fiercely, "do you think I'm going to be taken in like a thief?"

"Wa'al, ye air a thief, ain't ye? Them birds belong to the club."

Hermione stamped her foot. The man's ugly manner was beginning to raise her temper, never any too docile under provocation.

"Take your old birds!" said she, and she tumbled them out upon the ground. "And let me tell you that when I go back, and Captain Heldstrom learns how I've been treated, he'll come over here and wring your neck as if it belonged to one of those snipe! And if you think I'm going with you—like this——"

Anger stifled her speech at the mere idea. The gamekeeper hunched his shoulders with a sneer.

"If you can come ashore half naked to shoot the club's snipe and plover," said he, "it won't hurt ye none to go a mite farther and see the sup'ntendent." His voice took on an impatient rasp. "Come, I've jawed here long enough—will you come, 'r hev I got to drag ye thar by main force?"

He took a step toward the girl. Hermione, light on her feet as a Spartan girl, might have saved herself by flight. But the sneering brutality of the man had torn from her the last, lingering grip she had upon a temper which had many times been the cause of her undoing. With an inarticulate little cry she sprang back and, scarcely realizing what she did, threw the gun to her shoulder.

"You swine!" she cried through her set teeth. "You try to lay hand on me and I'll blow your beastly head off!"

Now the gamekeeper, surly brute though he may have been, came of stern and rigid Puritan stock, and once having decided upon what was his duty he meant to carry it out at all costs. He saw that the superb young huntress in front of him was beside herself with fury and he fully realized that he was taking a terrific chance of being terribly wounded if not killed in his tracks. In spite of this, though the color faded under his mahogany tan, his lean jaw set squarely, his lips tightened and he began to walk steadily toward Hermione.

He was within three paces when the girl heard a brushing noise in the pines directly behind her. The gamekeeper stopped short, and Hermione, who had raised her gun to cover his chest, saw his eyes travel past her to fill with amazement at something that he saw beyond. Half fainting and with knees that tottered under her the girl turned to look upon a splendid Olympic figure standing against the dull green background of the pines.

"The Pilot-fish!" gasped Hermione under her breath. She lowered the gun and stood with her legs swaying under her, staring dumbly at Applebo. Vaguely she felt that he had arrived barely in time to save her from committing a very terrible act, though whether or not she would have actually pulled the trigger is doubtful. The chances are that at the critical moment Hermione would either have flung aside the gun or else fired in the air, and then would very likely have had a fit of hysterics that might have proved more alarming to the harsh longshoreman than a whole battery of weapons.

Applebo stood for a moment looking from the girl to the man, his eyebrows, which were very bushy for one of his youth, drawn down over his yellow eyes and a straight line cut vertically between them. At first glance he gave the impression of a beautifully chiseled statue in light bronze. He was clad in a swimming costume which would have been quite *de rigueur* on any beach, but the material, originally some shade of yellow or sienna, had finally acquired the tone of the sun-tanned skin. Yet there was nothing startling or offensive in effect, for so beautifully was the strong, lithe body moulded that it suggested less a mortal man than some splendid, pagan demigod.

Applebo stepped forward to Hermione's shoulder and the group became complete. God and goddess they looked—she dark, tropical, vivid of coloring; he a sort of golden-hued Apollo. So striking was the effect and so beautiful that even the harsh, unlovely warden may have felt certain rudimentary stirrings of appreciation.

"Gosh-all-hemlock!" growled the gamekeeper. "Thar's the he-one! Ain't it the fashion to wear clothes no more?"

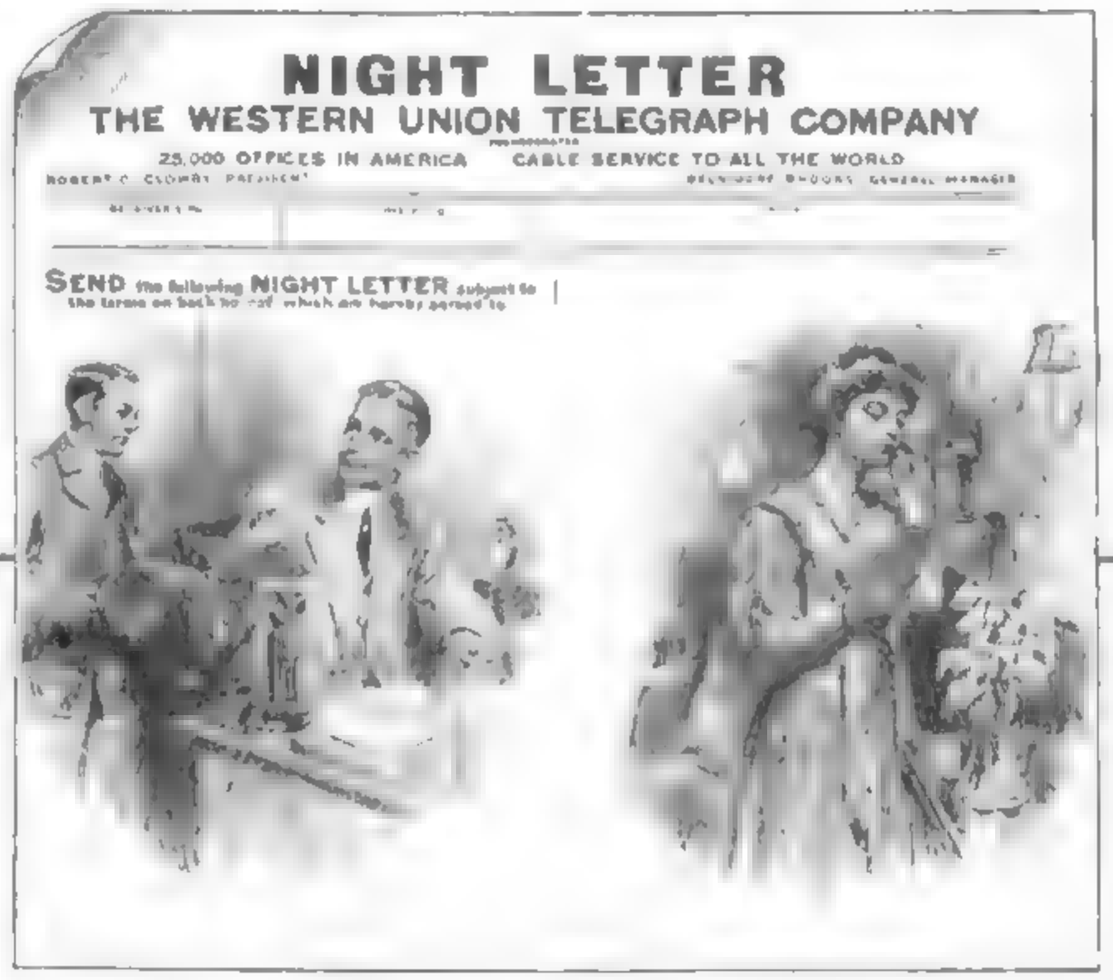
"Shut your face!" quoth Applebo unpoetically. "What d'ye mean by bothering this lady? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Huh!" growled the keeper. "you're a nice one to talk about bein' ashamed, ain't ye? You and your fee-male critter——"

Hermione, still staring in a fascinated way at Applebo, caught the sudden flame in the amber eyes. Something swept past her with a rush like the charge of a Nubian lion. There was a flash of bare limbs, a snarl or two, the flutter of clothing and a body which looked all arms and legs gyrating in the air—and there was the keeper rolling over and over grotesquely as a shot rabbit, and a little to one side stood Applebo, his body half bent, his big arms crooked and the yellow mane hanging about his ears, watching the fallen man like a cat about to spring

The keeper scrambled to his feet and stood for a moment pale and tottering, one hand on the other shoulder and a scowl on his deep-lined face.

"Put your freight!" said Applebo, in his deep bass, "or I'll tear your ugly head off!"

Thus no doubt may Achilles have admonished Agamemnon, though Homer puts

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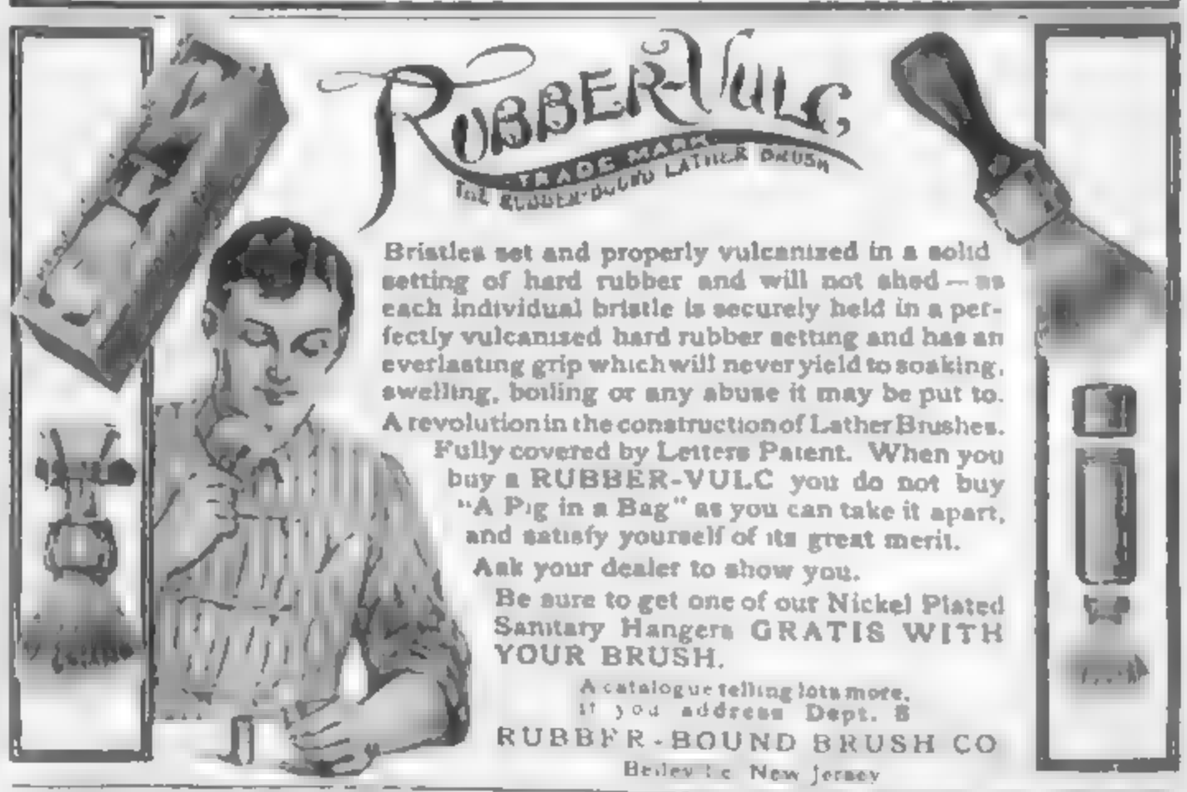

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the speech in different words. The gamekeeper was no coward, but neither was he a fool; and, although his tawny antagonist had not struck him, the sensations of the contact were those of disputing the right-of-way with a rapidly moving motor car. The keeper looked the situation over, but could see no good in it. Moreover, he saw a sudden yellow flame in the blinking eyes fastened upon him. Without a word the man turned and slouched off into the pines.

Applebo turned and glanced quickly at Hermione.

"Sit down," said he. "You look white."

Hermione's usually robust limbs seemed to collapse beneath her and she dropped to the pine-strewn sand.

"You got here just in time!" said she tremulously. "I might have shot him."

"I doubt it," said Applebo; "your gun-muzzle was weaving figure eights. It would have served him right if you had, and I'd have sworn to anything."

Hermione laughed hysterically, then glanced up at the poet. He was standing a couple of paces away, his arms folded on his chest, his eyes looking out across the marsh.

"It's silly of me to be so upset," said Hermione, covering her face with her hands. "I'll be all right in a minute."

"Did you know the place was posted?" asked Applebo.

"Yes."

"Then you really haven't any kick coming."

"What!" Hermione's hands dropped to her sides and she stared at him in amazement. Applebo glanced at her indifferently.

He pointed to the birds which she had tumbled out of her gamebag.

"Taken with the goods; and I must say you did pretty well for three shots. Do you like to kill things? It seems rather awful to me, especially in a woman, to slaughter little birds and animals for fun. And I suppose you would raise an awful howl about vivisection."

Hermione sat bolt upright. The color came back to her pale cheeks and her violet eyes began to darken with anger. All sense of faintness was swept away as if by magic. Applebo was not looking at her; he was standing straight as a young poplar, his shoulder turned to her, sleepily contemplating the marsh.

"If you feel that way about it," said Hermione hotly, "I wonder you came to my rescue."

"I was rescuing the gamekeeper. Besides, I am under obligation to you people on the Shark for letting me tag you around. What a lovely bit of color over there on the other side of the lagoon. Sometimes I wish that I were a painter instead of a poet. However, if I can't paint it I can write an ode to it when I get back aboard my boat."

"Why don't you write a satire on women sportsmen?"

"That would not be polite. Besides, the idea is not an agreeable one. The thought of Diana has always been unpleasant."

"You are not very gallant."

"Gallantry," said the poet, "is the vain demonstration of superior effectiveness on the part of the male. It is more complimentary to accept a woman on the same footing."

"Do you call bombarding her with silly verses accepting her on the same footing?" snapped Hermione, whose astonishment was giving way to irritation.

"Ah!" There came the slightest flicker from Applebo's blinking eyes. "So Hermione has told you that I have been sending her verses? I had an idea, for some reason, that she would keep it to herself." He continued his contemplative observation of the marsh. Hermione gasped and stared. For whom, she wondered, did he take her?

"Hermione did not tell anybody," she managed to say.

"But you guessed? That is better. I am glad that Hermione did not tattle, even though she sent back all of my verses."

Hermione did not at once reply. She was busily trying to adjust to her mind the idea that this extraordinary individual who for three months had been sending her impassioned love poems did not even know her by sight!

"Why did you write verses to Hermione?" she asked. "Because her name rhymed with 'sea' and 'thee' and 'lea' and 'me'!"

Applebo turned to regard her with a flicker of interest.

"You are rather quick on a rhyme yourself, aren't you?" he observed. "No; I wrote verses to Hermione because I was in love with her."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I fell in love with her at first sight."

Hermione leaned forward, clasped her hands in front of her shapely legs and looked at the poet through narrowed lids. The color had returned and her violet eyes were beginning to dance. Mr. Applebo was not looking at her. Indeed, she had already observed this peculiar disinclination on his part, and it puzzled her.

"Are you still in love with Hermione?" she asked.

"No. She sent back my verses."

"How did you happen to fall in love with her?"

"It was last winter. Walking down Fifth Avenue to my club for breakfast I sometimes overtook her. An acquaintance who joined me one day told me who she was. You were all down South at the time and Hermione was stopping with your aunt. I fell in love with her walk. *Vera incessu patuit dea.* Your walk is rather like hers; a sort of family resemblance."

"But less graceful?"

"You are more of a mortal maid."

"Which is a way of saying 'more of a lump'!" snapped Hermione. "Do you know which of the others I am?"

"That is too easy," said Applebo sleepily. "You are Cécile, the beauty of the family."

"Thank you."

"And the flirt—so it is said."

"My reputation is as bad as that?"

"Everybody knows you smashed up Huntington Wood. He is one of the few men whom I care to claim as a friend. You have broken up others, too, have you not?"

"I wonder you dare to talk to me," said Hermione.

"I would like to be smashed up. It would help my verse. If you don't mind, I believe I will transfer my devotion to you. This entails no obligation on your part, except to read my verses."

Hermione stared up at him suspiciously. Applebo was standing as straight as a mast, his fine profile turned to her. Hermione made a little motion as though to rise. If the poet observed it he made no sign, and she was obliged to scramble to her feet without the aid of the strong grasp which for some peculiar reason she craved. Up she sprang, a dark flush on each cheek and her red lips pouting. Hermione was not accustomed to such neglect. On her feet, Hermione's crimson-turbaned head came a little above the poet's shoulder. Still his eyes evaded hers.

"I don't know that I am so keen for a cavalier who thinks more of his verse than he does of its object," said she.

"That's because you are a flirt," said Applebo. "Really, though, it would be a good moral tonic for you."

"To receive love poems?"

"From a man who was in love with you purely in the abstract."

"But where's the fun?"

"That's so," Applebo assented, looking at her with slightly added interest, as at one suggesting a new idea. Something in Hermione's eyes seemed to catch his own and hold them. The sleepy lids opened a little wider and a golden flame darted out toward the deep violet ones so close to his own. Inflammable stuff it must have found, yet it did not tarry to set this alight, but coursed on until Hermione felt it tingling through every nerve and fiber.

"You are uncommonly lovely," said Applebo. "What a pity that you must be such a coquette! Is Hermione like that?"

Hermione stamped her little foot.

"Do you take everything on hearsay?" she snapped. "One would give you credit for more originality."

"That is the reason I am so surprised. You do not look ruthless. But then——" He glanced back at the lagoon. "One can never tell. No doubt it is not your fault. You have probably been horribly spoiled. Most men would want to spoil you."

"Would you?"

"As long as you were good."

"And if I were bad?"

There was a short silence. "I think," said Applebo, "that it is time that you were getting back aboard the Shark. Your people might be anxious."

Hermione bit her lips with vexation.

"You are quite right," said she icily.

"I will walk with you as far as your boat," said Applebo.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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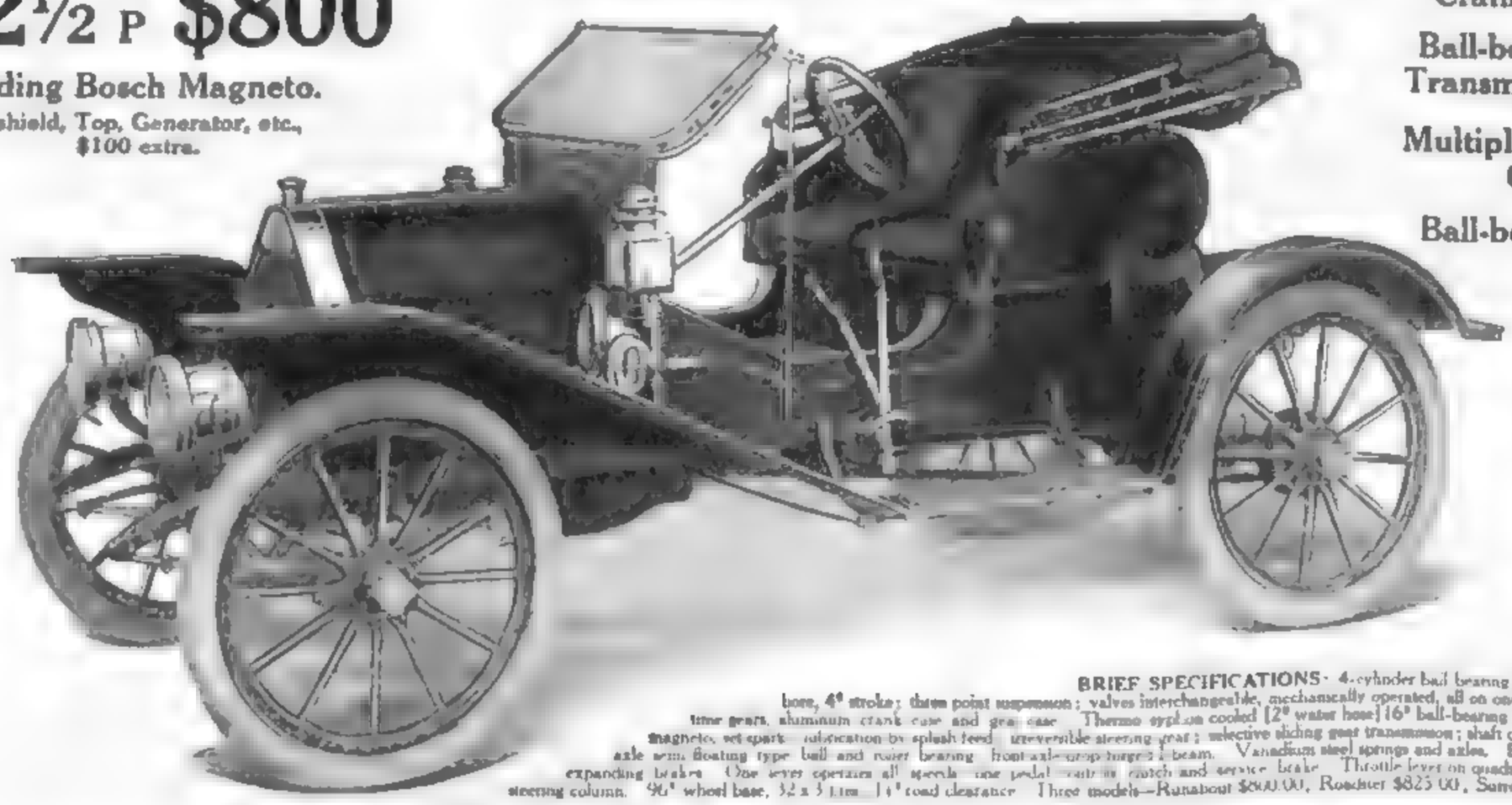

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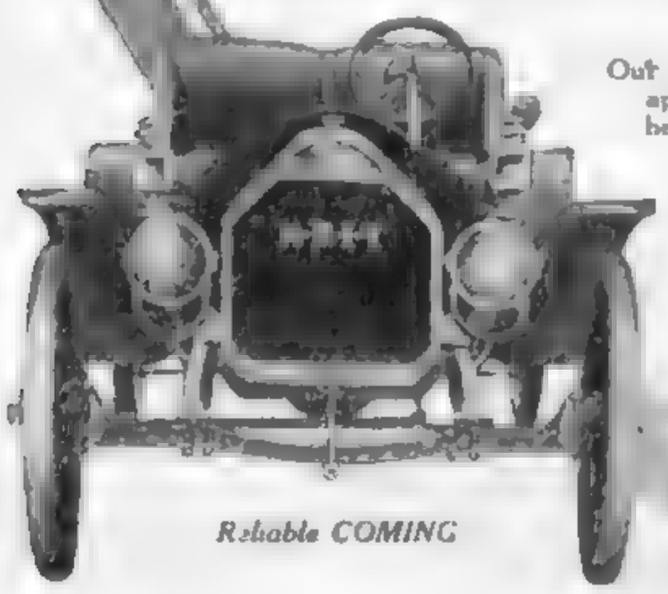

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THE J'INER

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sho did; never called me nuthin' 'cept Cæsar Bennett."

"That was your name when you enlisted in the army?"

"Listed? Who's he?"

"When you enlisted in the army—took up with the Captain to feed his horse."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh. Dey always called me—what dat word you spoke?"

"Cæsar, Cæsar Bennett—Bennett; don't forget."

"Yas, suh, dat's it; I didn't zactly fergit; I jes disremembered. Got so many names in dese Lodges, I went to wool-gatherin'."

"You've got to remember—I can't get you in this Lodge if you don't know your own name. Say it over and over and over." Swint read over his memoranda and listened while Zack absorbed his new name.

"Let's see; who were your comrades in that company?"

"Comrades, what's dat? I been hearin' you speak dat word continual."

"In our Lodge we say 'comrade' instead of 'brother.' Comrades, the men who were soldiers with you, carried guns and—and so on."

"Yas, suh, I 'members dem; yas, suh. I 'members dey wuz men what had guns, an' had on blue clo'es."

"Do you remember Eli Mundy?"

"Ole man Eli? What used to be a blacksmith by Castle Hill? War he dar?"

"Yes, but he wasn't old then; he was young and walked spry."

Zack began to shake his head, but Swint cautioned him. "Eli was there; you are bound to remember him. You weren't there yourself if you can't remember Eli."

Zack braced his feet and repelled the insinuation. "Sholy I remembers Eli; he had on blue clo'es an' a gun."

"What sort of guns did they have? Like this?" Swint opened an old wardrobe in the corner and produced two army muskets. "Look good at these; take one in your hand. One has got flat bands, the other's got round bands."

Ole Reliable chuckled; a flash of genuine memory came back—the one tangible peg upon which to hang a bunch of vagaries. "Dem niggers toted two kinds o' guns. I 'members dat p'tickler, 'cause two niggers made a rookus about swappin'. Little brown-skinned nigger traded off his old gun wid a rattlesnake stock fer a new one wid flat ban's—jes like dis."

"Good! You liked that rattlesnake stock?"

"Yas, suh; dey was de bes'."

Swint repeated his old trick of leaning forward and looking Zack steadily in the eye; then he said very slowly, emphasizing each word: "Comrade Cæsar Bennett, that is how you came to trade your new gun with the flat bands for the old gun with the rattlesnake stock?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you preferred the rattlesnake stock."

"Dat sho is right—dat's how come."

"Now let us try to remember the name of the man you swapped with." Swint ran through the list of dead men who could not arise and contradict. "Was it Abbott? Cregg? Kestler? Yes, Kestler—he'll do. Big, fat, yellow fellow; they called him 'Bunny Kess'—every soldier knows him."

Zack held a blank but receptive face as Swint described the big, jolly-natured Kestler, who sang coon songs and patted juba for his comrades to dance. With eyes half closed he listened, and presently admitted: "I spec I jes kin 'member. Big yellow feller?"

"Yes, Cæsar."

"He come from down aroun' Natchez?"

"That's the man. I knew you would remember him."

"Sholy I 'members him—boun' to 'member Kess—ef I was dar."

"Good! You swapped guns with Kess?"

"Hol' on, mister, don't stampede me too swif'; my 'membrance is jes sneakin' back 'bout Kess at dat gun."

"All right, Cæsar; keep on thinking."

While Zack was considering he shook his head. "No, dat warn't Kess. I war thinkin' maybe Kess war one o' dem two niggers what got shot, but dem niggers war black, bofe of 'em an' Kess war yaller. White folks stood 'em right befront de guns an' made twelve niggers shoot 'em."

Swint sprang to his feet triumphantly. "Do you remember that? Remember the day Roddy and Binford were executed? Bully! Fine!" Swint could not restrain his excitement. "Now, Comrade Bennett, go ahead and tell what you saw."

In the history of Company H the execution of "Tar Joe" Roddy and Sam Binford stood out as a landmark by which all other events were located. Many an applicant for a pension mentioned this incident.

Zack rose, he did; this was his indelible impression of the war, and he needed plenty of room to tell it. "I disrecollect how it come up at de fust off-startin'. Joe an' Sam got into a rookus, an' one of 'em shot at a white man. Maybe 'twuz de Cap'n. Anyhow de white folks fotch 'em into de head Cap'n's tent an tuk on mightily—had some kind o' lawsuit 'bout it. Den I heerd niggers whisperin' dat de white folks was gwine to shoot bofe of 'em nex' mornin' at eight o'clock. It war pow'ful quiet in camp dat night. Tar Joe got 'ligion right away. Us could hear 'im singin' all night long—sound mighty creepy to me. Sam never got 'ligion until nex' mornin'; but it broke out pow'ful strong. All of a sudden he busted loose, singin' 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!'"

Zack waved his hands excitedly; Swint paced the floor. "Bully! Bully! Go on."

"Den, nex' mornin' de white folks 'tailed out twelve men an' had de grave already dug. Dem twelve niggers wuz whiter'n a blacksnake's belly. Heap of 'em drapped de guns, an' couldn't hardly pick 'em up. Tar Joe an' Sam was blindfol' and had deir han's tied behine 'em. Lor' Gawd! mister, when dem guns went off dey jes crumpled up an' rolled in dem graves same as dough men. Dat's when I went home; I forestated you wrong de fust time. 'Cause, when I see dat, I turned Cap'n's hoss loose an' lit out through de woods."

"Where did that happen?"

"'Twarn't far from Pote Gibson. Didn't take me no more'n 'bout a day to git home; but I went home pretty brief."

"Bully! You've got a fine memory."

"Yas, suh; I got a 'membrance like de Cunnel's 'count book."

"Now, then, comrade, let me see if I heard this straight. You went by the name of Cæsar Bennett. Enlisted near Gatesville. Company H, Forty-sixth U. S. C. T., Captain Jeremiah Blodgett. Lieutenant Ezekiel Girdlestone—the one they called 'Grindstone.' Swapped guns with Kestler—yours was new and had flat bands; his was old and had a rattlesnake stock. You remember seeing Roddy and Binford when they were shot."

Ole Reliable nodded his head and verified each item through the inventory. Swint expressed his proud satisfaction. "You have passed your trial test for the first degree; next time you'll remember more."

"Dat ain't nigh all I kin 'member."

"Come back tomorrow night at eight o'clock and we'll begin the second degree, one test for each degree—you understand?"

"Yas, dat's right. Degree got to stan' on its own bottom; dat sho is right."

Swint led him to the door and walked along the hall with his hand on Ole Reliable's shoulder. "Comrade Cæsar Bennett, I reckin 'tain't no use to keep tellin' you not to talk to the other comrades."

"Shet mouf ketches no flies," Zack remarked sententiously. He reached the stair and began feeling around with his foot for the top step, his mind being fully occupied. "Hol' on, mister, when does I start to gittin' dem benefits?"

"Just as soon as the papers come back from headquarters."

"Dat's all right; I ain't got my min' on waitin'." Zack passed out on the street.

Swint pored over his memoranda which gave a complete history of Company H. "Old man Eli Mundy and some other comrade must identify our man as Cæsar Bennett." Swint jotted down several other details that would make his chain of proof complete.

Rapid steps came down the hall; Swint ran to the door and peeped, then stepped out. "Come on, Joe; I'm waiting for you."

Joe Carey entered nervously; his face was flushed. "Well, what luck?"

"Fine, best in the world. Sit down."

"Can you prove him up?"

"Slick as a whistle; he is Cæsar Bennett to a gnat's heel."

"I thought you were going to claim for Ed McNair?"

Swint shook his head. "He comes nearer tallyin' with Cæsar Bennett. I've got Bennett's discharge, and that goes a long way.

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CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Bennett only served about four months; didn't have time to get acquainted with other negroes, and they won't be apt to dispute him. He was discharged for rheumatism—that's in our favor. Your old man won't have anything to remember, except the country between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, and he knows that like a book."

"I thought he'd be easy. By the way, what became of Bennett?"

"Got killed in Fort Scott; went by the name of Charlie Jones. That's where I got his discharge papers; application already pending for two thousand dollars back pay—the pension for Zack; the two thousand for us. Fair divide, ain't it?"

Joe Carey whistled. "We'll put that through in a hurry. Does Ole Reliable remember things?"

Swint laughed. "Best claimant you ever saw. Remembers anything—all you got to do is to blind-bridle him, back him up against it and coax him slow—two or three times. Don't give him too big a bite. I could make him remember being King of Jerusalem or King of Spades—either one."

"That's good; after you hammer a thing into his head he'll stick to it. You ought to hear him go through a ritual. How about the other members of that company?"

"It never was a full company—only thirty-four men—eleven known to be alive. Two of 'em live right here—Eli Mundy and Sandy Spriggs."

"I'll work them like creamery butter," remarked Carey. "Jes watch me straighten 'em out; two or three drinks, talk about war times, what Cæsar done, what Cæsar said, mix Zack into it gradual; let him come in and tell them stories—they'll identify him all right."

It proved to be easy, but a man must have a long memory who tells a long lie. The pair neglected to couch their dummy on two propositions: the special examiner who comes when the application is for a pension with back pay; and—another big snag—Cæsar Bennett was wanted at Raymond, Mississippi, for killing a man. That's why he ran away and changed his name.

Zack galloped out of preparatory school with first honors. The postgraduate class foregathered with Eli Mundy and Sandy Spriggs at the Hot Cat Eating House. There they jogged the lagging flank of memory with slices of catfish and divers cans of beer.

Swint was supplying the money and felt a natural desire to hear the recitations. He kept his purpose dark because he didn't want them to put up their infant prodigy to speak a piece for the trustees. He wanted to see the common ordinary mill-run of stuff. So Swint slipped in the back way and tiptoed forward. He might have come with a regiment of cavalry and they wouldn't have heard him. Ole Reliable had the floor, pounding on the table and gesticulating. Sandy tugged at his coat-sleeve. "'Twarn't no sech thing—it was Wes Fennimo'."

Eli jerked Sandy's hand away. "Let Comrade Bennett tell it like 'twas."

Comrade Bennett orated: "As I forestated, about a millyun rebels chased Corp'ral Austin into Huckleberry Creek, an' he drapped his gun."

Sandy howled him down. "'Twarn't dataway; dat was Wesley Fennimo', an' I kin prove it."

"Shet up, Sandy!" admonished old man Eli. "I don't believe you was dar."

"I wuz dar; warn't I, Cæsar? Didn't you see me climbin' de fence whilst you wuz lyin' down behin' dat log, poppin' at de rebels? Dat's when you got yo' cap shot off—ain't dat so, Cæsar?"

Ole Reliable nodded grudgingly. "Yas, you wuz dar; I owns up to dat much."

"Now, Sandy, res' quiet," suggested Eli. "Cæsar knows a heap mo' 'bout dat war dan what de Cap'n do."

Swint smiled himself out of the back door; next day Joe Carey notified the claimant to bring his witnesses and make out the papers.

* * * * * * * * *

Three abreast the comrades marched, with Cæsar Bennett in the middle. Behind them came Eli's son-in-law, who was a straggler, but booklearned; they took him along to do the writing.

"'Bout face, comrades—by de lef' flank, march!" Eli gave his order at the foot of Carey's steps, and they all went stumbling up. Eli and Sandy wore their battered blue caps and belts with U. S. on them—their exclusive job while drawing a pension.

Joe Carey sat in his office alone, unconcerned and with nothing to say. He looked over the scribe's shoulders and saw that the blanks were properly filled out, swore the witnesses, and affixed his seal with notarial dexterity.

"That's all, Bennett; it goes off in the mail tonight."

It did go in the mail that night to the Department at Washington, but not until Swint had studied it over. "That application is in shipshape; you ain't touched it, an' I ain't touched it. In case o' accidents they can't 'spicion us."

* * * * * * * * *

Colonel Spottiswoode was summer-napping in his hammock—a function rarely omitted and never disturbed. He wore a pair of loose linen trousers; his shirt flared open at the neck. A palmetto fan lay on the floor beside him. The telephone rang—rang peremptorily before the fat cook answered. Then she waddled out as fast as her grand-piano legs would carry her. "Cunnel! Wake up, Cunnel! Dey got Zack in jail."

The figure in the hammock never moved. Aunt Abby shook the rope excitedly and added: "He done kilt a man."

"What? Who?" The Colonel sat up, blinking.

"Dunno who; sheriff say come dar right quick."

When Colonel Spottiswoode mounted the jail steps a quiet-looking gentleman followed and stood behind him in the hallway. The sheriff and another stranger came out of the office. "Colonel Spottiswoode, this is Mr. Vaughn, Sheriff of Hinds County. He came to get Ole Reliable."

Sheriff Vaughn laughed. "Wild-goose chase, Colonel. Cæsar Bennett killed a negro near Raymond about ten years ago. Last week one of your Grand Army negroes came out to Raymond and mentioned that Cæsar had made application for a pension. So I came over here to pick him up, but he is not the man. Our Cæsar had two toes cut off in an accident before he ran away."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen." The quiet man stepped forward and presented the sheriff his card:

MR. CARSTON KENNEDY

SPECIAL EXAMINER U. S. PENSION BUREAU

"What can I do for you, Mr. Kennedy?" the sheriff inquired.

"If that isn't your man he must be mine; his name is Zack Foster, and he is personating Cæsar Bennett to get a pension."

"Listen to that, Mr. Vaughn," the Colonel exploded; "how's that for a nigger? Got any like him in Hinds? Old fool, innocent as a baby, blundering into pension frauds and murder!"

Mr. Kennedy glanced around. "Do you know him, sir?"

"Know him? I can read his mind backward."

"Would you object to talking with him in my presence?"

"Depends. To get him out of trouble? Yes. If not I'm agin the Government."

Kennedy smiled. "I think you might help him. I've been two weeks investigating this case, and believe he is a mere tool."

"Where are you from, sir?" asked the Colonel.

"Virginia, sir."

"Good; you'll recognize Ole Reliable. There are thousands like him in Virginia."

The four white men conferred together for half an hour in the jail office, and Mr. Kennedy gave a surprisingly accurate statement of the facts. "Now, will you please bring in the claimant? Mr. Vaughn, kindly do the talking, and let me sit here in the corner."

Nobody, not even a Virginian, would have recognized Ole Reliable in the shambling and shrunken figure that came clanking into the room. Colonel Spottiswoode sat by the window looking out.

"Lor' Gawd, Cunnel! I sho is proud to see you."

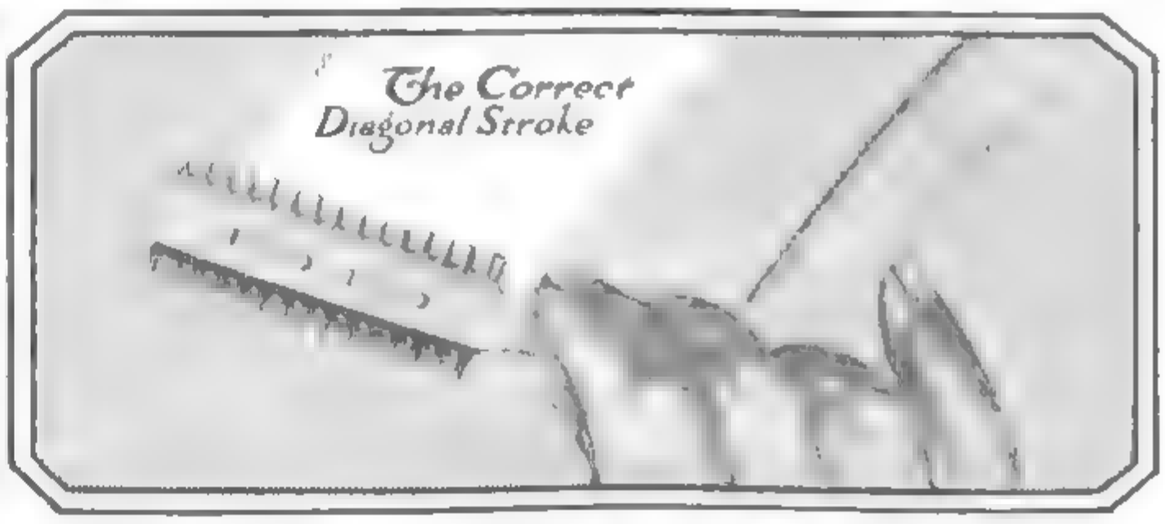
The Colonel gloomily averted his face. "Jig's up, Zack. This gentleman has come for you."

"Which gent'man? Fo' Gawd's sake, Cunnel, don't let 'em take me."

Vaughn began brutally. "Cæsar Bennett, you know what I want you for and you'd better confess. Tell the truth and maybe they won't hang you. Why did you kill Bud Rogers?"

Ole Reliable cast one terrified glance at the Colonel, who was staring through the window. "Kill!—who? Befo' Gawd, mister, I ain't never heerd o' dat man."

"While you were working at McKay's sawmill in Raymond?"



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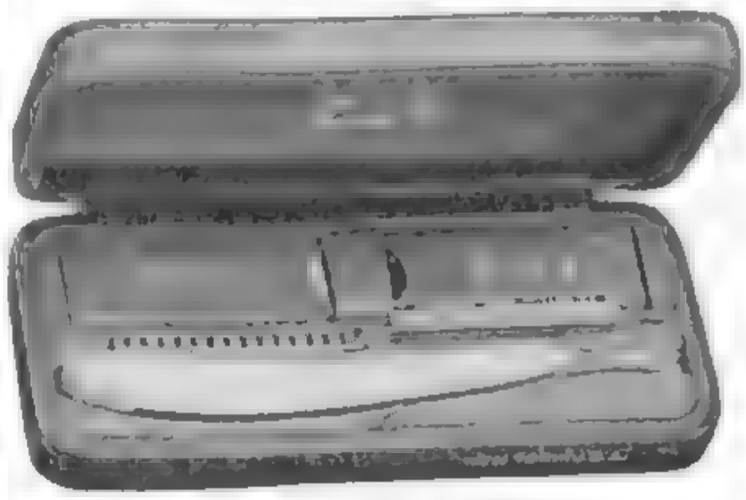

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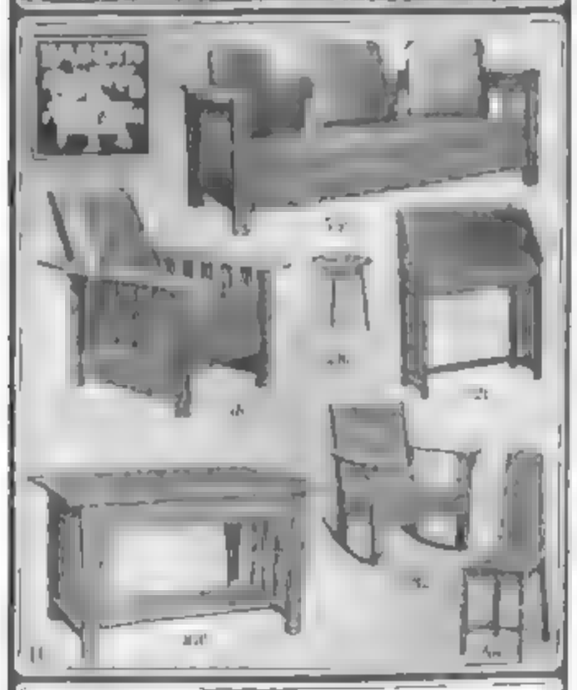

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"I ain't neber been to Raymond."

"You are Cæsar Bennett?"

A ghastly smile flickered around the old man's lips. "Mister, is you humbuggin' wid me? I jes been goin' by dat name here lately."

So you are Cæsar Bennett?"

"Dat's a joke, mister—jes a bumfuzzle among de Lodge brothers." The smile passed with a sickly quiver as Vaughn demanded, "What Lodge?"

"Gran' Army Republicans. I war fixin' to j'ine an' dey jes call me Cæsar Bennett, 'cordin' to de rule. Been jokin' me continual Cæsar dis an' Cæsar dat. Nuthin' 'cept a passel o' dribble-drabble, an' I jes humored 'em."

"So it was a joke?"

"Yas, suh, boss. Jokin' is all right among niggers, but white gent'mans—dey pranks too rough. Slapped me in jail wid all dese chains. Honest, boss, ain't dat kinder overjokin' wid a nigger?"

"They used to joke you pretty rough in the army?"

"Mister, please, suh, don't skylark wid me—dese things hurts my laigs. I warn't in no army 'cept to feed Cap'n's hoss. An' I p'intedly quit dat."

At a nod from Mr. Kennedy the sheriff unlocked the handcuffs. "Sit here, old man; I want to talk with you."

For an hour Kennedy sweated Ole Reliable through the third degree; then he turned to Colonel Spottiswoode. "That's the way I thought it was. Swint and Carey skipped out, but they won't get far. Can I find this man when I want him?"

"Yes, sir; I'll make a bond for him if you like," nodded the Colonel.

Then Kennedy signified that he was done.

"Zack," said the Colonel sharply, "don't you want to join a new Lodge?"

"No, suh!"

"Yes, you do; I'm going to make you join. Catch that train and go up to the plantation. The manager has elected you Most Noble Hustler of the Hoe Hands. In the fall you'll join the Grand United Army of Cotton Pickers."

Zack's face broadened into a grin. "Ef dat's all right wid you, Cunnel, it sho suits me."

"Hurry on home and pack up."

Ole Reliable hung his head. "Cunnel, please, suh, don't make me do dat—Selina, she's dar. Lemme walk up to de National Cem'tery an' git on de train."

Under the Colonel's inquiring glance Zack explained further. "Dem triflin' niggers downtown, dey'll buzz me scan'lous."

With railroad fare in his pocket Zack set out. "Goodby, Cunnel. I'm gwine to do like dat wicked fella—he nachurly gits up an' gits when no man pursueth."

One Woman's Way

AN ORPHAN, a girl, left to shift for herself early in life, saved and applied three separate educational funds before she got where she wanted to be. The first was made up of money she earned at odd jobs.

When her widowed mother died, the girl, then twelve years old, found a home with a married sister, who boarded her and gave her some clothing in return for her services. She worked at whatever her hand could be turned to in the little town where her sister lived, saving every dollar she could and putting it into the savings bank. Before she was fifteen she had enough to take a course in dressmaking, and after following that a couple of years set out in the world for herself, going to a large city, where she got a place in a fashionable dressmaker's establishment.

City life soon gave her larger ambitions, and when she had saved enough money she took a course of training that fitted her to become a professional nurse.

This paid better and also opened up further fields of endeavor. By thrift and the skillful use of every opportunity she saved enough money to take a full course in a medical school.

While she was at college, work was incessant and funds often ran dangerously low; but she stuck to it pluckily and helped herself along by her knowledge of nursing. Today she is a full-fledged physician, and is just coming into a profitable practice in a large city.

The Serious Side of Foods Shot from Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are so enticing that they hardly seem like scientific foods.

These crisp, porous grains—eight times natural size—are becoming the cereal sensations. Half a million meals of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are now served every day.

They are eaten because people delight in them—because the grains are like nuts—because they melt in the mouth.

But, lest you forget, let us remind you again of the real reason for these foods.

A Doctor's Advice

A friend told us this: "A few days ago I consulted a famous physician regarding a stomach trouble. And I was fairly amazed when the advice that I got was to eat Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

"I regarded these foods as a sort of cereal confection. The baby of our house delight in them. But to have a great physician advise them as a diet was a novel idea to me.

"But he explained that these foods contained all the grain value—all the food elements needed.

"He said—as you say—that the steam explosion breaks the starch granules to pieces, so the digestive juices act instantly. Cooking, baking or toasting can't do this as well.

"The result is two whole grain foods—the world's premier foods—so wonderfully prepared that they don't tax the stomach. So he advised them for my principal diet."

Prof. Anderson's Idea

That was the original object—the sole idea—of this curious process, invented by Prof. Anderson.

The whole kernels of grain are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are suddenly unsealed, the steam explodes, and every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times their natural size. But the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. These crisp, giant grains are more digestible than any other cereal food.

How to Serve

Serve with sugar and cream, if you wish. Or mix them with fruit. Bananas or berries mixed with Puffed Wheat form a delightful blend.

Or serve them, like crackers, in a bowl of milk. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are as crisp as crackers and four times as porous as bread.

Serve them any time—at mealtimes, between meals or bedtime. There is no harm in eating at any hour these easily digested foods.

Serve them tomorrow—order them now. For your folks are missing ideal foods when they lack Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

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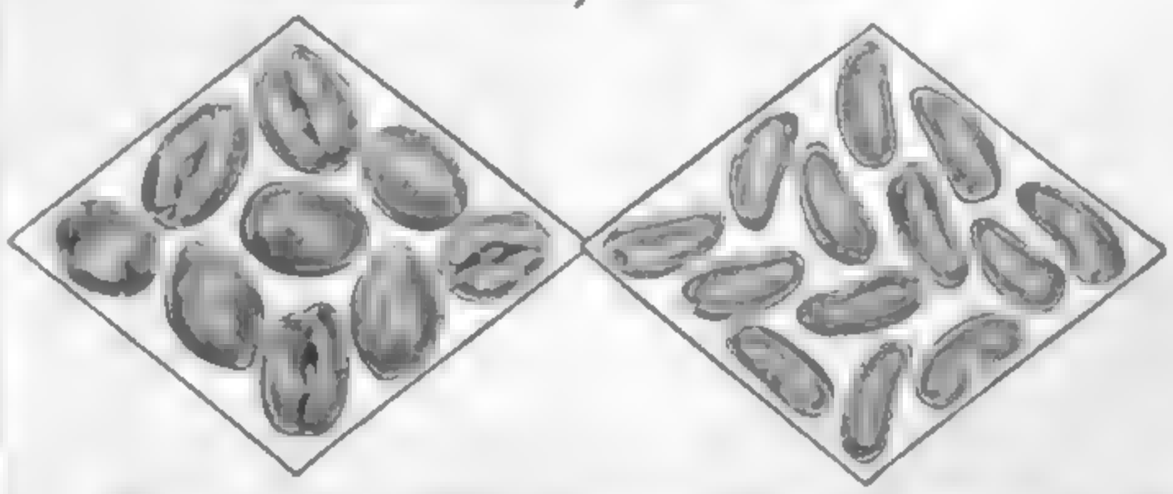

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ALL-SEASON PEACH GROWING

(Continued from Page 10)

my own sawmills, cut that timber and built it into storage houses, which will be supplied with ice from the ponds or pools fed by the springs. If you are looking forward to building up an apple orchard in New England or New York do not be in a hurry to part with your standing timber, and do not forget that a good clear pond or a flowing spring conveniently located will be a big asset when you are selling apples direct to the consumer. And, even if you do not attempt to do a mail-order business, these things will come in handy because they will permit you to hold your stock indefinitely for the right market."

But to return to the peach business. Mr. Hale calls peaches his quick-money crop. How well he is justified in his partiality for this phrase may be suggested by the fact that in twelve years a twenty-two-acre tract of worthless pasture-land, put into peaches, paid a profit of forty-four thousand dollars. This land was rented on the basis of paying its owner six per cent on its valuation, and the valuation was naturally not any lower than the tax assessment. In fact, it was a stiff valuation; but in a single year the peaches grown on that land paid a net return of twenty-two times the valuation of the property.

From another orchard of thirty acres a single crop of peaches yielded Mr. Hale something more than twenty-four thousand dollars—an average of a little better than eight hundred dollars an acre. Special acres have repeatedly given him a return of one thousand dollars and better. Most of this land originally cost Mr. Hale twenty-five dollars an acre. He estimates his expense for tillage, labor and fertilizer at one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Of course the harvesting expense is a flexible quantity, depending upon the yield.

Young peach trees cost about eighty dollars a thousand, and practically all the young peach trees raised in America are the result of budding scions of selected varieties upon native seedling stock, grown from peach pits gathered in the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee. Mr. Hale, however, grows all his own seedlings on his Georgia plantation, and cuts his scions for budding them from bearing trees in his own orchard that have shown remarkable individual performance. He will not use stock that originated in North Carolina or Tennessee, or that has been grown in New Jersey, Delaware, New York, Ohio or Michigan, for the reason that the contagious disease known as the "Yellows" is more or less prevalent in these states, while it is unknown, according to his observation, in any of the Southern states south of the Carolinas. No one save Mr. Hale or the superintendent of his Georgia plantation, Mr. John Baird, is permitted to cut the scions for budding. Immense results hang upon the skill with which this selective breeding is done, and it can be safely trusted only to an expert who has acute peach sense.

Selecting an Orchard Site

"In selecting the site for an orchard, especially in New England," said Mr. Hale, "the important thing is to get on a hillside where there is good air and frost drainage—it cost me thousands of dollars to master this one point. Cold air runs down hill like water and fills up the lower levels first. You want your peach orchard high and dry above this high-water mark, touched by the ascending level of the frost basin. But that is not all there is to frost drainage. We have found that the tender young peaches will stand five degrees more of frost if the cold air is in motion than when it is standing still. This is why a peach orchard on a hillside will survive a frost that kills the young fruit on the plateau just above it and on the level at the base of the hill—the cold air on the hillside is moving, sliding down the hill into the valley below, and in motion it loses something of its sting. To my observation, it makes little difference toward which point of the compass the hillside faces. Any direction is good enough for me, so long as it gives the slope.

"Thrifty beginners naturally wish to raise a crop of something between the rows of the young peach trees. This is all right, provided they do not overdo it. They should never carry this practice beyond the second year, and their between-the-rows crop should be something permitting and stimulating constant cultivation, instead of something that will interfere with cultivation, like grains or grasses. To my mind, corn in the North and cotton in the South are the ideal crops to plant between rows of young peach trees. Never plant potatoes for this purpose, as they seem to poison the soil for the peaches.

"In the North, cultivation between peach trees should be constant throughout May, June and July. Keep the little steel plow and the cutaway harrow going first, and then follow up with the spring-tooth harrow with the extension head. Nothing takes the place of eternal cultivation, but keeping the top of the ground perpetually stirred is a mighty good substitute for rain and fertilizer, and will carry a peach orchard through a drought that will make grain and grass farmers sick with despair. About the first of August, or just as soon as your between-the-rows crop is out of the way, sow your leguminous cover crop to protect the ground from the cold of fall, winter and early spring. Personally, I am especially partial to the long-headed Italian clover, because it is a remarkably quick grower. But cow peas, vetch or even rye, oats, barley or turnips serve the purpose well, so far as the cover protection is concerned. But there is one thing especially to be said in favor of the legumes. Peaches are manufactured in the laboratory of the soil from potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen. On the market, potash costs about four cents a pound, phosphoric acid six or seven cents and nitrogen about seventeen cents. Now it happens that the clovers, vetches, cow peas and other leguminous plants are the best nitrogen traps ever invented; they will catch this costly element out of the air at the same time that they are serving as a cover crop."

The Process of Steady Pruning

"Though Italian clover is not quite so hardy as our common red clover, it grows faster and matures earlier and consequently gives a generous lot of humus to plow under early in the spring. Russian vetch is also a good nitrogen trap, grows like a weed, and gives plenty of humus for early spring turning. In the shallow orchard plowing, which is done on these New England hillsides, I find that enough tufts of Italian clover are left standing to reseed the ground plentifully.

"Before leaving the topic of cultivation let me say that the important thing is to get into the ground early and get it well broken up. The early end of the season is the time when the trees do their big growing stunt. Very late cultivation is not desirable, excepting in case of prolonged drought.

"The practice of pruning begins with planting. The roots of young peach trees are pruned back to a length of four or five inches and the main stem is cut to a stick fifteen or eighteen inches high, which soon begins to bristle with sprouts from the ground up. When these sprouts are about an inch and a half long put on a glove and rub off all save three or four at the top. Later you prune them again, to form the top, so that each tree will be low, shapely, and will admit the air and sunlight to every branch and twig. This is an art that cannot be taught in a sentence. All pruning, excepting that intended to shock the tree and hold it back, is done in the dormant season of late fall, winter or early spring. Always cut just above the bud that you wish to develop into a branch. Follow this rule and you may shape the tree to any form you wish. You never stop pruning a peach tree, although you do less and less of it, from year to year, after it has come into bearing.

"Fertilizing is the work that requires a trained eye. The main thing is to be able to tell from the signals that the tree is flying just what kind of food it needs—whether nitrogen to make abundant foliage and more wood, potash to give high color and sweetness to the fruit, or phosphoric acid to make hard, solid, slow-growing wood and a moderate amount of foliage. Ordinarily the trick is to feed liberally of potash and phosphoric acid and grudgingly of nitrogen. But always keep some nitrogen up your sleeve, so that if any block of trees in your orchard shows a lack of good healthy color in foliage or wood,

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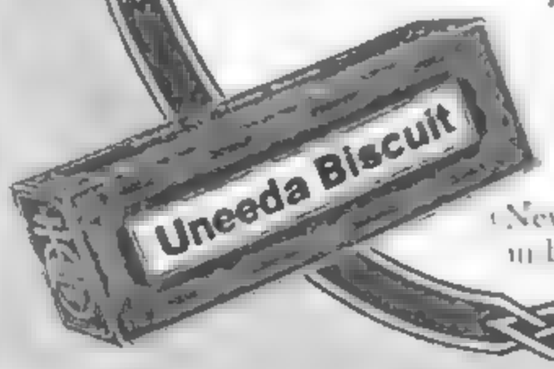

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If not for sale in your town, write for catalog giving instructions how to order by mail.

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RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster Brakes and Puncture Proof tires
1908 & 1909 Models all of best makes $7 to $12
100 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and models, Good as new $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
WE SHIP ON APPROVAL [illegible]
TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL
TIRES, coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half usual prices.* Do not buy [illegible] *Write now.*
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BAY STATE

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will not destroy the desirable texture of concrete, and becomes a part of the material itself. Will absolutely protect stucco, brick or concrete against dampness; give any tint desired. It can be used instead of plaster on interior concrete and also on interior wood. It will lessen insurance rate because it has been endorsed as a Fire Retarder by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Ask your dealer for it. Address for color cards and descriptive matter, mentioning this publication.

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EVERYONE familiar with concrete construction knows no building material can compare with it in economy and *eternal* durability when the concrete is *mixed right*. Our illustrated FREE booklet tells all about Concrete how you can use it to best advantage and how to make big money mixing it with

THE POLYGON Concrete and Mortar Mixer

The best method: the simplest, most durable, most economically operated mixer—*and the most efficient*. Built of fewest parts by experts. Does in one day the work of ten men. Uses 20 per cent less cement.

The Mixer that Makes the Money

It is a marvel with the true scientific motion. Rapid [illegible]

ASK FOR IT

Have given Miners, engineers [illegible] severe trial, find them best [illegible]

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430 Vinton St. Waterloo, Iowa

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES and RANGES

You Save $10.00 to $25.00 on

Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low, unheard-of prices? Ranges are delivered free on your own home 30 days free before you buy. A [illegible] guarantee with each stove backed by a $1,000,000 bank. Our new 1911 improvements on stoves absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Send postal today for free catalog

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Send sketch for free search and Patent Office report. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent—with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents procured through us advertised free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

you can quickly apply nitrate of potash or nitrate of soda—not more than one hundred pounds to the acre at any time—and thus give a quick stimulus to the trees.

"There is a marked difference between New England and Georgia in the requirements of tree feeding. At the North young peach trees should be fed very moderately at the start, so that their growth will not be too quick and tender—for they must be rugged enough to withstand the cold winter. At first I was inclined to keep to the same rule in Georgia, but of late years close observation has compelled me to change my attitude on this point. Now, on my Georgia plantation, I feed the little trees liberally and crowd their growth from the very start. This feeding begins even before planting.

"I like to have the holes for the trees dug two or three months before we are ready to plant, and about two shovelfuls of well-decomposed stable manure put into the holes to leach and soak. Then, just before the trees are planted, anywhere from the middle of November to the middle of February, this manure is lifted out, the tree put in, and the manure from the hole spread about the little tree on top of the ground.

"This same practice is advisable in the North where you are putting young trees into ground containing dead roots of old stumps, which are likely to be infested with the wood aphis—a pestiferous insect that cannot endure manure-soaked soil.

"In addition to the manure around the little tree we use about half a pound of a mixture made up of equal parts of basic slag, sulphate of potash, and nitrate of soda. Two months later we give another similar application to the tree. By this time the roots of the young peach tree are reaching out to where they can get hold of some of the fertilizer used for the cotton planting between the rows. The second year the young trees are given an application of about three pounds each of the same mixture. At the same time a larger amount of cotton fertilizer is available to the peach tree. About the beginning of the second year every peach tree that looks like a chronic weakling is pulled out and a new tree planted in its place. This is the way to build up a healthy orchard."

The Bracer After the Harvest

"Peach trees come into bearing the third year. The last of July, in Georgia, we finished harvesting a monster crop of the most beautiful peaches I have ever grown in the South. Along in May we gave each tree in our bearing orchards there three pounds of phosphoric acid and a full pound of sulphate of potash, broadcasting it and forcing it into the soil with harrows. This accounts for the high color, the sweet, rich flavor and the firm texture of the peaches we are gathering. Immediately after the harvest each tree is given a pound of nitrate of soda, as a bracer, to stimulate a little more wood growth and more fruit buds for the next year, and to strengthen those fruit buds that were forming while the present crop was ripening."

In 1890, while serving the United States Census Bureau as special agent in charge of Horticultural Statistics, Mr. Hale visited Fort Valley, Georgia, to look into the watermelon industry there. He noticed that the native peach trees were well fruited, although it was then early in August. Then the idea came to him that here was probably the southernmost section in which the large, fine varieties of peaches could be grown and be ready for the market before the small early varieties from Maryland and Michigan would be ripe. His own peach sense, backed by observation and inquiry, convinced him that there was no mistake about this. Incidentally the local banker told him that an old cotton plantation of 964 acres, just out of town, could be bought at a bargain to close up an estate. Mr. Hale took a thirty-day option on the property, and it was sold to him for fifteen thousand dollars. Every cent of the money for the original purchase and for the development of the property had to be borrowed from his banker at home in the North. The cotton crop was harvested six weeks after the purchase and paid a profit of nine per cent on the entire investment. The second cotton crop paid a still higher percentage. The plantation prospered from the start.

Adjoining the land that he had bought were 1196 acres, which were offered to him on a long-time lease at an extremely

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Embraces 35,000 sq. ft of floor space entirely devoted to the manufacture of the world's leading pen. From here are supplied the Waterman Branches in every part of the world, as well as the dealers in every town and city of the universe.

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Read The Article *"A Million A Year"* By A. W. Rolker.

Sunday Supplement Sept. 11th issue of Philadelphia *North American* Washington *Post* Pittsburg *Dispatch* Cincinnati *Enquirer* St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* Chicago *Tribune*

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Barcalo Beds

Are So Well Made You Can Strike Them With a Hammer

Did you ever hear of any *other* brass and iron beds so good as this? And the extra quality doesn't cost *you* anything extra. It really costs us less *in the long run* because this quality makes sales easier for us and for dealers who sell Barcalo Beds.

. . You've heard about the beds that the dealer tests, before the purchaser, with a heavy hammer. We can afford to make this startling test of strength and our dealers can afford to do it because Barcalo Beds are so well constructed that they will stand this test. If you want unbreakable beds look for the seal shown below and you've found the genuine Barcalo.

Guaranteed for 35 Years

The Barcalo Line of Brass and Iron Beds is so extensive—so comprehensive that you are certain to be suited in style, size and price.

The Barcalo Process Guaranteed Finish on our brass styles insures a permanently handsome bed.

Write for Barcalo Style Book and name of your dealer who sells the genuine Barcalo Beds.

BARCALO MFG. COMPANY

Department 1-4 Buffalo, N. Y.

Barcalo Buffalo

NOTE:—Our Corner Seal and Finish Seal are new. Your dealer may have Barcalos without these. Look for the trade mark—Barcalo—Buffalo—at foot. This and 35 year guarantee protects you sufficiently.

low rental. Mr. Hale figured that it would cost him no more for traveling and other similar expenses to manage 2160 acres than it would his own 964 acres, and that at the low rate of rental he could not afford to buy the additional land; so he rented it.

Today the entire plantation has about one hundred thousand peach trees in bearing, somewhat more than that number of young trees "just coming on," and a nursery of fully two hundred thousand peach trees. Also the plantation produces corn on one hundred and fifty acres, cotton on more than one hundred acres, and ten to fifteen acres each of sweet potatoes, cantaloups and watermelons are grown on the place for the negro laborers. Each of the thirty negro families on the place is given a garden patch of one to five acres.

Cotton for Policy's Sake

Mr. Hale calls cotton his psychological crop, because the Georgia negro, as a rule, will not remain on a place where there is no cotton to pick. Therefore cotton is raised on the peach plantation quite as much for the contentment of the negro help as for direct profits. However, there is no complaint against cotton on the score of profits. By deep plowing, strong fertilization and progressive methods of culture Mr. Hale made his cotton, between the rows of young peach trees, yield one hundred and thirty bales from one hundred acres last year. The average yield of cotton in that neighborhood, from land devoted entirely to its culture, is half a bale to the acre. As Mr. Hale's cotton, for lint and seed, brought him eighty-five dollars, his cotton income last year, from one hundred acres of first and second year orchard land, was $11,050. All of the corn for the negro families and for the maintenance of the fifty mules and horses is also raised on the place as an incidental crop. The average yield per acre varies from forty to sixty bushels; last year the crop was 7500 bushels.

Of all expenditures for equipment on the plantation, none has ever brought such returns as a three-thousand-dollar stationary engine with an air compressor on the same head and six steel tubular tanks on wheels, charged with two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds air pressure. These traveling soda fountains for the pests cover the orchard with incredible swiftness and not only drench the trees on both sides of the leaves, but thoroughly saturate the ground. In economy of operation and maintenance alone this air-pressure outfit has, in the opinion of Mr. Hale, paid for itself in a single season in comparison with the cost of maintaining any other kind of a spraying equipment with which he is familiar.

Up to two years ago the summer spraying of peach trees was a rare practice, because any of the spraying compounds then commonly used, which would destroy the curculio and other summer pests, would injure the tender foliage of the fruit tree. On this plantation scientists from the United States Department of Agriculture developed the "self-boiled lime and sulphur spray" which eradicates the brown rot and San José scale and, by adding arsenate of lead, controls the curculio, besides being a good general fungicide and an actual stimulus to the healthy growth of the tree. No grower should attempt to make or apply this remarkable spray without applying to the United States Department of Agriculture for its "Bureau of Entomology Circular, No. 120."

The first spraying is done just after the blooming period when the bloom-shuck falls from the tiny peach. The second spraying comes about three weeks later when the peaches are the size of a walnut, and the third follows about four weeks before the picking season opens. Besides destroying pests, plagues and insects, this new summer spray does away with the lesser fungus troubles that mar the beauty of the fruit. Mr. Hale declares that this spraying, when well done, not only abolishes rot from his peaches but gives them a beauty and clearness of skin impossible before the discovery of this wonderful boon to the peach industry. However, he continues the practice of dormant season spraying against the San José scale during October, November and December. This spraying costs about three cents a tree and the three summer sprayings about seven and a half cents. This brings the whole spraying cost to about one hundred dollars per thousand trees, and it often, if not generally, spells the difference between fine fruit and poor fruit, between big crops and poor crops, between success and failure. Immediately after the crop is harvested, cow peas are sown in the orchards to protect the soil from the intense heat, to gather nitrogen and to add humus.

The peach harvest in Georgia opens about the last week in May, gets into full swing by the twentieth of June and continues through the first week of August. When asked what was the largest shipment of peaches he ever made Mr. Hale replied:

"Fifteen carloads in one day. That means 1,575,000 peaches of average size—each peach handled three times. That was a single day's work on the Georgia plantation and was the biggest volume of fruit ever rolled out of any orchard in the world in one day. That week we shipped eighty-three carloads."

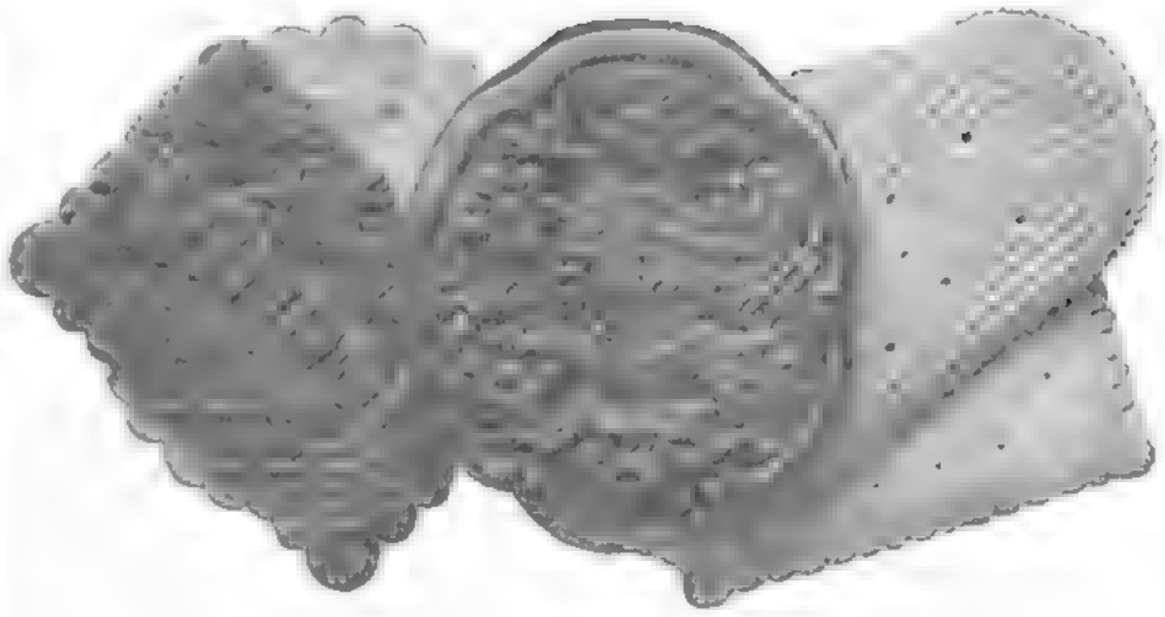
In the later years of his experience Mr. Hale is harvesting another crop which he began to plant along with his first peach trees on the hillsides of the home farm in New England the crop of horticultural experience. At first he made no account of this crop, but gave his horticultural advice freely to all who asked. Meantime the planting of orchards, and especially of large commercial orchards, has multiplied beyond belief. The result is that thousands have sought the counsel of this man who has gained his knowledge by hard experience and proved its practicality by rich harvests produced under widely differing conditions. Therefore he has been forced into practicing the profession of horticultural counselor, and many a prosperous attorney would probably be willing to exchange his fees for those of Mr. Hale if he were familiar with their size and volume.

"The man who makes a sound success of growing orchard fruits on a commercial scale," declares Mr. Hale, "will always be able to sell his knowledge at a fair price and remain in the orchard business at the same time. In fact, I believe the demand for his services as a horticultural counselor will be greater if he continues as an active grower than if he devotes his whole time to giving advice. This is because he is making good on the soil, on his own account, and others can see it. They want their advice to come straight from the soil, and they are right about it."

Mr. Hale's Net Results

What have been the net results of Mr. Hale's experience in driving the fruit industry in double harness? Here is the answer in his own words:

"The home farm in Connecticut, which began with twenty acres and has broadened to five hundred and twenty acres, has produced peaches that have brought more than half a million dollars, with very low freights to pay; has supported and educated a fair-sized family, has paid for a continual broadening of acreage and for increasing improvements. The orchard at Seymour, Connecticut, of four hundred acres, in the fourteen years of its development has produced peaches enough practically to pay for the entire enterprise, including a large and expensive dwelling-house and many other costly improvements, and has given the great apple orchard free of cost—an orchard that could not be bought for five hundred dollars an acre. The Georgia orchard, which did not get into full swing of bearing until about 1904, had produced, at the close of the 1909 season, more than a million dollars' worth of peaches, after deducting the cost of harvesting, shipping and selling, and we are now gathering the greatest harvest in its history. No doubt these figures look alluring. The man who reads the statement that I took twenty-four thousand dollars from thirty acres of stony New England land in one crop of peaches is likely to think that he has been overlooking about the easiest money game on earth, but there is another side to it. I have had black years of crop failure that looked as though they would wipe me out. Again, I guess I was born to peach raising as the sparks fly upward, and I have been at it every day of my life, from boyhood up. There has always been more in it for me than the money I could get out of it. It has been to me a life enthusiasm, not an individual business venture. Those who can feel that way about it and stick to it through thick and thin, year after year, will probably succeed at it. And the other kind will probably fail."



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We have a box of rare biscuit bonbons waiting for your address. They are the newest dainties out. Please write for the gift today.

Sunshine Specialties

You are missing more than you know until you ask for this box. There are chocolate wafers in it—one style filled with sweet vanilla cream. And there are crisp sweet biscuits made in several dainty forms.

They are used as desserts or confections. No other bakery in America produces anything half so good.

When you taste these dainties you are bound to want more. That is one reason why we send them. They will also indicate what marvelous skill is employed in the Sunshine bakeries.

Ours are the world's finest bakeries. Here we make biscuits of every kind, from soda crackers up.

All are baked in white tile ovens, and all are made with the same rare skill employed in these biscuit bonbons.

When you taste these samples you will wish to insist on the Sunshine brand on biscuits of every kind.

Simply send us your name and address and the name and address of your grocer. A postal will do. The next mail will bring you this free assorted box. Your grocer will then supply you the kinds which you like best. Cut out this reminder so you won't forget.

A reminder to write to
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.
181 Causeway St.
BOSTON, MASS.
for a free box of
SUNSHINE SPECIALTIES

CHALLENGE WATERPROOF
LOOK LIKE LINEN **COLLARS & CUFFS** FIT LIKE LINEN
Pat. Dec. 26, 1905 Pat. Nov. 24, 1908

A MAN'S COLLAR is one of the most important items of his dress. Challenge Waterproof Collars give the style and fit of the best linen without the annoyance and expense. You can't tell them from linen and they will add much to your comfort and pleasure under conditions that are practically impossible for a linen collar.

Challenge Collars are made in the latest models. They're never shiny, never turn yellow—can be cleaned with a rub—they save laundry bills, too. Try them this season. You will appreciate a perfect dull linen finish that is not affected by dust or heat.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Collars 25 cts., Cuffs 50 cts., or sent by mail by us direct. Our new "Slip Easy" finish makes the adjustment easy. Write for our latest style book.

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Established 1883
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EXTENDED APOLOGIES
Arms Folding Canvas Boat Co. Miamisburg, Ohio

The few samples reproduced on this page are typical of the quality and variety of real printing and multiple typewriting turned out by users of the

MULTIGRAPH

You can get as good results, and have the work done privately in your office, by your own employees, when you want it, and at great saving.

Form Letters that are Read and Turn Inquiries into Sales; Real Printing that Saves from 25% to 75% of Your Annual Charges.

The Multigraph will enable you to turn out form-letters at the rate of from 2000 to 6000 an hour. These letters will be read, and bring sales, because they are really typewritten.

The ribbon is matched to your office-typewriter, and the impression can be regulated to correspond with the touch of the person who fills in the superscription.

The Multigraph is not only a multiple typewriter, but also a rapid rotary printing-press. It uses real printing-ink—not aniline—and any face of type—because you print from electrotypes.

You can turn out practically any form of printed matter for office, factory or advertising; and the quality will be equal to the samples shown on this page.

Read what the following satisfied users say about the direct results of Multigraphed advertising and the direct saving of Multigraph printing.

"Our sales have increased about fourfold, not a little of which is directly traceable to your machine. We consider that the machine has paid for itself about once a week since we have had it. You may be interested in knowing that we only bought the machine after giving several printing machine on the market a thorough trial.

Walrath & Sherwood Lumber Co., Omaha, Neb.

"The value of the machine lies in the quantity of work which can be turned out without adding to the office force. Such a proposition during a reasonable amount of work always ought to pay for itself by the additional elasticity which it gives to the advertising capacity. The result is that a vast amount of profitable work is done which would otherwise be undone or half done."

The Lawyers Co-operative Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

"The machine in this office is kept busy the greater portion of the time and has saved the State many hundreds of dollars in printing, in the short time since its installation. This department would hardly be able to get along now without the machine."

J. E. Love, Chairman of Corporation Commission, Guthrie, Okla.

"I will say that if we could not duplicate the machine we have we would not dispense with it for a thousand dollars."

Alaska Investment & Development Company, Port Townsend, Wash.

"In regard to the value of the Multigraph for purposes of advertising, will say that the direct letter plan that we have carried out is very satisfactory—having received as many as fifty (50) orders from a series of only 3[illegible] letters, in less than a week, without a follow-up."

Martin-McCormack Co., Sioux City, Ia.

"Previous to having secured the Multigraph the [illegible] work we sent out [illegible] what I would have to pay for the work that we have already done on our Multigraph. If we were doing elsewhere I am safe in saying within three months the Multigraph will have paid for itself. If I could not purchase another, I would not part with this Multigraph for $5,000 in gold coin of the United States."

Ralph C. Clyde, Benedictine Press, Portland, Oregon.

"The machine paid for itself before we had used it [illegible] to do all we [illegible] Multigraph paid for [illegible] three typewriters and furnish part of our office equipment. We have not incurred any expense for repairs. The quality of the work [illegible] is perfect and has enabled us to secure [illegible] had heretofore been impossible."

Churchill-Harris & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE application of the Multigraph to various lines of business has been worked out from actual experience. Among its users are the most prominent firms and corporations in practically every kind of manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional business, as well as the National Government, State Governments, banks, railroads, agencies, associations of all kinds, newspapers and magazines, publishers, printers, and corporations of all sorts. By all of these it has been found a permanent asset for reducing expense and increasing profit.

Write today for our interesting book, "More Profit with the Multigraph." It will tell you how easily the Multigraph can be operated, how it takes up no more space than an ordinary typewriter desk, and weighs, with full equipment, only 175 lbs. Also it contains illustrations, details of construction, etc. Personal [illegible] of practical Multigraph work on typewriting and Multigraph printing, applied to many vocational lines. Write today, using the letterhead of your firm or corporation.

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The "Broncho Buster"

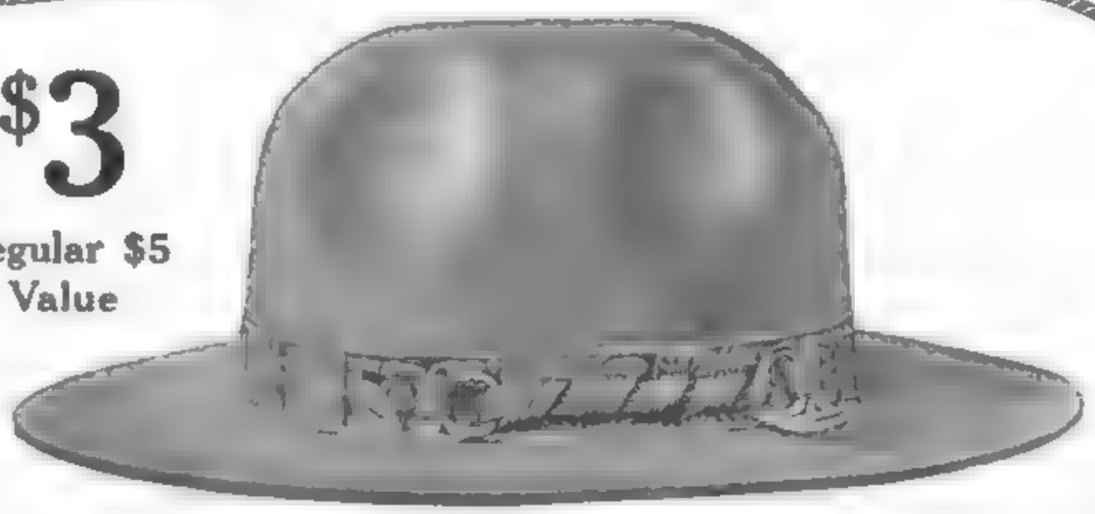
From the Land of the Cowboy

It's a typical Texas cowboy hat, and the style that all Texas cowboys wear. When it comes to headwear, the Texas cowboy is particular. The quality *must* be there or he won't buy. *He wouldn't wear a cheap hat any more than he would carry a cheap gun.*

This is the hat that has built our reputation. We have made the "Broncho Buster" popular on the boulevards of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and all large cities. It's the hat of a gentleman and is suitable for all open air occasions. We are deluged with orders from North, South, East and West. The "Broncho Buster" is suitable for all climates and weathers—a very picturesque style, *originated, manufactured* and sold by us exclusively, direct to the consumer. Five Dollars won't buy you a better hat anywhere.

$3

Regular $5 Value



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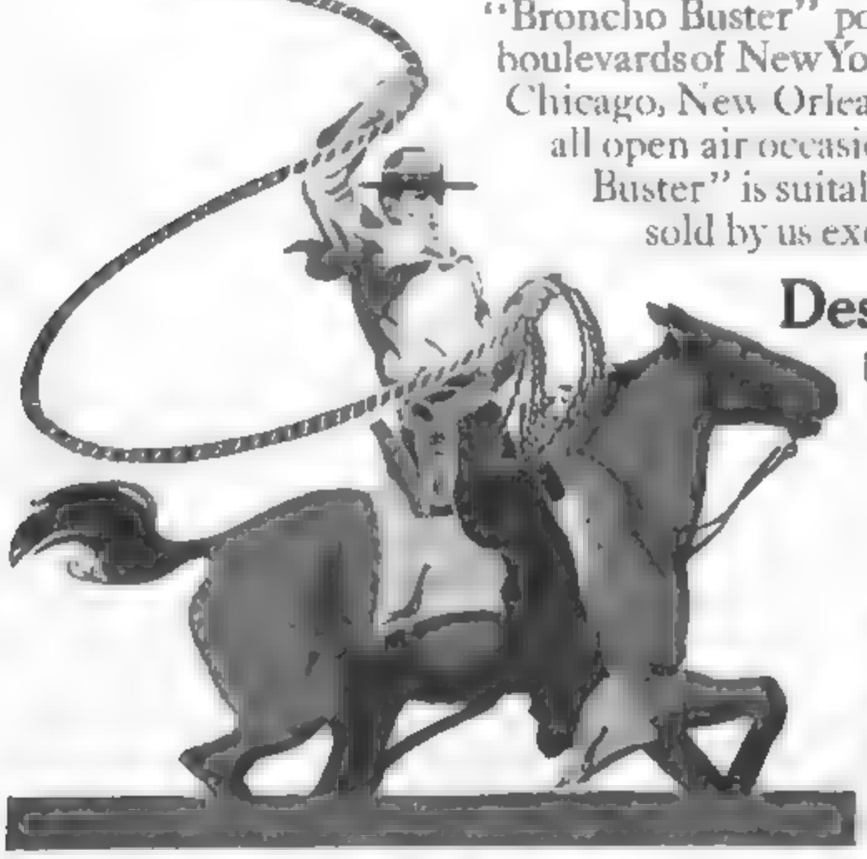

Description The "Broncho Buster" is made of fine quality felt, light tan color, very light-weight, trimmed with richly carved Mexican leather band. The brim is a "never-flop" and will positively hold its shape. The "Broncho Buster" is made in two dimensions; brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches; a regular $5 hat, sent express prepaid for **$3**

BE SURE TO STATE SIZE

To Dealers

The growing demand for the popular "Broncho Buster" hat and our National publicity campaign in which we are investing thousands of dollars, make the agency for this hat a splendid paying proposition. We will place **one agency in every town,** with **the best dealer.** The dealer securing this Agency will be **fully protected** and his sales should net him handsome returns. If interested, don't delay, but write us at once for our Agency Plan.

Our Guarantee

We hereby **Guarantee** our "Broncho Buster" Hat to be exactly as represented, and failing in any particular, or if you are not **entirely** satisfied, we will promptly refund your money. Order today. Address

Houston Hat Co.

Dept. A **HOUSTON, TEXAS**

We Need a Representative In Your Locality

The new twice-a-month LADIES' HOME JOURNAL appeared on August 25th. Its reception has brought forth such a tremendous volume of subscription orders that we find our field force inadequate to handle the business. We offer a permanent position to live and energetic young men, or young women, who can devote all or a part of their time to systematically writing up subscription orders in the homes in their localities.

Our basis of remuneration is a liberal commission on each order, and we will also pay a salary depending upon your success. Understand that these terms apply on renewals as well as on new subscriptions, which makes possible for you a permanent and always-increasing business. You may also write orders for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the same remunerative basis.

There is no expense involved and a line telling us of your interest will bring to you all details.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Desk B, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE HOME LIFE OF HAYES

(Continued from Page 15)

I do not wish to be understood as trying to give the impression that upon Mrs. Hayes alone rested the entire responsibility of the bringing up of her family. Her ideas as to the right way of living were shared to the utmost by her husband. And they carried out these ideas quietly, calmly, with sympathetic tenderness, each bearing equal responsibility and being glad to do so.

Notwithstanding the tremendous turmoil caused by the counting of votes at the end of the Hayes-Tilden campaign, everything suddenly became quiet immediately after the President's inauguration, and few if any other Presidents have enjoyed a calmer Administration in the White House. It will be remembered that the election was so close as to necessitate a decision by the highest tribunal that ever met in this country: the Senate, the House of Representatives and the Supreme Court of the United States passing final opinion as to whether Hayes or Tilden had been elected President. So much in earnest were Mr. Tilden's supporters, and so violent were some of the unthinking among them, that for a time it was common to hear threats made on the streets that they were determined to seat him in the White House if they had to bring an armed force to Washington for that purpose. Although a dozen years had passed since the close of the Civil War, men's passions were yet easily aroused, and the threats referred to reached the ears of President Grant, who quickly put a quietus on the movement to seat Tilden, whether or no, by asserting that whoever was declared, by Senate and House and Supreme Court, to be elected President, he himself would see inaugurated. Grant made this assertion just once, and allowed it to become known to the public; and the public knew that when the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States made such an assertion—and when that official was Ulysses S. Grant!—he would carry out his announced plan no matter what happened. From the day that Grant's declaration was made public Mr. Tilden's ill-advised followers made no further threats. Their mouths were closed instantly and permanently. All this is well-known history to most of my readers, but the surprising thing is that so soon afterward, immediately upon his inauguration, President Hayes was accepted cordially by practically the entire country. Of course, there were a few who still insisted that his election was fraudulent, in spite of the decision rendered by the highest tribunal that ever assembled in the country; but these few were so insignificant in number and influence that they made no impression upon the nation at large.

A Man Without an Enemy

At this point I am asked, by my collaborator, who were the strongest enemies Mr. Hayes had during his Administration. I am compelled to reply that President Hayes had no enemies such as most other Presidents have had. He had political opponents who disagreed with him as to policies and measures and plans generally; but of enemies who were trying to fight him and control him and upset him, who were intriguing to demolish his influence and to ruin his career—he had none. Men could differ from him on public questions, but nobody could hate Rutherford B. Hayes, and this solely because of his lovable character. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, as we all know, and it is a good rule that will work both ways. President Hayes lived according to what was a good rule. He hated nobody, and nobody could hate him. His friendliness and sympathy were at all times extended to those with whom he came in contact; and, as a result, he enjoyed their good will and sympathy.

There were some persons—and perhaps there are some today—in whose opinion President Hayes was what is sometimes termed a "soft" man, one easily influenced against his will. We, however, who saw him at close range, realized that he was able, keen, sharp; a man who instantly saw through pretense. As an indication of his ability to take care of himself under any circumstances, and of his caution, it will be remembered that he was the only President—certainly the only President during the last half century—who invariably had a stenographer present in his private office. No matter who came to call upon President Hayes, the visitor never saw him alone. At a table in the office sat Mr. Gustin, an expert stenographer, whose business it was to take down in shorthand everything that was said to President Hayes, and every word that the President said in reply—excepting when some one, such as a member of the President's household, would come in and talk upon some purely personal matter. In this way President Hayes protected himself to an extraordinary degree. It was impossible, under the circumstances, for any political opponent later to assert untruthfully that in the Executive Office President Hayes had told him that he would do so and so; or that he would not do so and so.

Children at the White House

The children of the White House during the Hayes Administration had many friends, and enjoyed themselves in a good old-fashioned way. There was no dancing in the Executive Mansion; there were no lawn parties, or card parties, or musicales. As a matter of fact, there has been little real gayety in the Executive Mansion until comparatively recent years. The first children's party was given during President Johnson's Administration, as I have already mentioned in a preceding article. And the first Christmas tree ever put up in the great white building was yet to come, in President Harrison's time. Nevertheless, the Hayes children did not lack amusement. The martial atmosphere, so long enveloping Washington, had become dissipated and little Scott Hayes did not "play soldier" as Tad Lincoln had done. But he and Fanny used to run around, busy, happy little children engaged in a thousand and one pursuits, and they would come unhesitatingly into the office whenever they wanted to do so.

I liked all of the children, of course, but my special pet was little Fanny—then a girl of about eleven years, if recollection serves. For some reason she seemed to like me, also, and frequently she would come trotting into the office where I sat at my desk and climb up on my knee and demand pen and ink and paper, whereupon she would gravely lean forward over the desk, inditing a note addressed to me with much care and much puckering of her otherwise smooth little forehead. Some of the childish messages written on bits of paper I carefully preserved, and I am glad to look at them once in a while, for they bring to my mind the lovable, happy little lass who composed them with so much effort. One of them which I hold in my hand is as follows:

DEAR SIR: February 9, 1879.

I am very much obliged for the French writing-book. Your affectionate Friend,

FANNY HAYES.

The single sheet of paper on which this is written was carefully folded over, and on the outside it was addressed thus:

PRIVATE
Mr. Crook
Washington, D. C.

Fanny and her little brother Scott used to come to me whenever they wanted pencils or paper on which to draw pictures, or little rubber bands, which they seemed to value highly; and, of course, I made sure to have a sufficient stock of such childish treasures on hand for my little visitors.

Among the many friends of these two youngest members of the President's family were the children of the President's secretary, Mr. W. K. Rogers, who had studied for the ministry in Ohio before coming to Washington. He had one daughter; a son, W. K. Rogers, Jr., who was about fifteen years old; and the baby of the family was another son, little Andrew, who was between four and five when I first knew him. Mr. Rogers lived near the White House, and, having known Mr. and Mrs. Hayes intimately for many years, his little folks were at the Executive Mansion almost every day as playmates of the President's younger children. For some reason little Andrew Rogers at once adopted me as his special friend among the grown-ups in the Executive Office, and one of the first things he would do on arriving would be to come over to my desk, looking very

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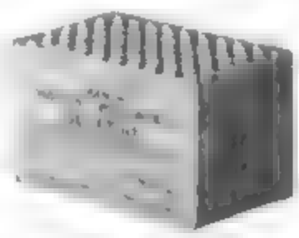

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Send 6c postage for our 3 books for inventors.
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mournful, climb up on my knee, and sit there silently for a moment. Whereupon I would say:

"Good morning, Andrew. I hope you are feeling very well today?"

"No," the little fellow would respond with a sigh; "I have a cough, and if I do not do something for it I am afraid it will get worse."

Then I would open what I called the "children's drawer" in my big desk, and take out half a dozen harmless cough-drops or bits of horehound candy, and as soon as he placed one of these sweeties in his dear little mouth he would immediately recover from that terrible cough, and after thanking me politely would trot out and find the other children! For some reason Andrew's cough never got beyond the stage of early recovery—perhaps this was because he used to come to my desk for cough-drops pretty nearly every day.

Other friends of Fanny and Scott Hayes were my own children, Harry and Carrie. All were about of an age and frequently played together in the White House grounds or over at the Soldiers' Home, just outside of the city, where President Hayes spent the summer. Fanny was a plump, chubby, merry little mite of humanity with hair brown, but not quite so dark as her mother's. She was really a very handsome child, and with great good sense Mrs. Hayes dressed her simply and becomingly. At the time of her father's Presidency she had grown beyond the doll-baby stage and was fond of books, especially of fairy tales. Little Scott Hayes was lively as a cricket and, like his sister Fanny and his big brother Webb, closely resembled his mother in general appearance.

Rutherford P. Hayes even at that time was deeply interested in the study of botany. And during his vacations from college he used to spend most of his time out-of-doors examining and gathering specimens of plant life, not merely in and around Washington but throughout various adjacent sections of Virginia and Maryland. He was of studious habits from boyhood and went about his self-chosen task methodically and with unflagging interest. He mounted his specimens on a particular kind of bristol-board, the sheets of which were cut to a convenient size; and these he used to obtain from my stock. Owing to a lack of room in the White House, Rutherford could not have a study of his own wherein to prepare the specimens he gathered, so he used to do most of his work in a little room at the northeast end of the White House, which at that time was used as a telegraph room. There he would classify and mount hundreds of specimens of various forms of plant life, study them, and make records for his own purposes. Living so much of the time in the open, and inheriting health and an equable temperament from both parents, Rutherford was a fine type of young man, strong, hearty, rollicking and full of fun. He is now engaged in forestry work down in the Carolinas, and, like the other Hayes children, has done well in life.

Hunting in the South

During Mr. Hayes' Presidency his son Webb was a young man in the early twenties and he also loved to be out-of-doors, being especially fond of hunting. Often when I could get a day or two of vacation I went with him down in Virginia, hunting deer or quail or duck or geese. I remember one time Webb and I started for Old Point Comfort and there met Captain Lafayette E. Campbell of the Quartermaster's Department, with whom arrangements had been made beforehand. The Captain had ready a good-sized power launch stocked with provisions, and an excellent negro cook. In the launch we steamed far up the James River, turning into a stream that branched off from it through a stretch of lowland country. Here and there lived a few families of "poor whites," who earned a living, such as it was, principally by fishing and by extracting from a peculiar kind of fish a fatty oil, which they would send to the nearest town for sale. We were out after wild geese on that hunting excursion and had been told that plenty of them could be found in the lowlands. So, when we reached a favorable locality the launch was tied up, the cooking-tent was set up on shore, and we all got ready for the hunt.

There was no question as to the presence of the wild geese either; we could hear them at night all around us, but they must have been informed of Webb Hayes' prowess as a hunter, for during the several days of our sojourn there none of us got within gunshot of a single goose. But we enjoyed the outing all the same, especially the long frosty evenings when we would gather around the roaring campfire. As soon as it was really dark some of the "poor whites" already alluded to would come floating down the winding little stream in small boats or in canoes, and come ashore to sit down by the fire and inspect the strangers. Word quickly passed from one to another that strangers were in the vicinity and they wanted to find out who we were. During the first evening or two they would answer questions simply enough, although they were by no means of a communicative disposition; but somehow they learned that one of our party, Webb, was a son of the President, and from that time on we could hardly get a word out of them.

After the White-Tail Deer

On another occasion Webb invited me to go on a deer hunt down in Virginia. We went to Petersburg, and there we joined Colonel Brady, Collector of Internal Revenue, Congressman Joseph Jorgensen and a third gentleman, who had a fine two-horse spring-wagon ready for us, into which we climbed and rapidly drove down to Dinwiddie Courthouse, ten or a dozen miles distant as I recollect the drive. There we found a few houses, and there we spent several days hunting quail and deer. The game was plentiful, especially the white-tail deer, which would lie around in the fields during the daytime, resting in the sagebrush like so many huge rabbits. Colonel Brady and Mr. Jorgensen had made excellent preparations for the hunt, and in the morning fifteen or twenty farmers would come there, well mounted and accompanied by their hounds. The guests of the hunt would be taken out into the woods and would be placed near some of the well-trodden paths known as deer-runs, through which the white-tail deer were accustomed to traverse the forest. Then the farmers would take their dogs away around through the woods and scare up deer, which would soon come bolting down the runs at breakneck speed; and as one of the leaping creatures would dash past him the hunter was supposed to fire at it. Of course, the deer had every chance to escape, and as a matter of fact the entire party succeeded in getting only one deer, and that was shot by Webb.

The tranquil life of the Hayes family in the White House ended as naturally and as easily as it had commenced and continued during the four years. We were all sorry to see them go, for somehow we in the office felt that Mrs. Hayes had brought with her and would take away that atmosphere of rare tenderness that we employees might never experience again. Not merely the whole office force did its utmost to please President Hayes, in every possible way, but all the servants also.

The last time I saw Mr. Hayes was the last day he ever spent in Washington—during the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, in 1892. A reviewing-stand had been erected near the corner of the Treasury Building, fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, where a number of persons sat and watched the great procession. Close by, and alongside of this stand, a little refreshment room had been arranged, the luncheon being sent over from the White House and being served by White House waiters. I was standing at the entrance of this little refreshment room when I happened to look up Pennsylvania Avenue and spied ex-President Hayes turning the corner of Fifteenth Street with his comrades. I hurried down the line and met him before he reached the stand, and invited him to drop out of the ranks and rest for a little while. He did so and remained there until the parade was over. That evening I called upon him where he was visiting a friend, and we talked of many things that had happened in years gone by. He seemed glad to have me recall scenes that had been familiar to both of us, and in which Mrs. Hayes had been the leading figure—little happenings of their quiet, happy home life in the White House; and when I left him it was with the hope that I might often in the future have the privilege of sharing such reminiscences. But he never again came to Washington.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The fifth will be published in an early number.

Salesmanship For Boys

From a rich fund of experience gained in dealing with many thousands of the brightest and most manly boys in America has been written one of the most unique volumes ever prepared for boys.

In its 130 pages is given some of the best and most practical advice ever offered to a boy who hopes some day to enter business or professional life. The book does not "preach," but the inevitable success of honesty and square dealing, plus energy and resourcefulness, is demonstrated in one of the most interesting and unusual publications ever put into the hands of a boy. Actually, it is a splendid book on salesmanship and high-grade business methods brought down to the level of the average boy and brightened with lots of experiences of real boys who have "made good." No lad with red blood in his veins can read it without keen entertainment and a determination to "be somebody" in the great world, even before he grows up to be a man. In fact, there are few men or women who will read the first page without continuing to the end. Two hundred and fifty clever drawings brighten the text. Some of the stories, like the one about the County Fair (see page 58), are mighty amusing. The book will not be sold, but a copy will be sent to any boy who will demonstrate that he is one of the sort who wants to amount to something.

Thousands of boys now sell THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They do it, not alone for the money which they earn, but for the splendid experience which they get in earning their own spending money—experience which will be of inestimable value in later life. Some day *your* boy will have to go out into the world to earn his own living. A little preliminary training now under wholesome conditions, and a little instruction in the methods which make for an honorable business success, will save him a lot of hard knocks and help to keep him straight.

To any beginner who will sell not less than 5 copies of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, or 10 copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for two successive issues, we will send a copy of the book without charge. This is in addition to the profit on each copy of the magazine sold by him. He purchases the copies from us at the wholesale price and sells at the retail price, the profit being his.

The book is sent without charge, postpaid, to any boy when he has given this first indication to us that he is the sort of boy for whom it is written.

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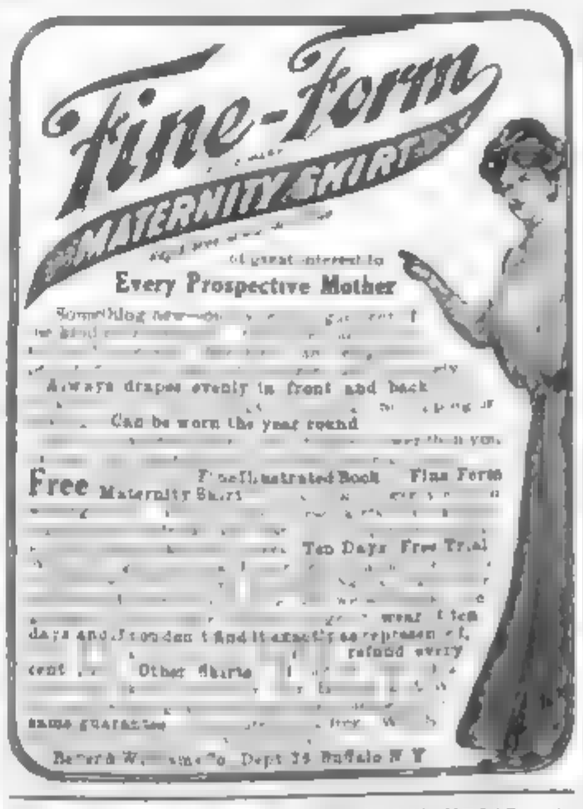
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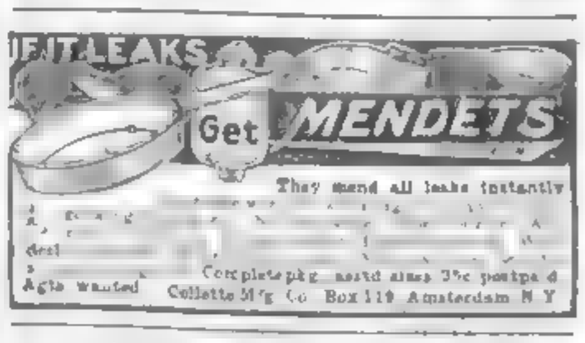

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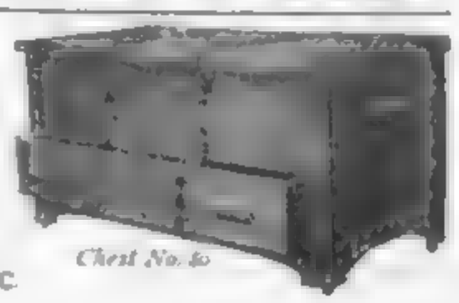

Chest No. 60

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The only men who do not smoke it are the men who never tried it.

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You are no exception. You too will like this brand.

It sells for 10c the package.

It is a blend of Latakia, Turkish, Perique, Virginia and Burley Tobaccos.

Heretofore, such blends have sold for more than double the money.

Spend ten cents and get the best value ever offered in a Smoking Tobacco.

We guarantee that you are doing the right thing.

If your dealer is out of Twin Oaks Mixture, send us 10 cents and we will send you a full-sized tin, postage prepaid.

Monopol Tobacco Works

Drawer S,

Jersey City, N. J.

Your Relentless Competitors

(Concluded from Page 20)

taking steps to put the industry on a better footing. Technical experts are working out an official formula for installation which will assure results because it makes capacity first and price secondary. Standards of rating are being applied to the manufacturers' product for the same end. An official lecturer has been employed to travel over the country, bring contractors, builders and architects together, and give them sound information about correct furnace heating. The hot-air apparatus has advantages in its moderate cost and excellent ventilation. When it is made clear that the faults attributed to it have been due to cheap installation, and that some of the blame rests with the home-owner and architect, hot air is put upon a fair footing with other systems. The results from this educational work have been so satisfactory that the league is sending out more lecturers, and ultimately the home-builder will be reached. Such association work in no way hampers individual manufacturers—each is at liberty to build upon it all the business he can get. Its cost to members works out at a slight tax on each furnace built.

Such associations are also accomplishing good in the mercantile field.

The wholesale houses in an interior jobbing center, for example, have long been active competitors for the trade of retail merchants through three states. In recent years, however, the big jobbing centers, Chicago and St. Louis, have been reaching out for the smaller center's customers. To meet this rivalry, the hundred-odd houses in the lesser center have organized a commercial association to promote the town's mercantile resources as a whole. Formerly, each house looked entirely to its own interests, and if its salesmen could persuade country merchants that it was the only responsible jobbing concern in that town, it was regarded as good business. But now salesmen take a little time to set forth the facilities of the town in every line. Literature showing these facilities is sent to merchants, attention is paid to freight rates and special passenger fares at the buying seasons. If the town is weak in a certain line of merchandise steps are taken to build it up, so that representative assortments can be seen by the visiting merchants, and the need for going farther away overcome. Salesmen compete as freely in making sales, and no restrictions are put upon the individual houses in selling to customers who come to the market. But the association has greatly increased the annual jobbing turnover of the town, and the cost of the work is so slight that a mutual arrangement for exchanging credit information covers it.

A Cereal Price War

One of the largest cities in this country was long a competitive battleground for the grocery trade. Manufacturers of food specialties and other groceries might maintain prices elsewhere, but when they came to this city there was demoralization. The root of the trouble lay in several large chains of stores, which forced price concessions from manufacturers. To protect themselves against these chains of stores, with their immense purchasing power, individual retail grocers had formed a buying association strong enough to hammer down prices. On top of that the wholesale houses, selling to still other grocers outside the association, demanded price concessions that would enable them to hold their own with their customers. All this made an exceedingly active market, for the different combatants bought vast quantities of goods, giving any manufacturer a tempting outlet.

This city was organized single-handed by the sales-manager for a breakfast-food concern. He decided that there was more profit in selling at regular prices to the jobbers than at cut prices to all three of the combatants. So he asked eight of the leading wholesale merchants to meet in conference. It took much diplomacy to get them together, for they were all bitter competitors. A room in one of the obscure hotels was engaged, and each jobber went in separately through a roundabout rear passage, so that nobody might, by any chance, see him entering the place with one of his trade rivals. When they were assembled the sales-manager explained his plan, which was to set definite wholesale and retail prices for his food, hold every jobber to them, ask the jobbers to hold their retail customers to prices that would assure them a living profit, and refuse to sell to any jobber who cut wholesale prices, or who sold to a cut-price retailer. By helping grocers get fair, sure profits on this food it was anticipated that the trade would be more satisfactory for all concerned.

The assembled competitors saw the good points of this plan.

"But do you realize that all this will take money?" objected one.

The sales-manager had foreseen something of that sort, and purposely sat next to the richest merchant in the group.

"Certainly," he agreed. "What if it does? I'll do my share. There's two hundred dollars. Will you put in as much?" he asked, turning to the wealthy jobber. The latter could not refuse, and as the question went round each merchant followed his example.

Since that day prices on this particular breakfast food have been held in that city to the same figures prevailing elsewhere, and other grocery manufacturers have adopted the plan. At first there were loud declarations of war from the manager of the association that buys goods for retail grocers fighting the chain stores. But presently, when these grocers saw others making a comfortable margin of profit on that breakfast food, and were told by their association manager that he would not buy it until he could get it at cut prices, they began ordering from the jobbers who were working with the manufacturers. This made new customers for the jobbers and strengthened trade lines.

Coöperation in the Jewelry Trade

In retail business, too, these good-of-the-trade associations are now abolishing what were long regarded as "inherent trade evils," and rapidly bettering conditions for merchants who do business on moderate capital.

The retail jewelry trade is representative of the new order.

The retail jeweler is likely to be an expert watchmaker first and a merchant afterward. Customers bring him grandfather's old watch to be repaired again and again, and he fixes it up, taking pride in his skill as a mechanic, and, perhaps, never trying to sell that customer a new timepiece of modern design. If the customer wanted a new watch he might go about town among the different jewelers getting prices, pitting one against another, and finally buying his timepiece at near wholesale cost from some jeweler who wouldn't let his competitors sell lower than himself, on principle. As he feared those competitors, and kept away from them, it was not impossible to lead him cleverly to cut under a purely fictitious price. Furthermore, tricky cut price operators, getting a stock of goods by questionable methods, selling below living prices, and turning their profits by going into bankruptcy, demoralized prices. Many a retail jeweler broke his heart trying to meet figures set by these sharpers and still pay his bills.

But within the past three years there have been marked changes. Instead of holding aloof, the legitimate jewelers have come together in city, state and national organizations. When they meet competitors face to face they find them hard-working, conscientious fellows, like themselves. The whole trade has been started up hill. The retailer's cost of doing business is being studied, and goods are priced systematically to yield a fair profit. When the association jeweler has marked his price on a watch or a brooch, he sticks to it. No agreement as to prices is made with competitors. He is at liberty to undersell them if he can do so without loss. But by agreeing to stick to his marked prices the chances of beating him down by pitting his competitors against him are eliminated. Bankrupts and tricksters are being weeded out of the trade, and the manufacturers are working with the jewelers to teach the general public to value quality in timepieces and other goods.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins dealing with competition in business. The third will appear in an early number.

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Four grades and prices to meet every individual taste and purse—and a quality at the price that cannot be duplicated in any other mattress.

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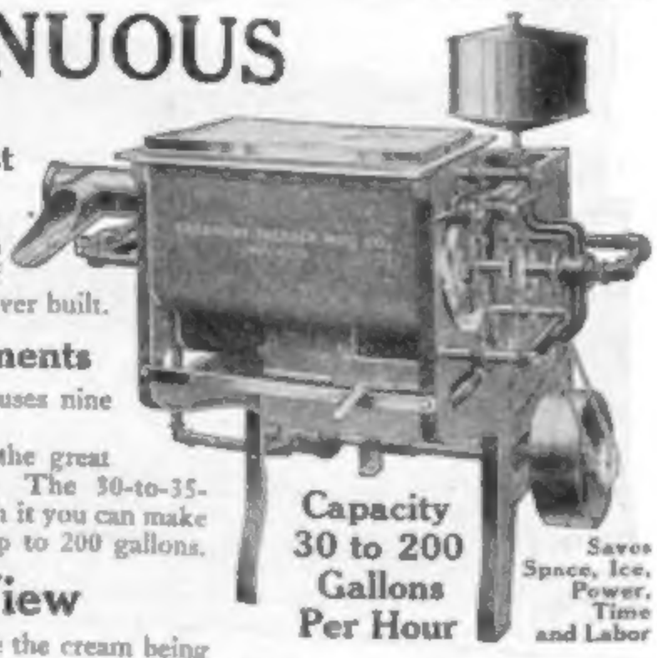
DISC CONTINUOUS FREEZER Cuts the Cost

Cuts the cost of ice, power and labor. **Increases the profit per gallon.** Makes a smoother, more delicious and **better** grade of ice cream at **less cost** than any freezer ever built.



Capacity 30 to 200 Gallons Per Hour

Saves Space, Ice, Power, Time and Labor

Sizes to Meet All Requirements

A single wholesale ice cream factory uses nine of the very largest size.

Many others use two or more. But the great majority use a single small-size machine. The 30-to-35-gallon size is by far the most popular. With it you can make as little as 10 to 15 gallons per day and up to 200 gallons.

Freezes in Full View

Through the plate glass cover you see the cream being frozen. Its novelty appeals to the public, and the superiority of its product becomes "the talk of the town."

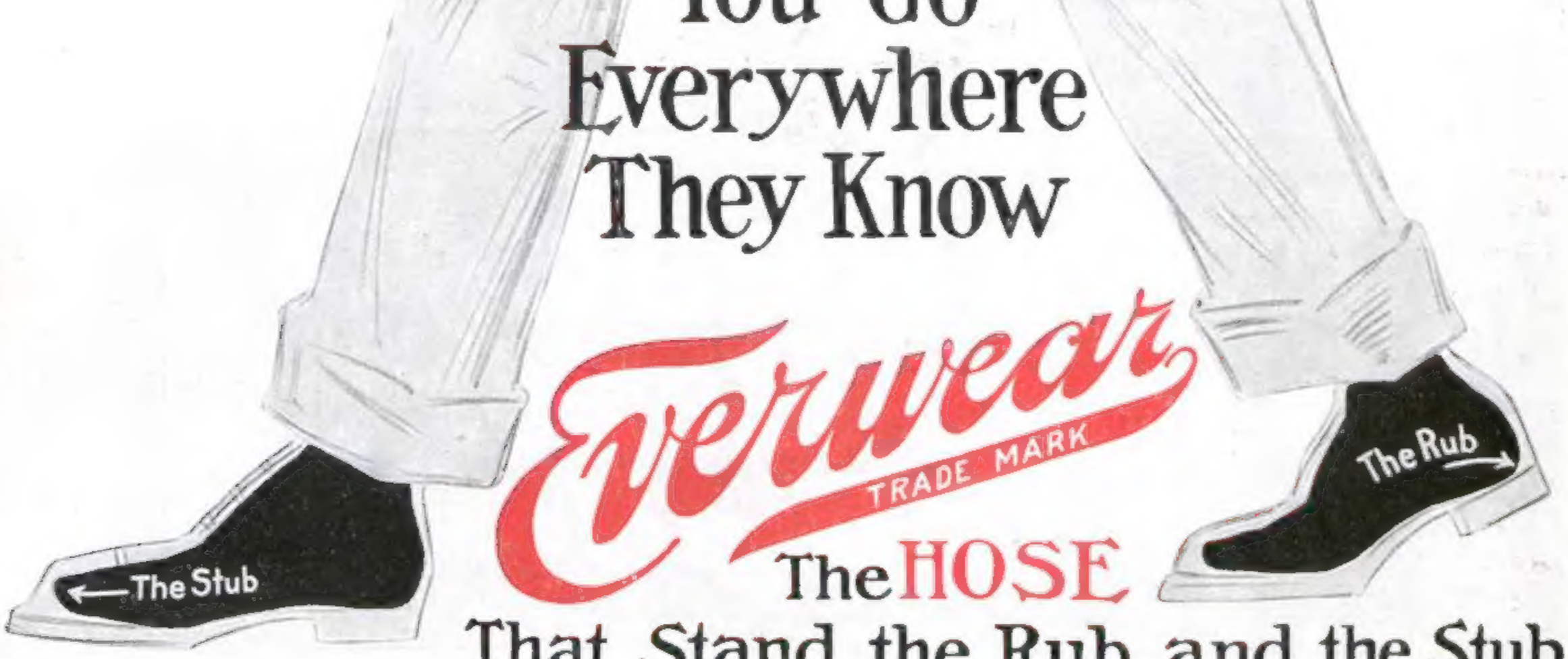
Big Opportunity in Ice Cream Business!

The enormous and growing demand for ice cream has developed tremendous possibilities in the ice cream business. Hundreds of communities are not properly supplied. Our wonderful improvement in ice cream freezers makes it easy for anyone to start in the business. Our freezer is complete in itself. It's a continuous money maker **right from the start.**

Write for Books This is a business proposition worthy of immediate investigation. The market is clamoring for **good** ice cream. **Take time by the forelock!** Write today for Free Catalog and interesting storyette, "HOW JOHN MADE GOOD."

CREAMERY PACKAGE MFG. CO., Dept. N, 130 Kinzie Street, CHICAGO

Everywhere You Go Everywhere They Know



Everwear TRADE MARK

The HOSE That Stand the Rub and the Stub

Everwear is known everywhere as the "more than merely guaranteed hose."

For Everwear not only looks good on off-hand examination but it looks good and feels good on the feet—in the shoes.

There are no heavy, cumbersome bunches at the heel and toe as found in most all guaranteed hose.

These parts are made to stand the "rub and the stub" but not at the expense of comfort.

The strength and long wear are secured by the fineness of the material used and the exclusive Everwear process of knitting rather than by bulk and thickness.

They are shaped in the knitting—shaped to the true foot and ankle form. They are as neat and stylish as the most expensive hose you can buy. The colors are always fashionable—and they are fast. They wear as well as the hose.

You get this written guarantee with Everwear:—"If any or all of six pairs show a hole, rip or tear within six months after purchase, we give you new hose free."

Order six pairs today, from your dealer. If he doesn't handle them write to us, enclose price and state color, size and kind desired. We will send them express prepaid. Write for our free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."

For MEN — WOMEN — CHILDREN

Silk Lisle—$1.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple, gun metal.

Egyptian Cotton—$1.50 a box. Extra light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan, light blue and brown.

Silk Lisle—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

Egyptian Cotton—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

The close ankle fit gives that neat, stylish appearance so much desired by every woman of taste. The close heel fit, toe fit, and the fine soft texture assure absolute comfort in the shoe.

Extra Long Staple Cotton—$2.00 a box. Colors, black and tan.

The hoses and feet are especially durable, being extra reinforced by the Exclusive Everwear Process. The leg, or body, is made with twice the number of stitches used in other children's hose. This allows them to stretch freely when needed; yet they are not bunglesome and coarse as is often the case in this class of hose, and fit, comfort and appearance have not been sacrificed for wearing qualities.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

TAKE the Ever-Ready point for point; the frame, we guarantee life-long usage,—it is bright, silvery, rust proof, perfectly adjusted, instantly and automatically ready for shaving with insertion of the blade. The handle is handy, shapely, ebenoid, well trimmed.

Also a clever folding blade stropper so that you can strop back the keen edge after each shave.

THERE are twelve EVER-READY blades in each Dollar outfit.

Twelve (12) Blades, mind you, and each blade guaranteed the finest example of the blade maker's art. (See lower right-hand illustration showing the individual EVER-READY blade package.)

The entire outfit (exactly like illustration) cleverly arranged in attractive lock button case, complete for $1.00 at dealers everywhere.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor With 12 Blades $1

IF YOU are a shaving man you are bound to buy the EVER-READY Safety Razor eventually. Over two million users already—it'll soon be three and the quicker you join in the better off your face, temper and purse. Your Dealer ought to tell you that the EVER-READY is the *best* Safety Razor for you to buy. He will if he isn't profit greedy. Price doesn't make a razor shave—it's chiefly the blade, and that's where the EVER-READY "has it on all of them."

EVER-READY blades are made of the highest priced steel produced—they are ground, sharpened and tested with the most critical exactness a blade can undergo.

Each EVER-READY blade is separately protected in a patented package (see photographic illustration in right-hand corner).

First shows the blade and the keen edge. Next shows a hood protection that saves the edge from any possible dulling contact. Next shows the sanitary, climatic proof paper which protects against rust or dust. Next shows the sealing wrapper that binds the entire package into a perfect sanitary proof package. There are no blades exposed to dangers.

Almost every Dealer in the line of *Drugs, Hardware, Jewelry, Department Store*, and many in Men's Wear, sells the EVER-READY Safety Razor at $1, complete—with the binding guarantee that the purchase price of $1 will be refunded if after a test the user could possibly want his money back.

Watch out that you don't "run up against" substitution. There are Dealers unscrupulous enough to sell you imitation Dollar Razors when you ask for the EVER-READY. Turn down the attempt and send for the EVER-READY direct, prepaid to your home.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Cor. 35th Street and 6th Avenue, New York City

International Distributing Co., Montreal, Canada—London, England.